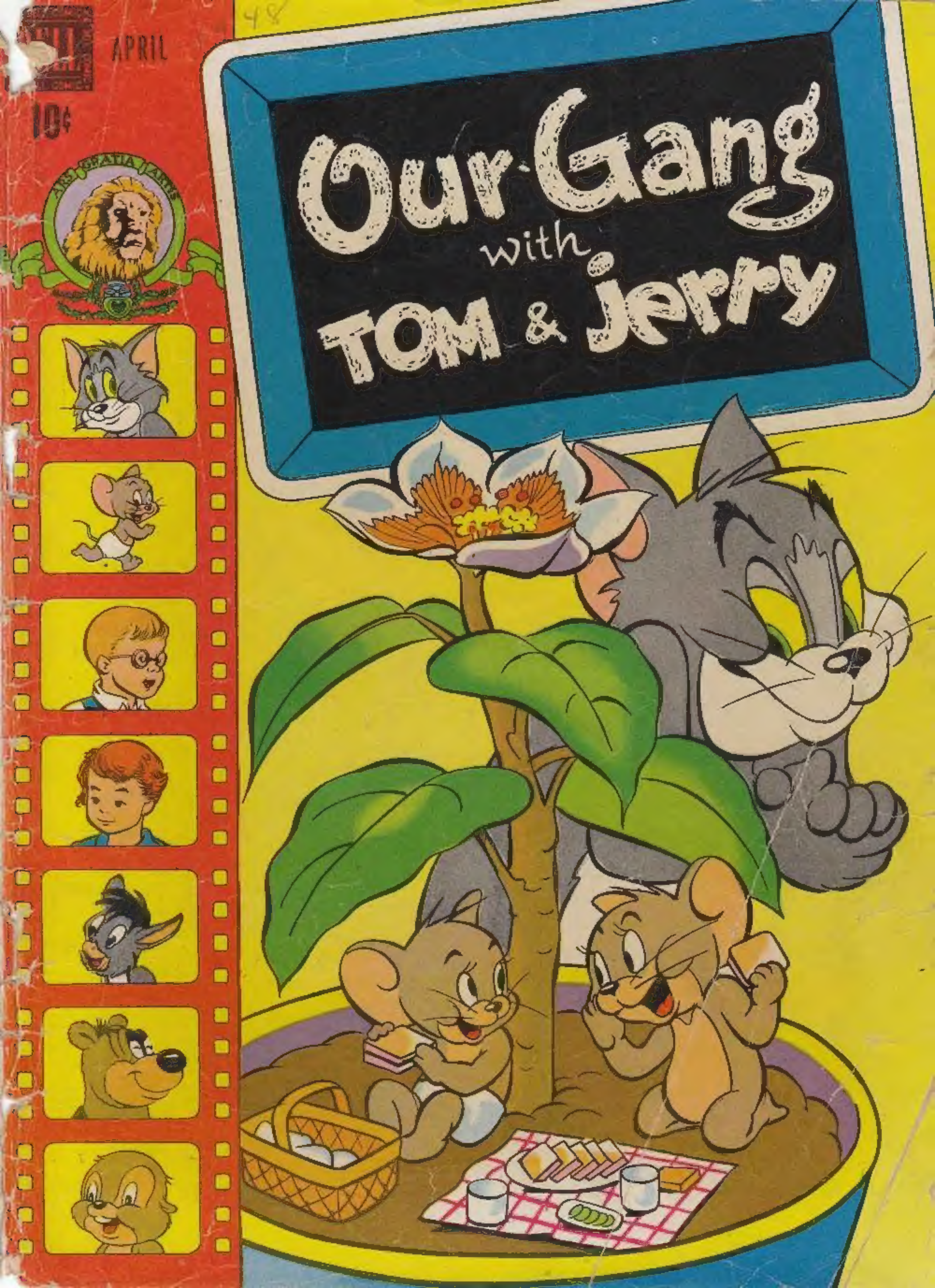
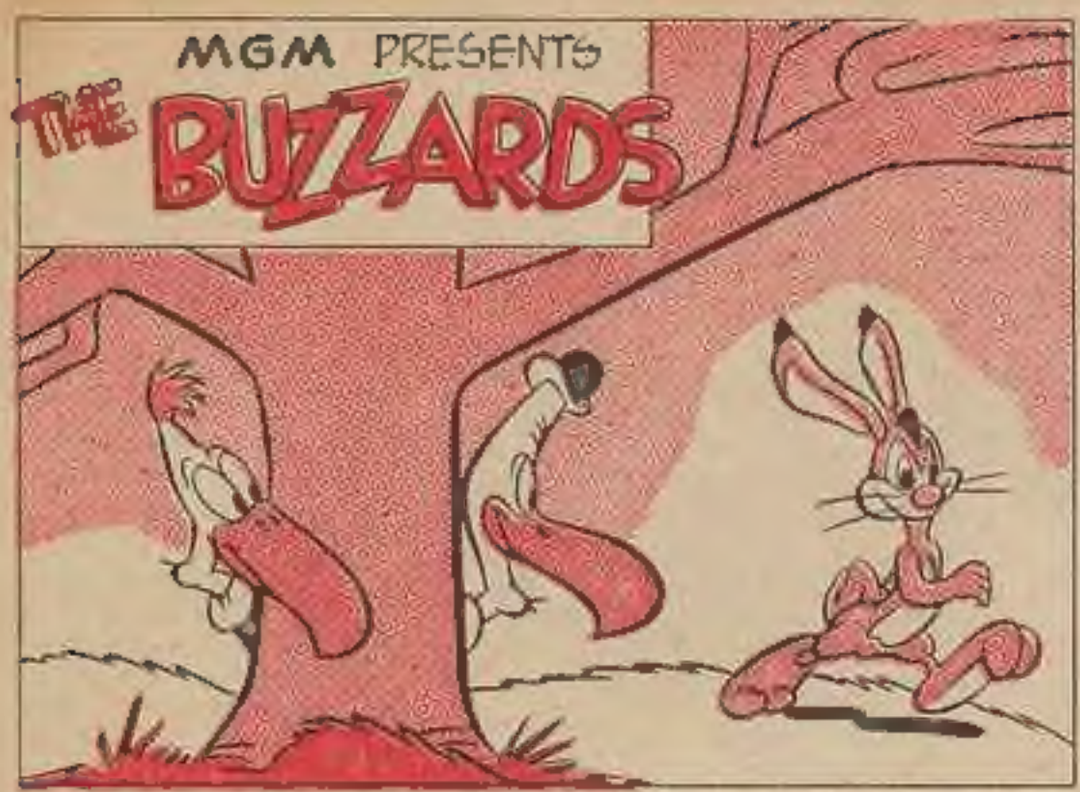
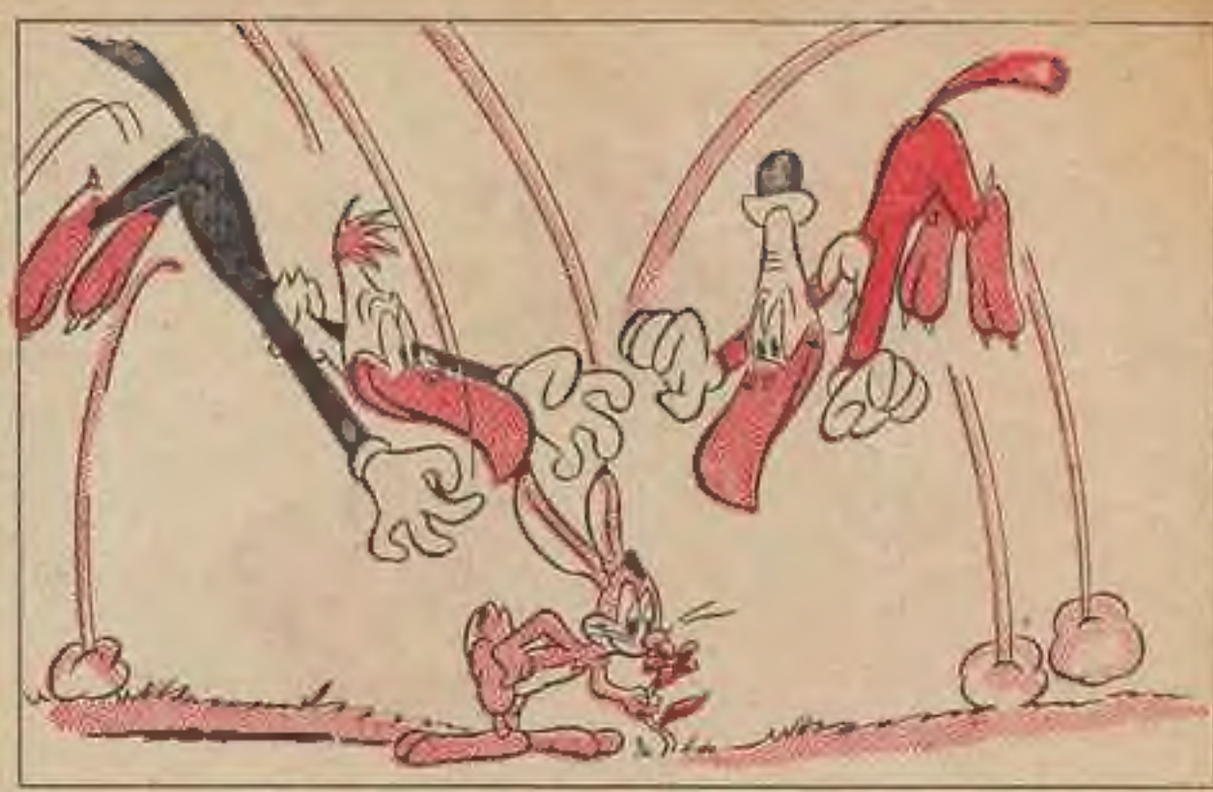
APRIL

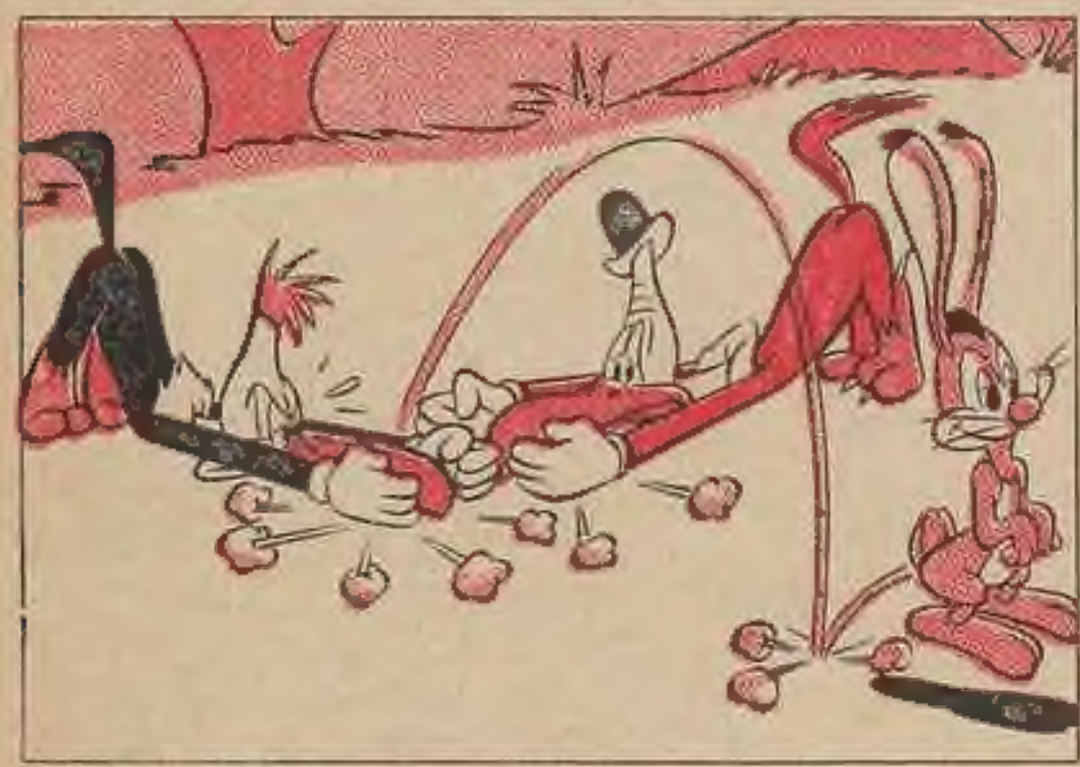
10¢

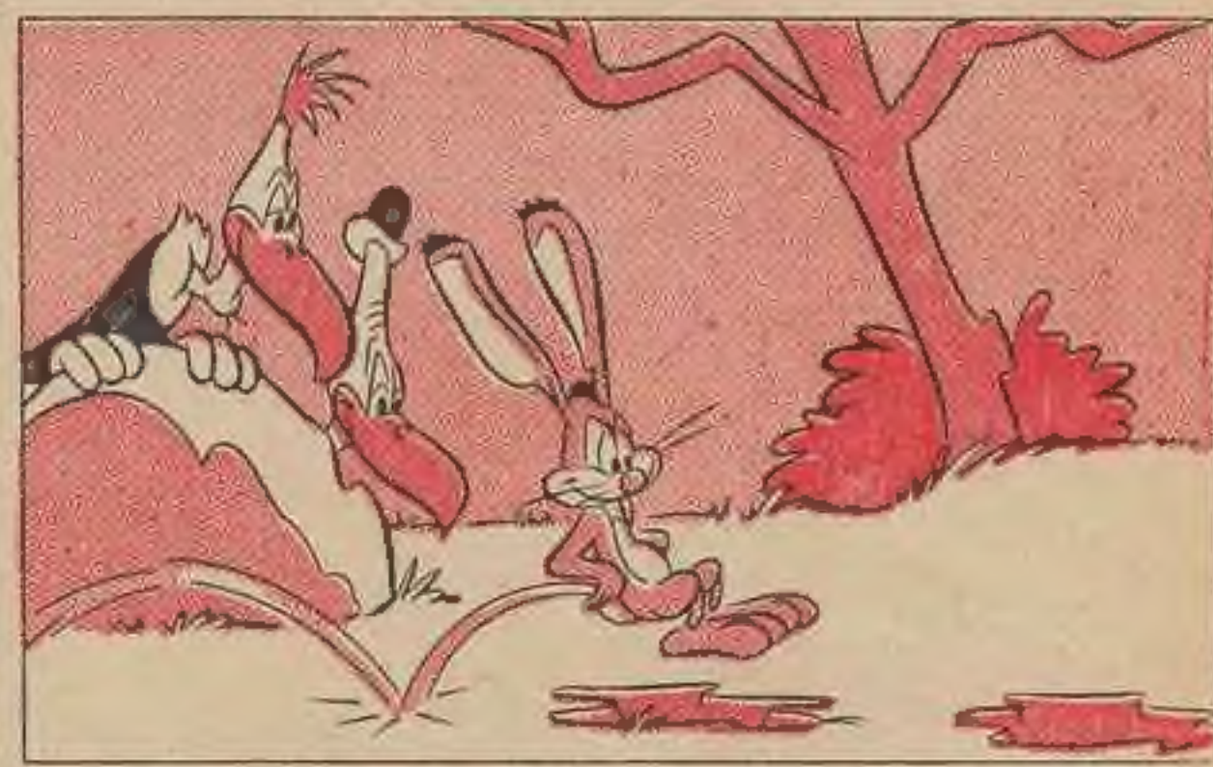
Our Gang with Tom & Jerry

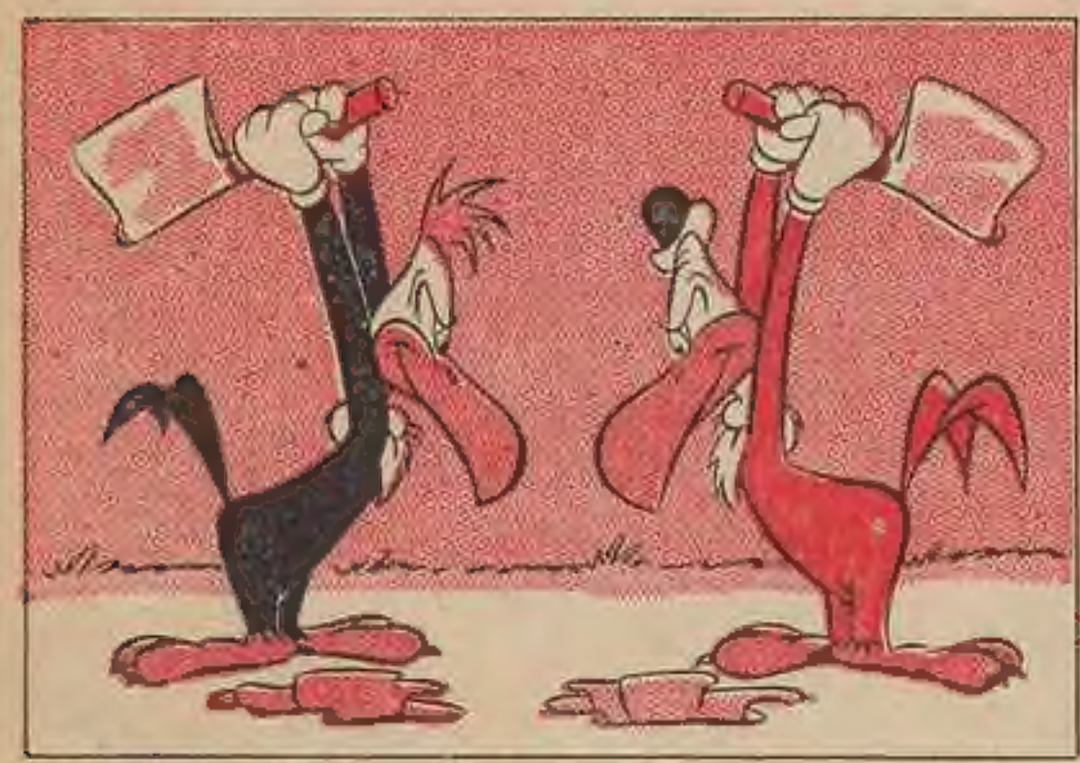


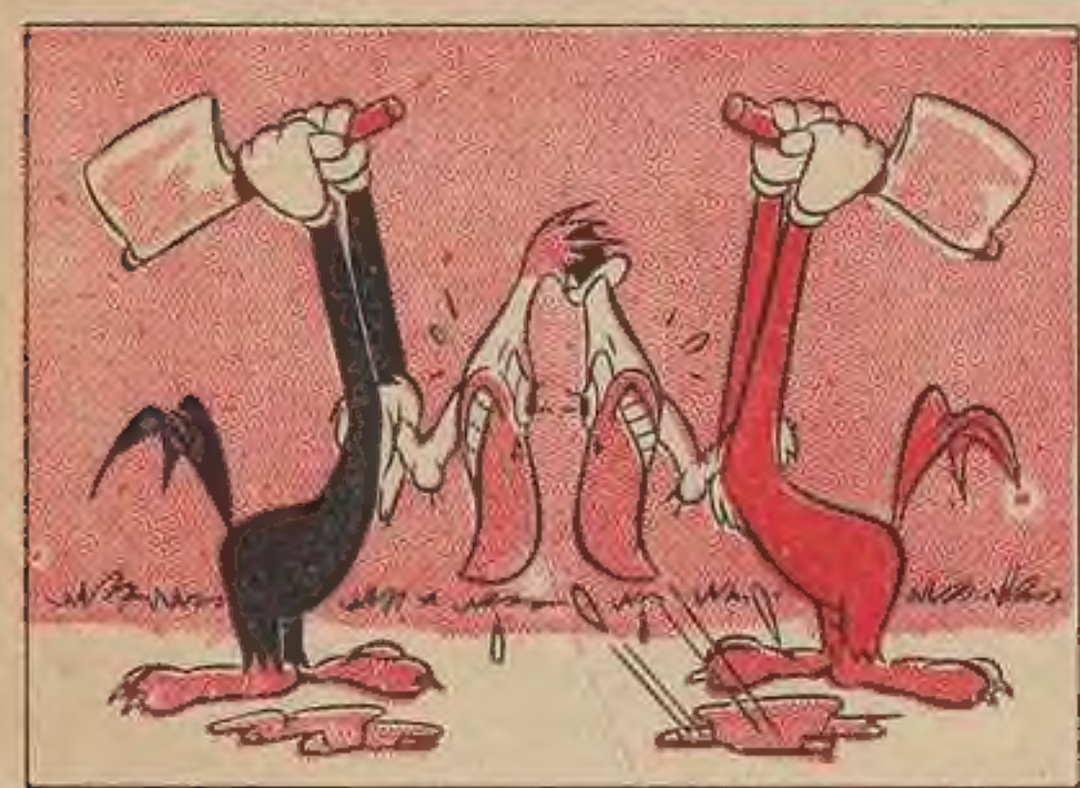


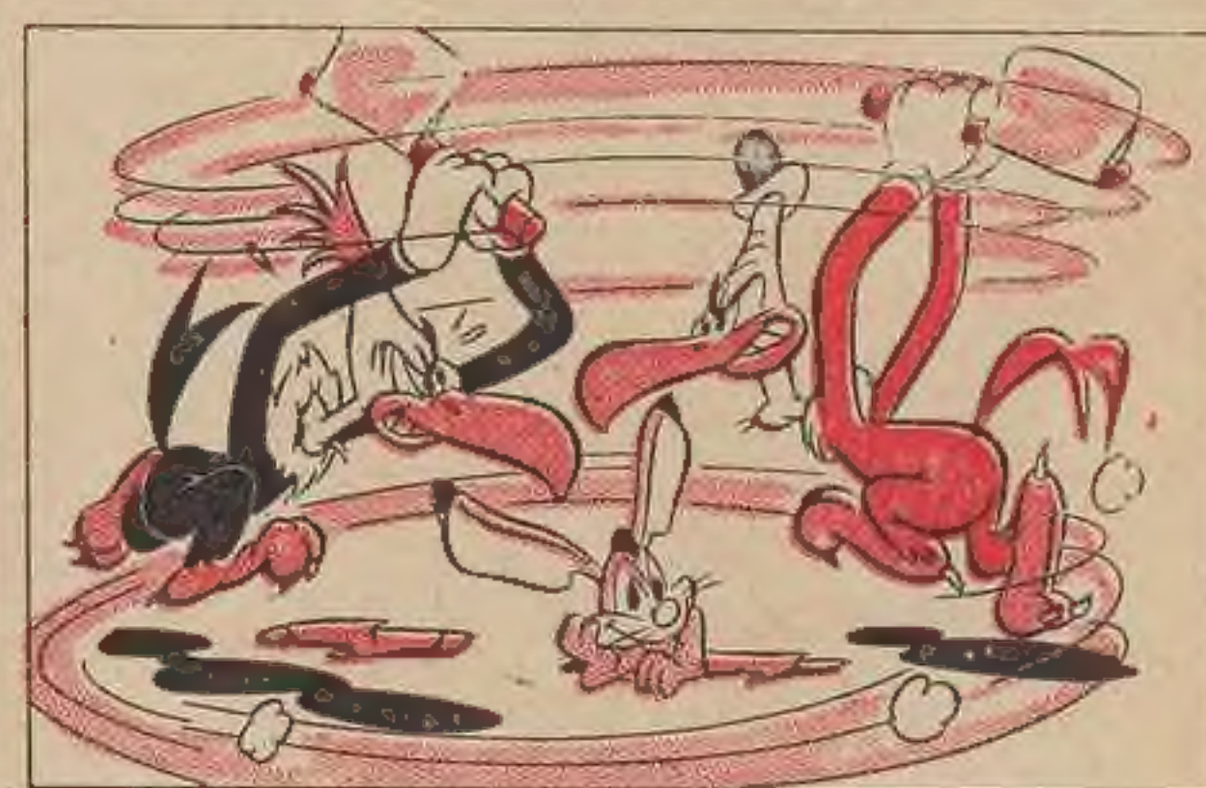












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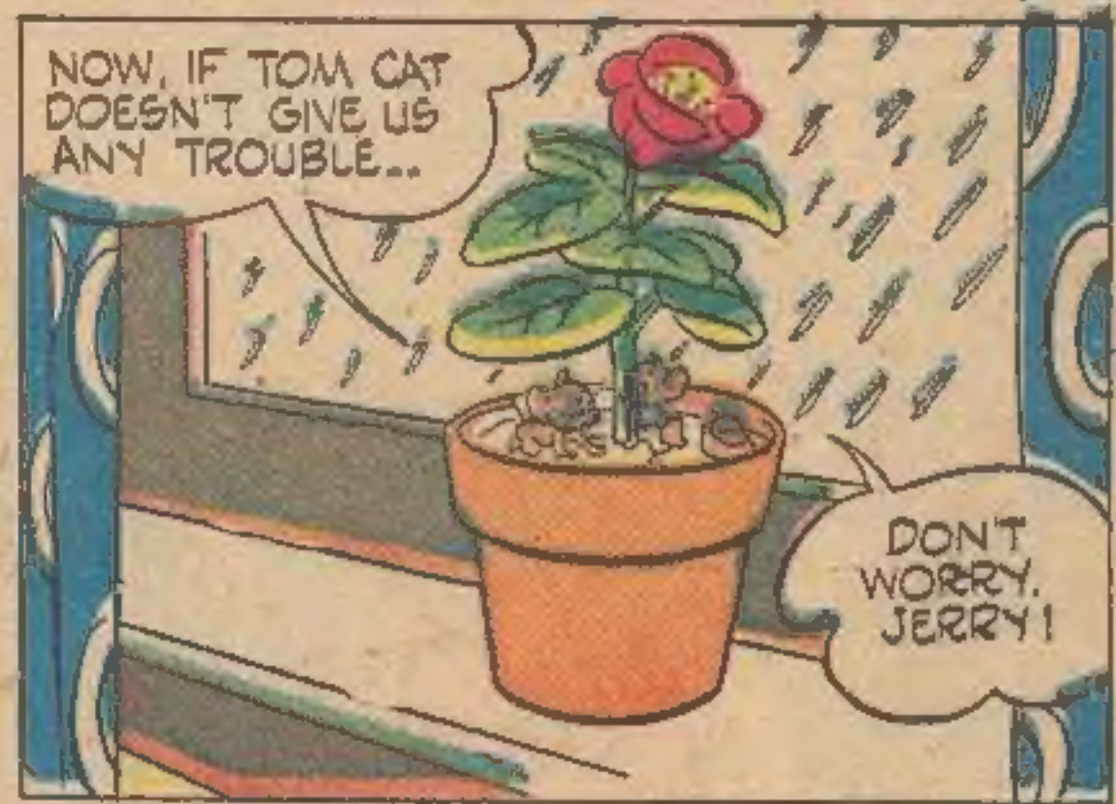
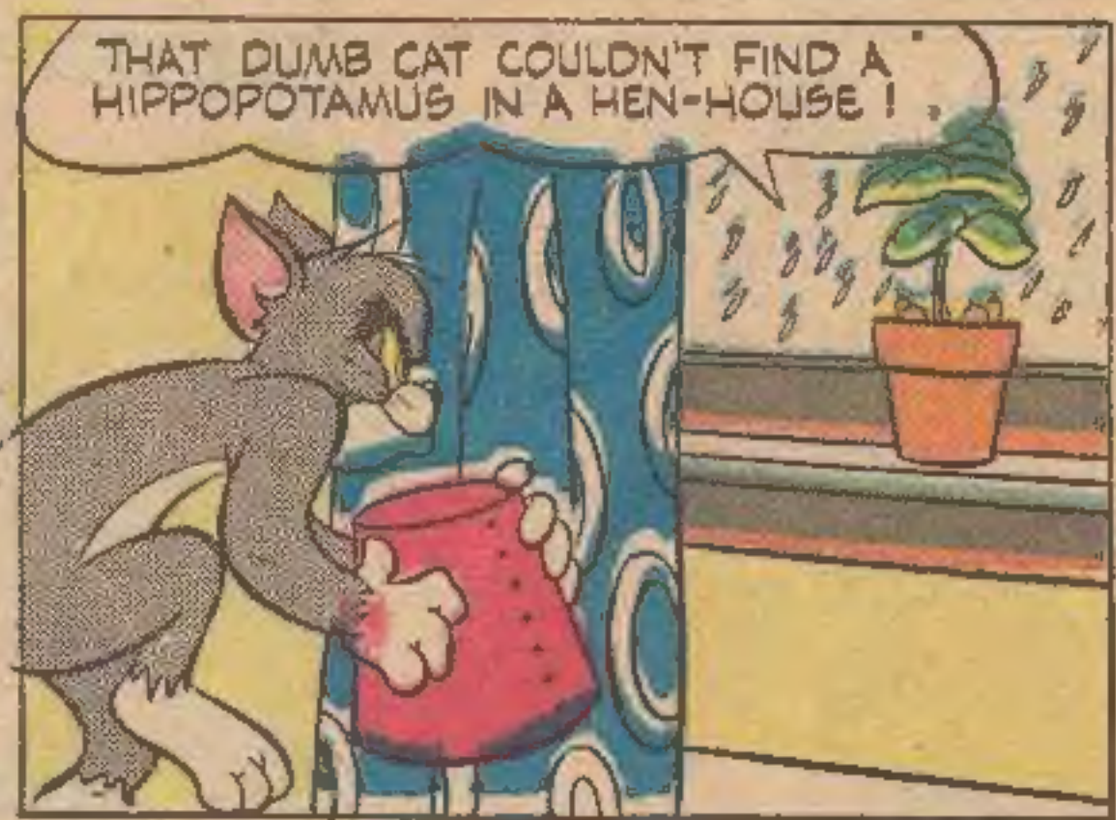
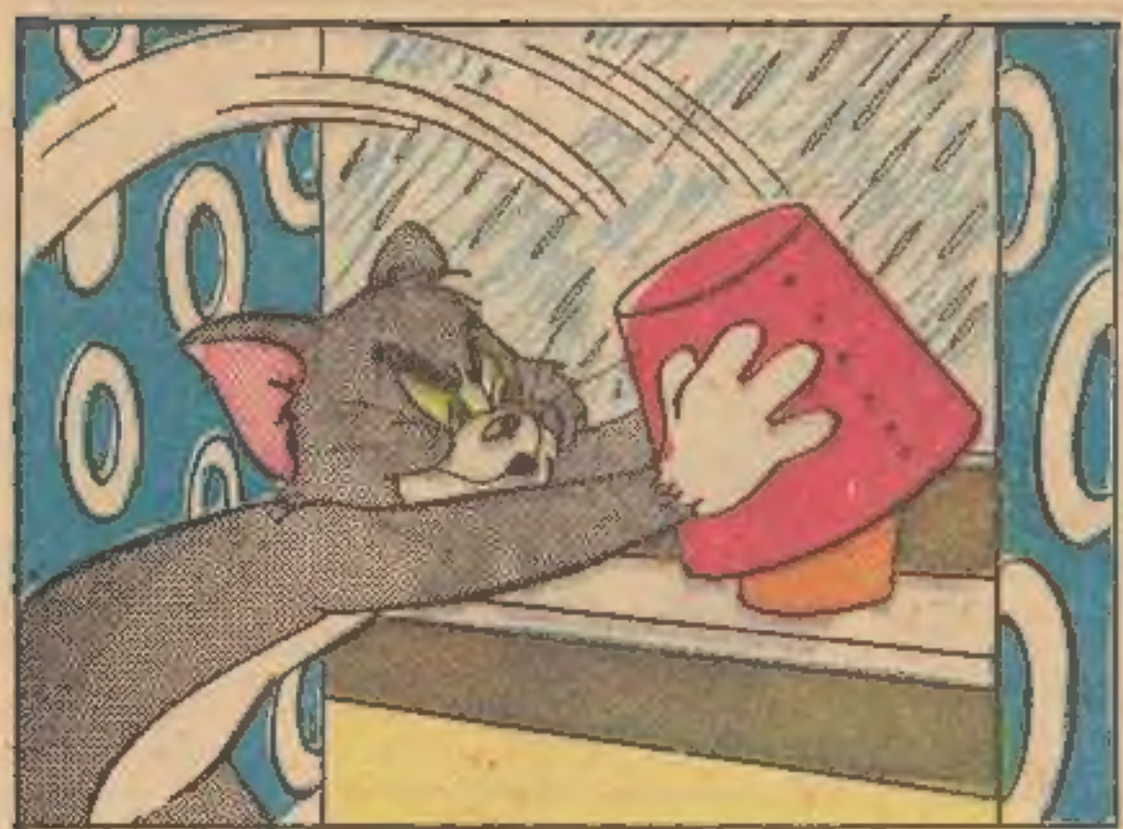
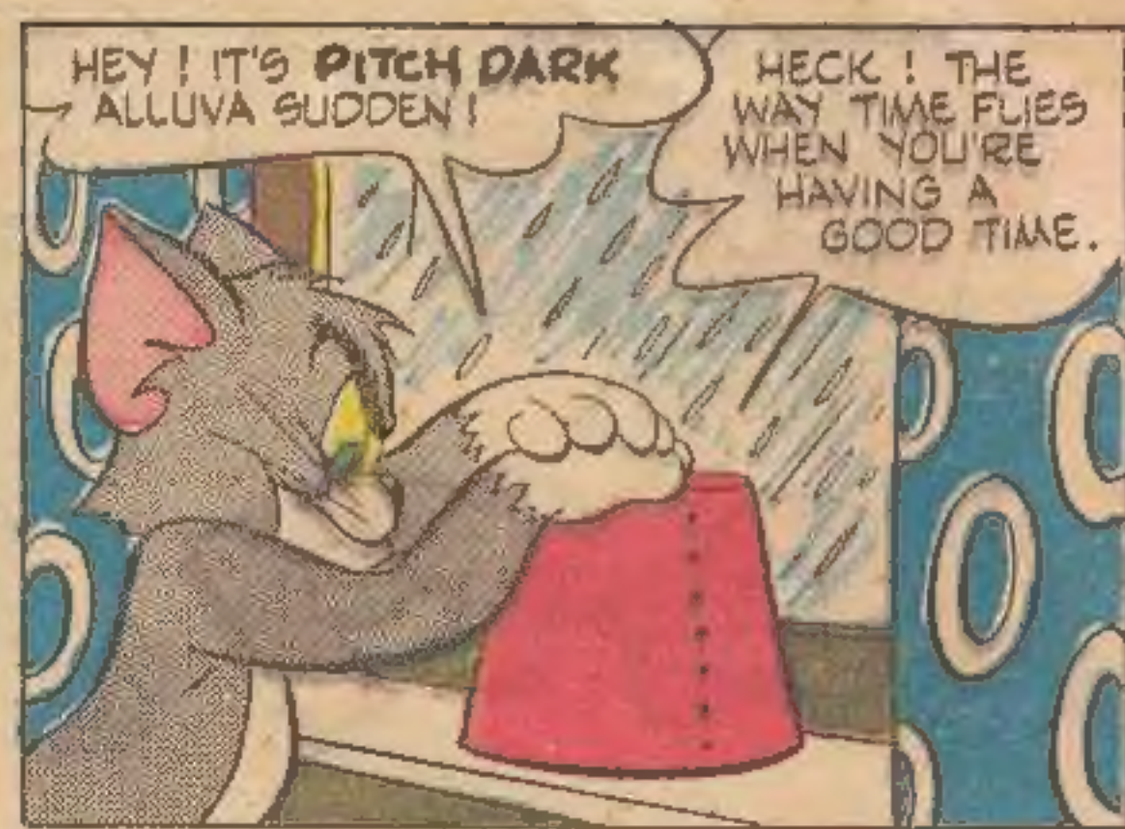
TOM AND JERRY








HEY ! IT'S **PITCH DARK** ALLUVA SUDDEN !
HECK ! THE WAY TIME FLIES WHEN YOU'RE HAVING A GOOD TIME.

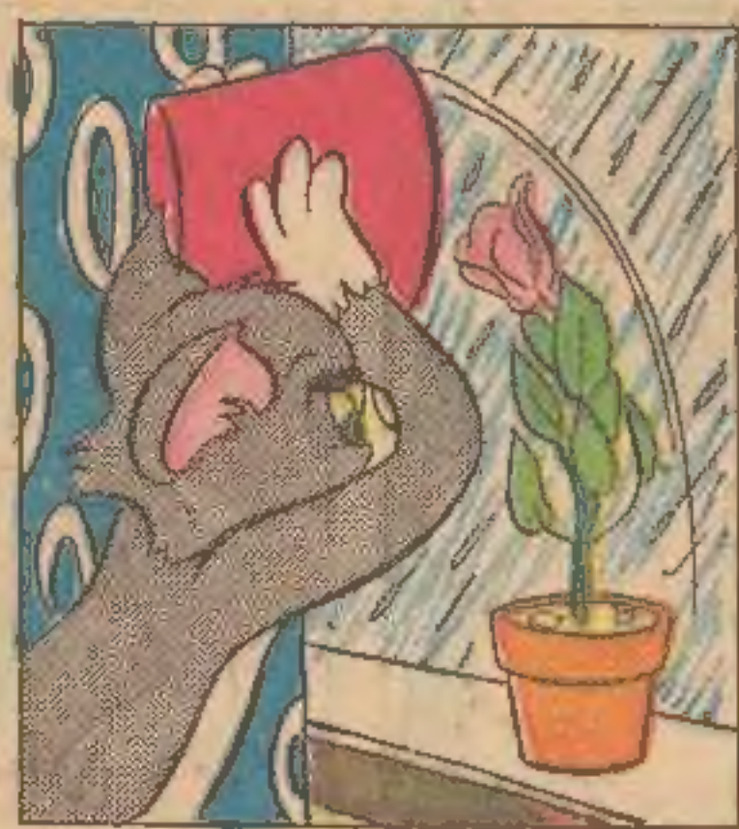
THE GOOD TIMES ARE OVER, KIDDIES ! THIS IS YOUR **DUMB FRIEND, TOM** !
UH-OH!

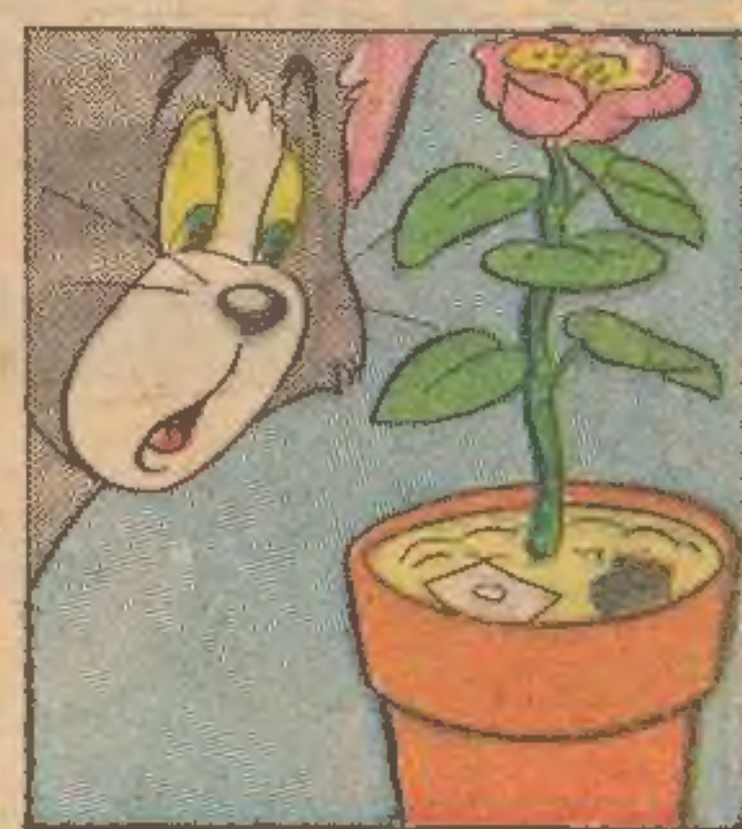
AT LONG LAST YOU'RE MINE, ALL **MINE** !
YOU HAVEN'T GOT US **YET**, SWEETHEART !

HMM... IT'S TRUE .. I **HAVEN'T** GOT 'EM YET, BUT IF I TRY TO REACH UNDER THIS THING, THEY'RE SURE TO SLIP BY ME !
NOT SO **EASY** AFTER ALL, EH, TOM ?

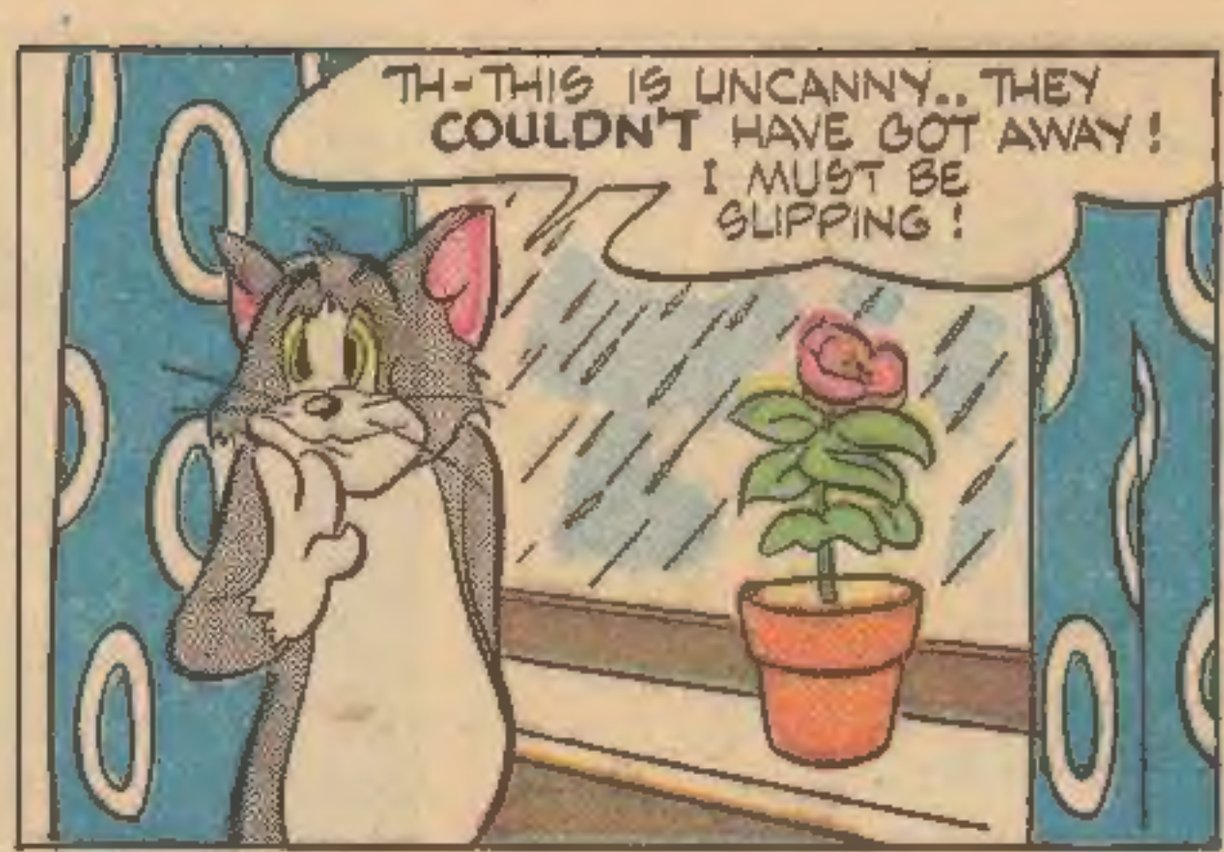
SHEDDUP ! LET ME THINK.
TAKE YOUR TIME, TOM .. WE C'N WAIT.
SURE .. PASS ME A SAN'WICH, JERRY !

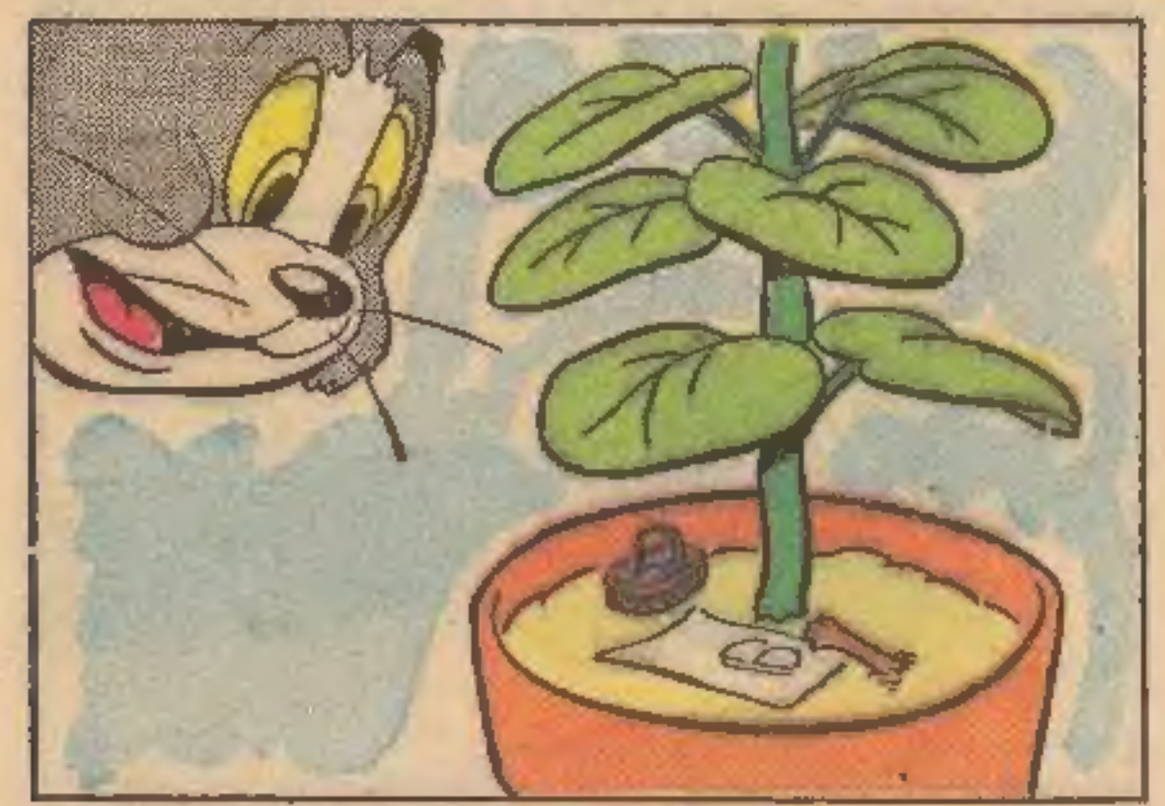
HA ! I GOT IT ! I'LL LIFT IT OFF **FAST** AND GRAB 'EM BEFORE THEIR EYES GET ACCUSTOMED TO THE LIGHT.

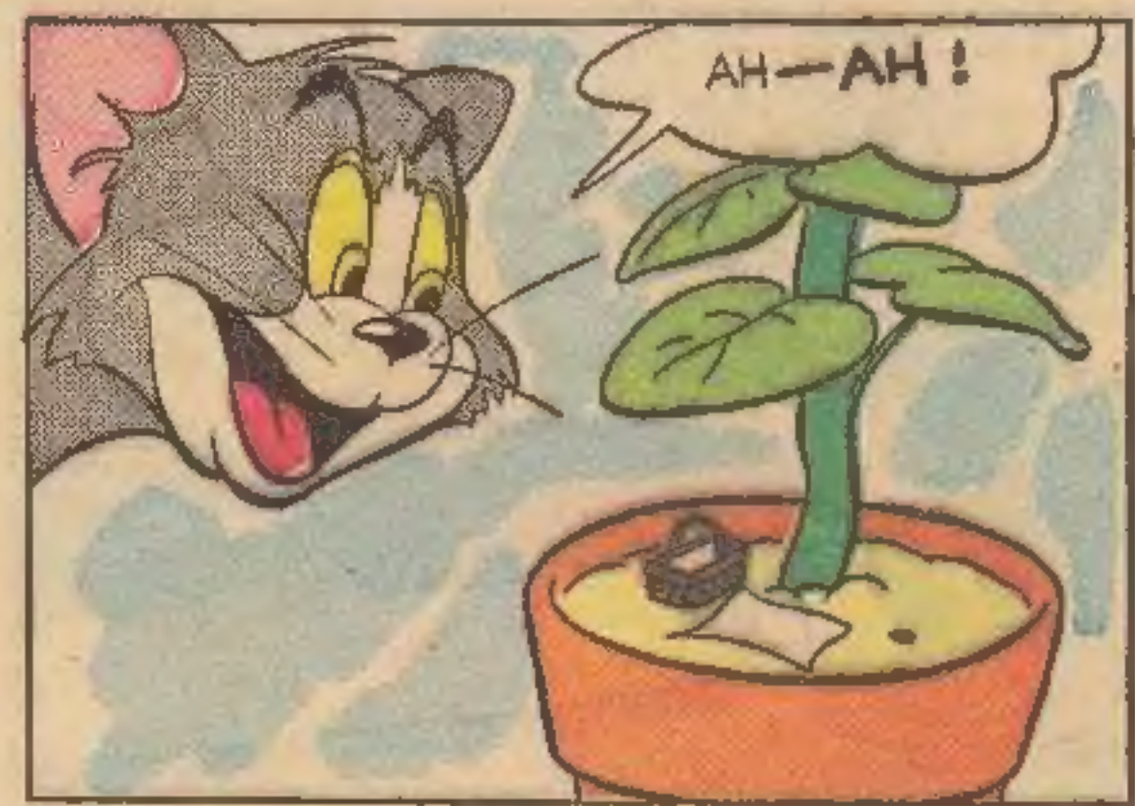


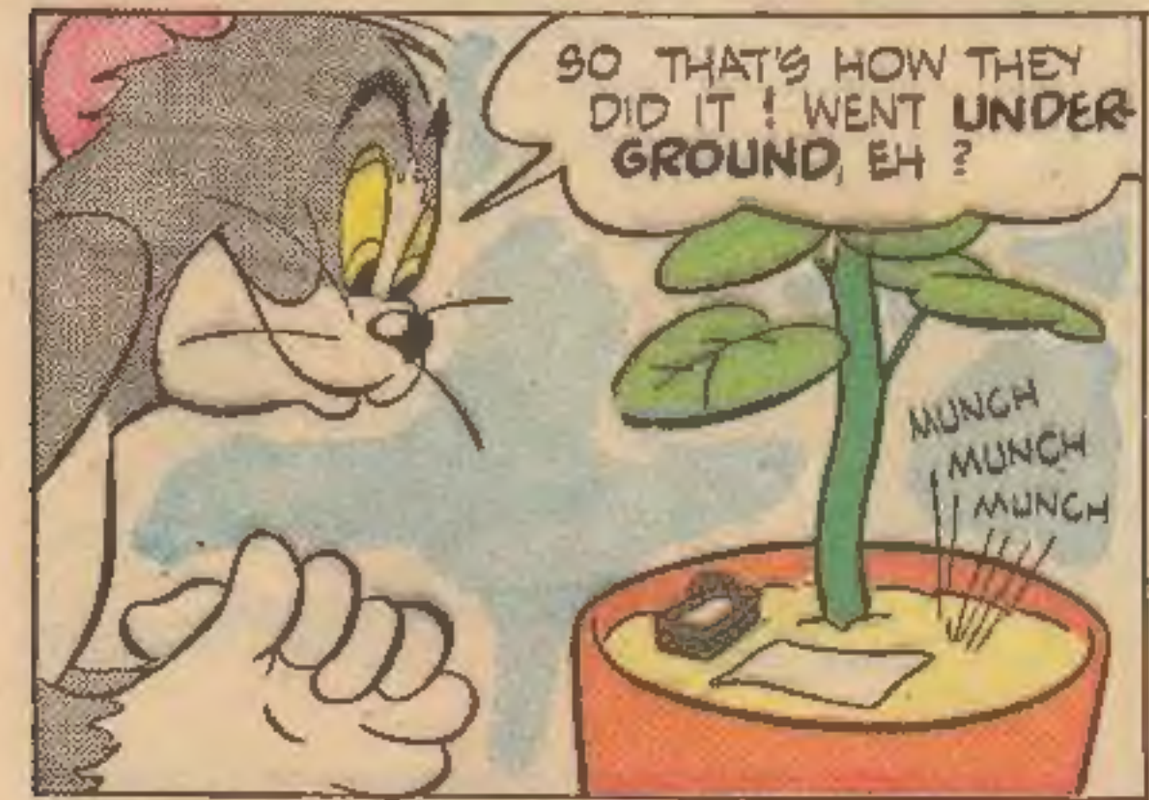


WHERE'D THEY GO ? HOW COULD THEY_?


TH-THIS IS UNCANNY.. THEY COULDN'T HAVE GOT AWAY ! I MUST BE SLIPPING !



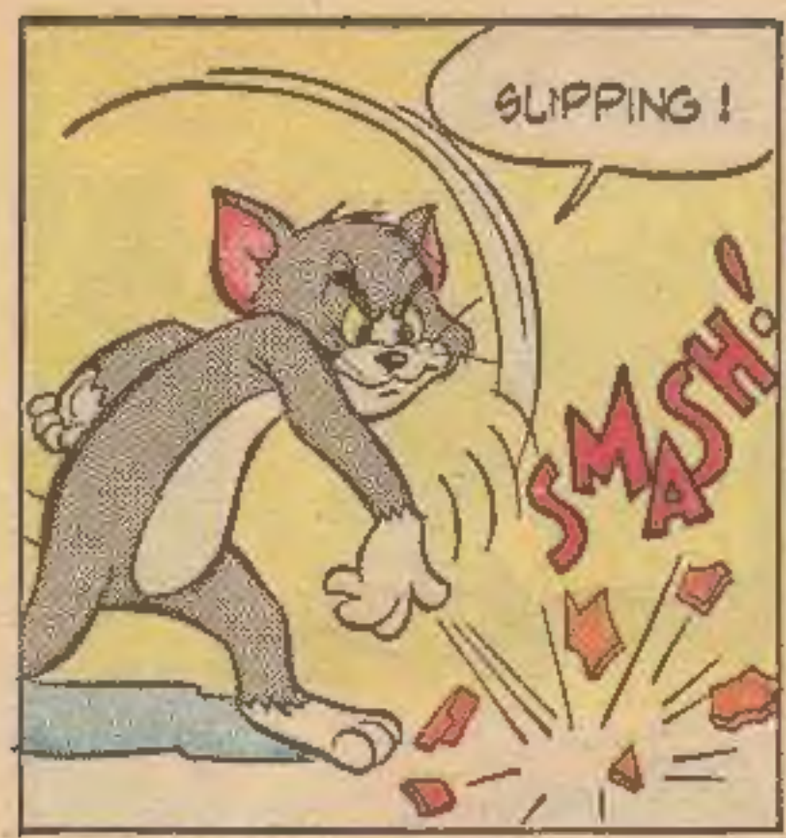

AH—AH !


SO THAT'S HOW THEY DID IT ! WENT UNDER GROUND, EH ?
MUNCH MUNCH MUNCH

OKAY, FELLERS.... THE JIG'S UP.... YOU MIGHT AS WELL COME OUT QUIETLY !

OKAY... I'LL DIG YOU OUT LIKE A COUPLA LI'L SWEET POTATOES !

WELL, I'LL BE—!

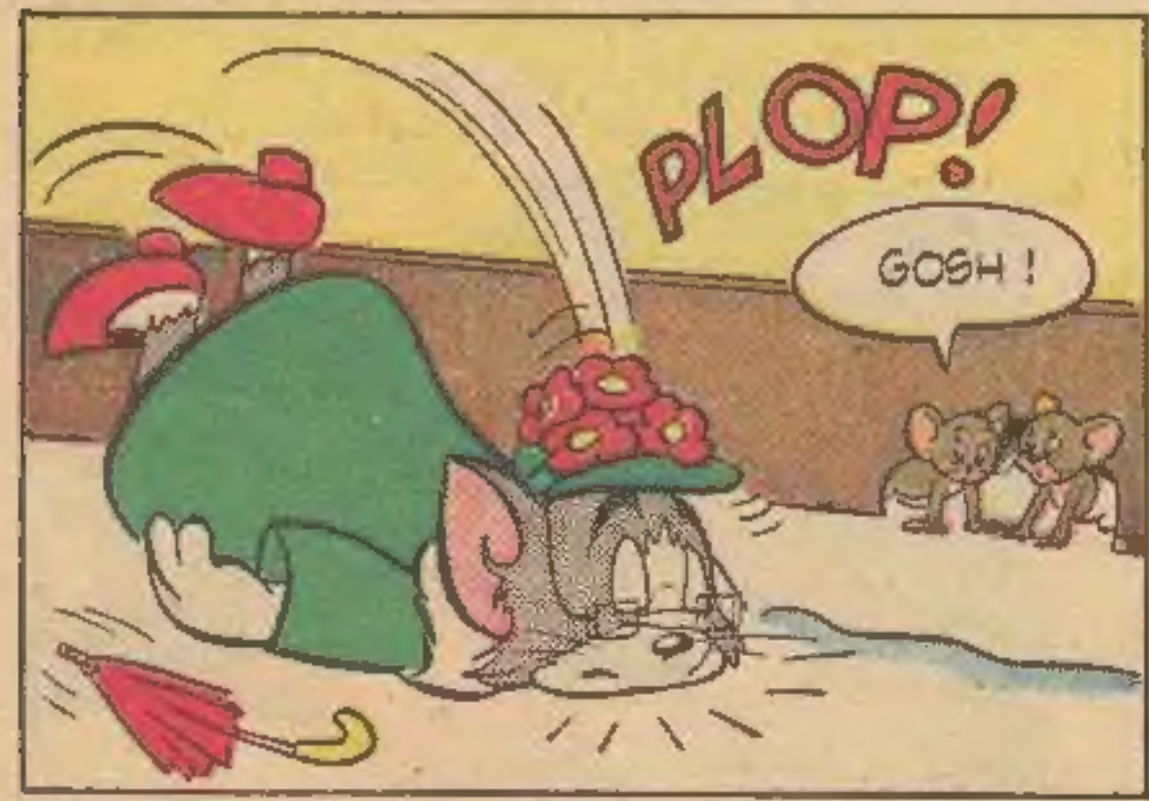

SLIPPING !
SMASH!

NO.. I WON'T ADMIT DEFEAT.. I'VE GOT A FEW TRICKS UP MY SLEEVE YET !

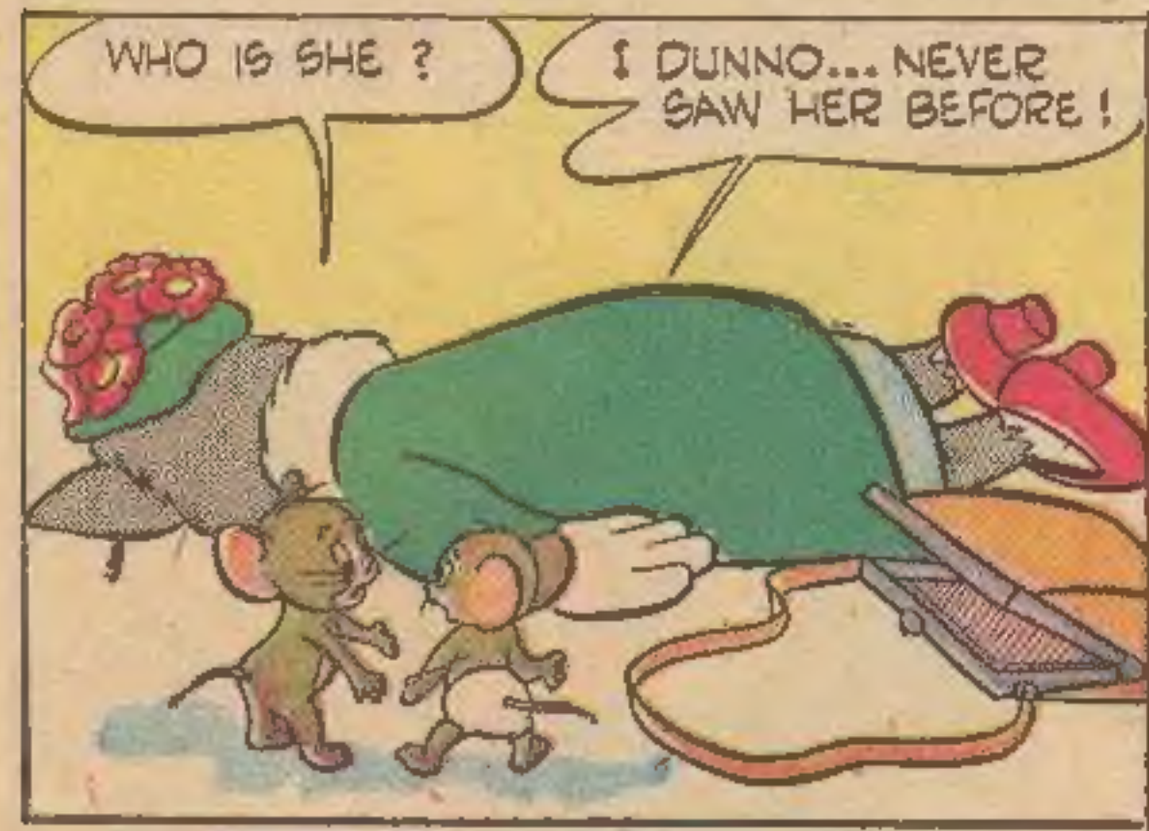
I'LL NAIL THOSE LITTLE RODENTS, IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO.

LATER
OH, DEARIE ME, DEARIE ME, I DO BELIEVE I'M LOST !
? ?

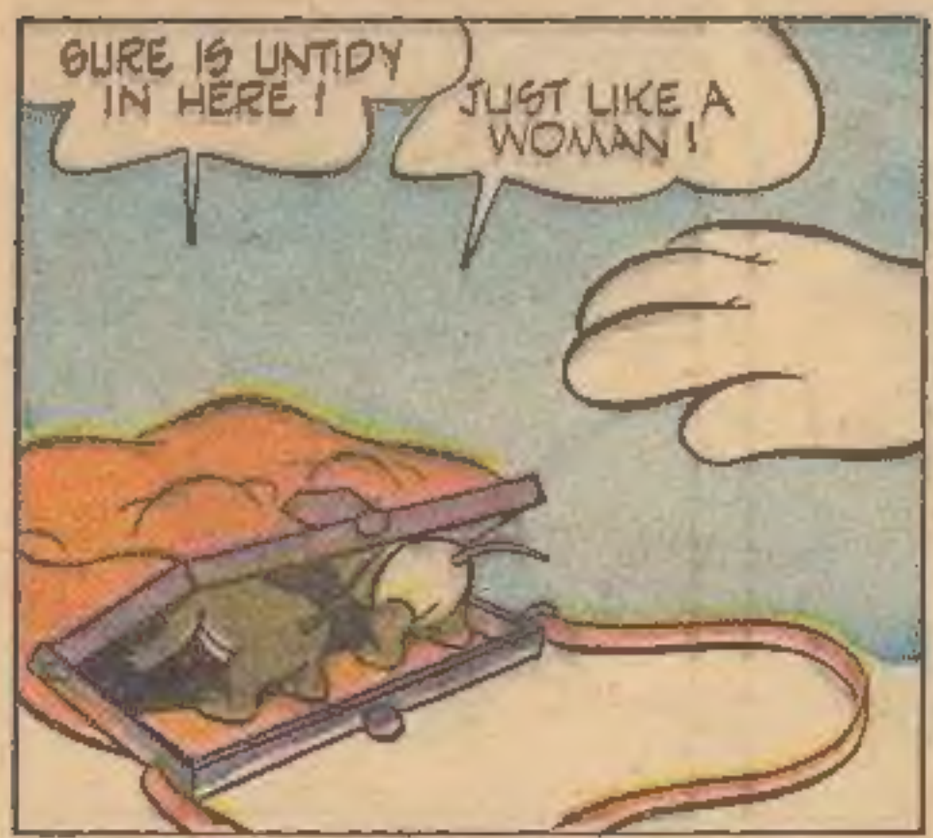
...AND I'M SO TIRED... I.. I THINK I FEEL A SPELL COMING ON !

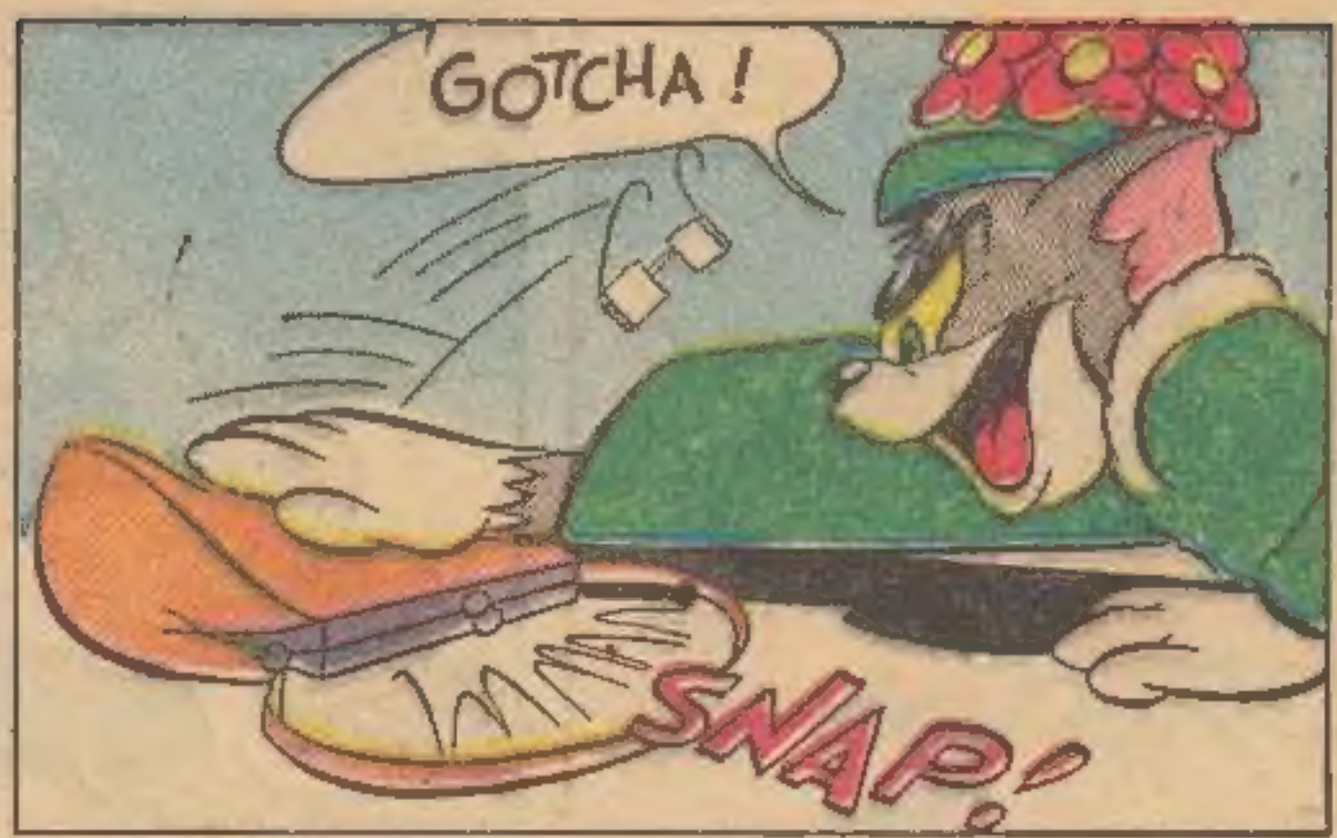

PLOP!
GOSH !

THAT POOR OL' LADY ! SHE'S PASSED OUT !
WE GOTTA HELP !


WHO IS SHE ?
I DUNNO... NEVER SAW HER BEFORE !

HEY LOOK, HER BAG IS OPEN.. MAYBE THERE'S SOME IDENTIFICATION IN IT !
LET'S LOOK !


SURE IS UNTIDY IN HERE!
JUST LIKE A WOMAN!


GOTCHA!
SNAP!

IT WORKED JUST AS I PLANNED... WELL, KIDDIES, WHO'S DUMB NOW?
YOU ARE!

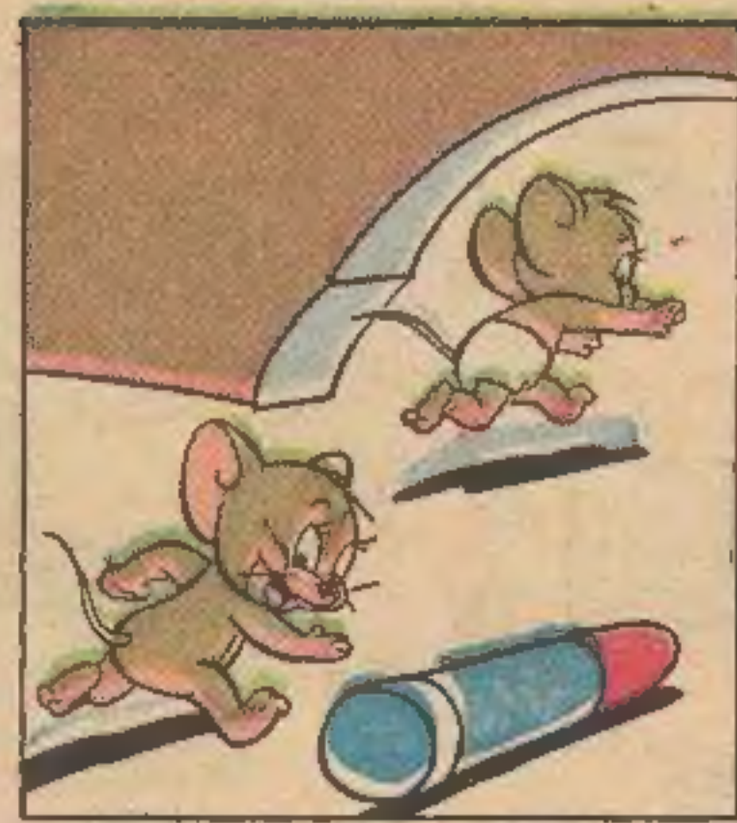
ME? WHY ME?
BECAUSE YOU LEFT THIS BIG ROLL OF BILLS IN THE BAG!

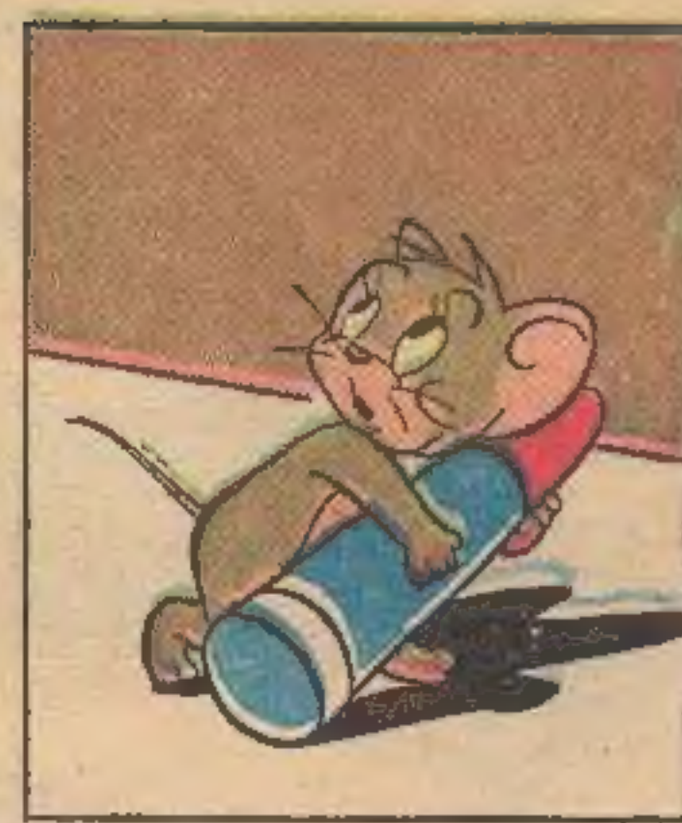
OH... M.MONEY?
YEH!
R-R-RIP!

NO, NO, FELLERS! PLEASE DON'T! I-I BORROWED THIS BAG!
Y'MEAN YOU TOOK IT!
R-RIP!
R-RIP!

WHY YOU LITTLE—!

POOF
GOING DOWN!





WHAT'S THE LIPSTICK FOR, JERRY ?
YOU'LL SEE !

@!!! I GOT THAT POWDER RIGHT IN THE EYES !

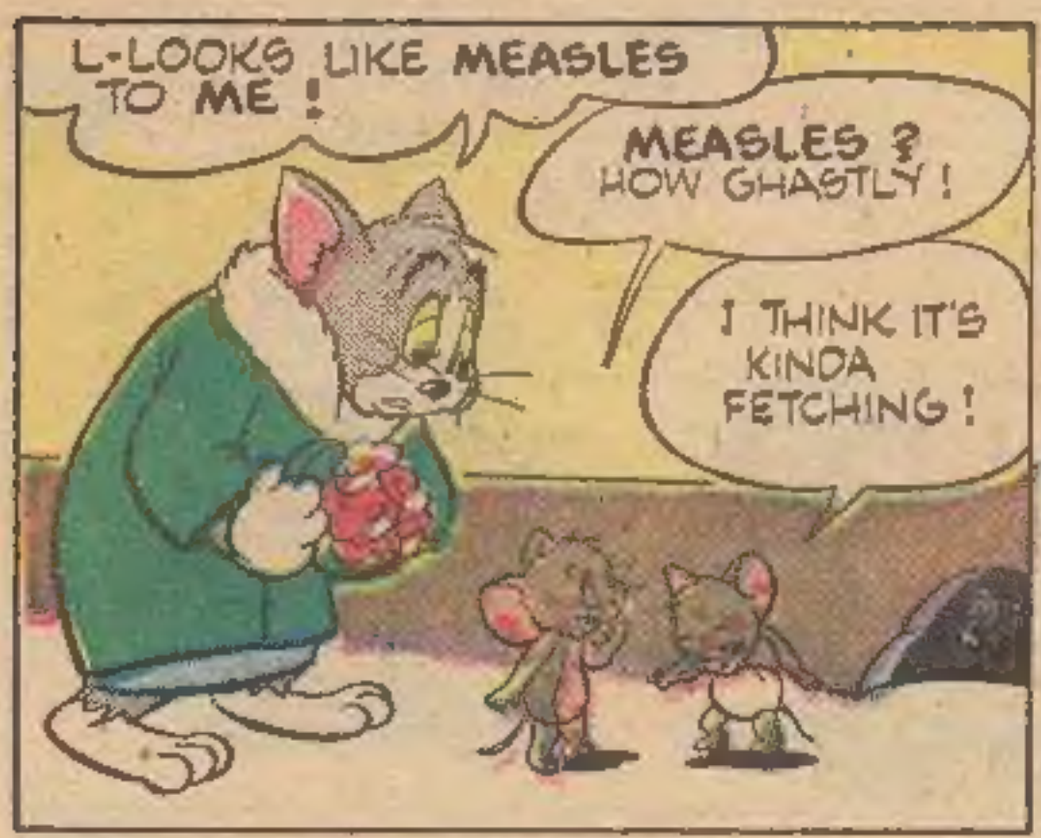
YOU GOT TO COME OUT SOMETIME, YOU LITTLE RATS !
MICE !

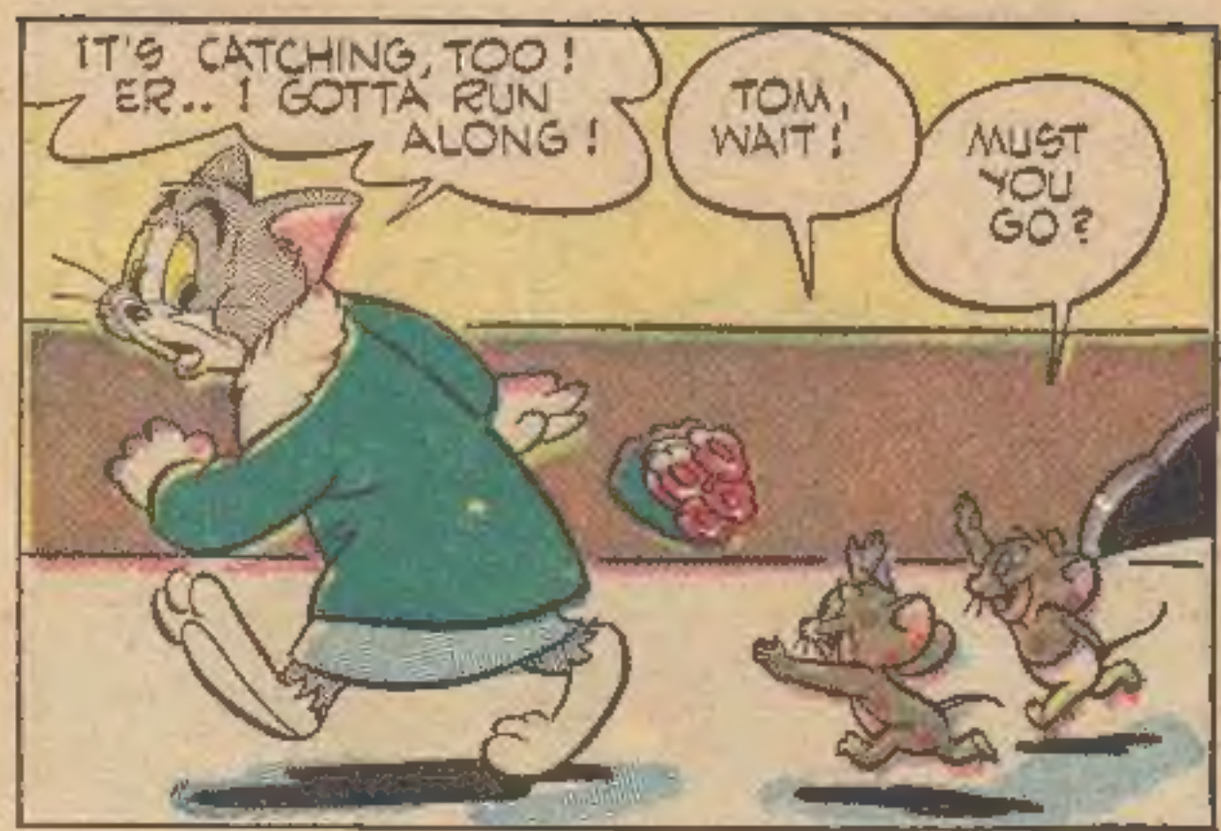
...AND WHEN YOU DO, I'LL BE RIGHT HERE WAITING !
FEEL LIKE A STROLL, TUFFY ?
WHY NOT !

?
?

HEY ! WH-WHAT'RE THOSE SPOTS ?
SPOTS ? WHAT SPOTS ?

YOU GOT RED SPOTS ALL OVER... G'WAY, LOOK AT EACH OTHER !
DARNED IF HE ISN'T RIGHT.. YOU ARE A BIT SPOTTY, OL' MAN !
YOU TOO, OL' BEAN !


L-LOOKS LIKE MEASLES TO ME !
MEASLES ? HOW GHASTLY !
I THINK IT'S KINDA FETCHING !


IT'S CATCHING, TOO ! ER.. I GOTTA RUN ALONG !
TOM, WAIT !
MUST YOU GO ?

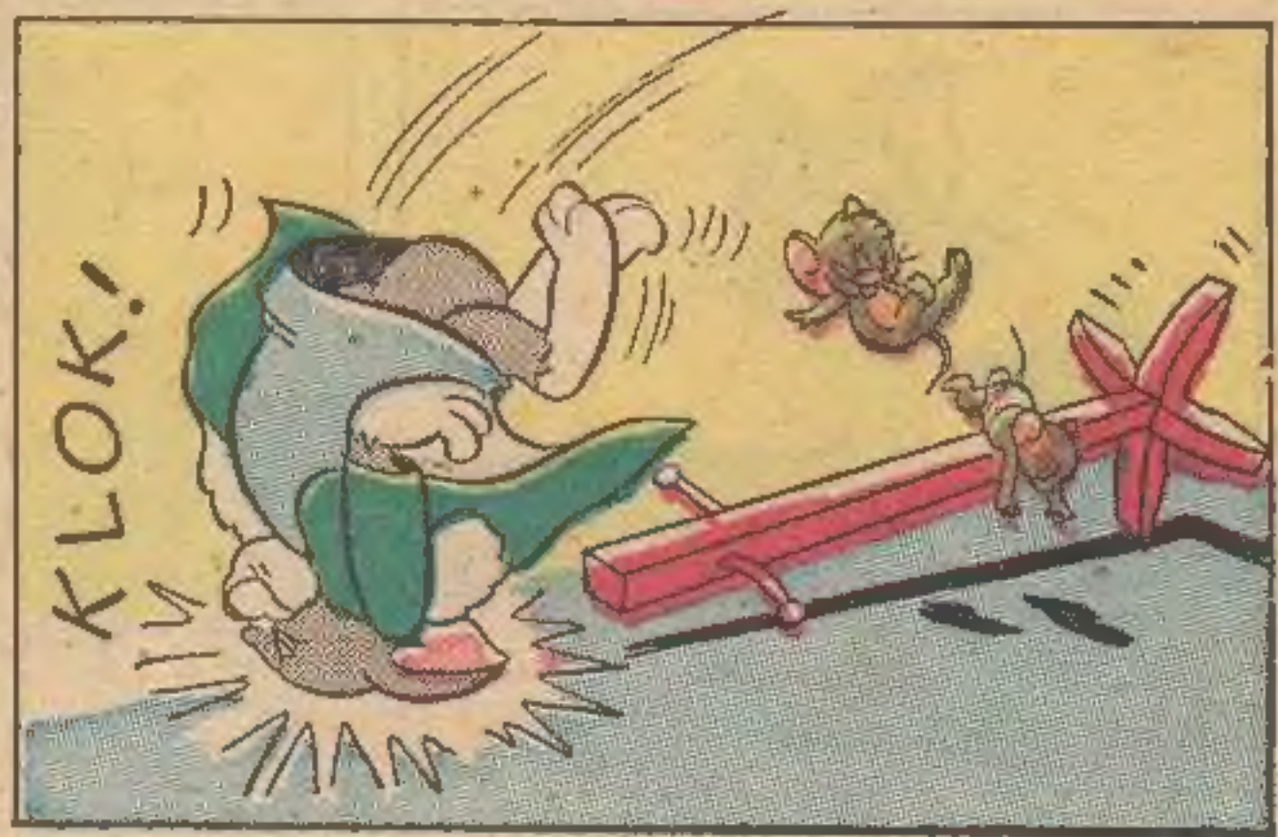
KEEP AWAY FROM ME !
COME TO MY ARMS, DARLING !
JUST ONE LITTLE KISS, TOM.

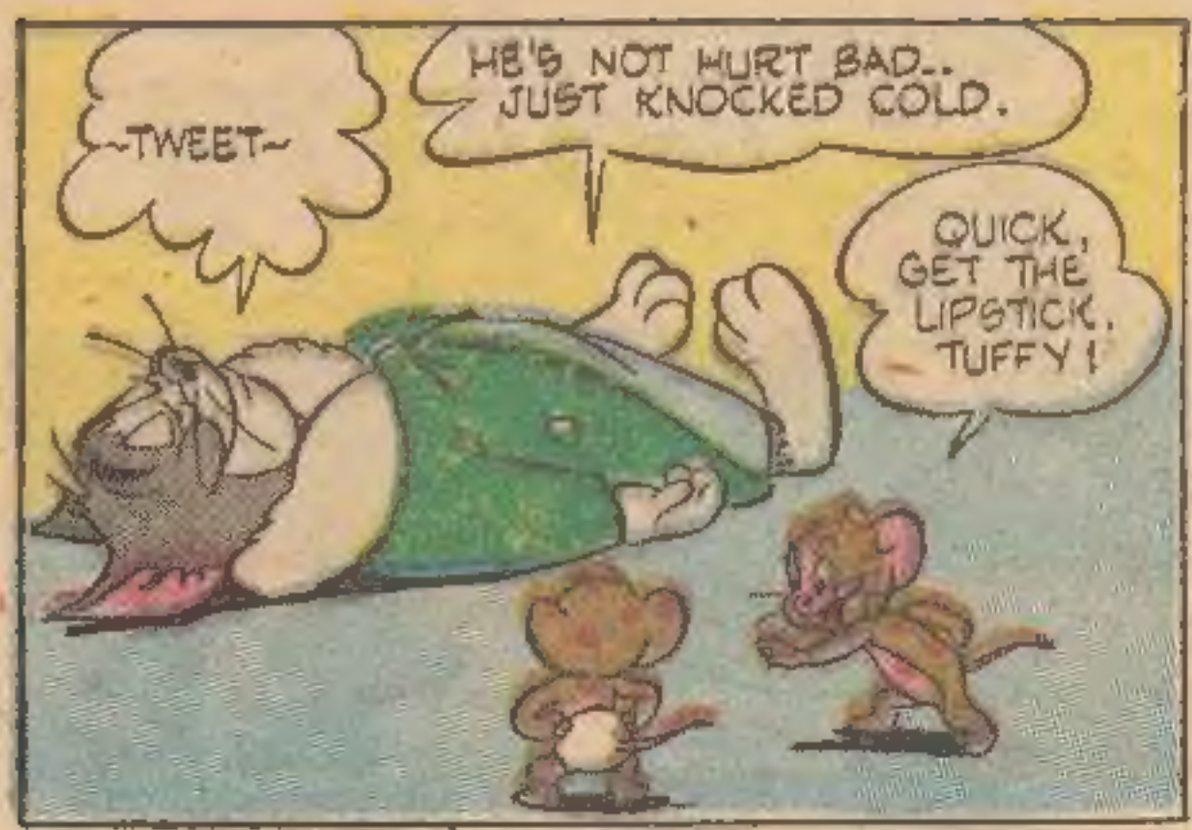
NO, NO, DON'T TOUCH ME !
TOM, WE THOUGHT YOU CARED !

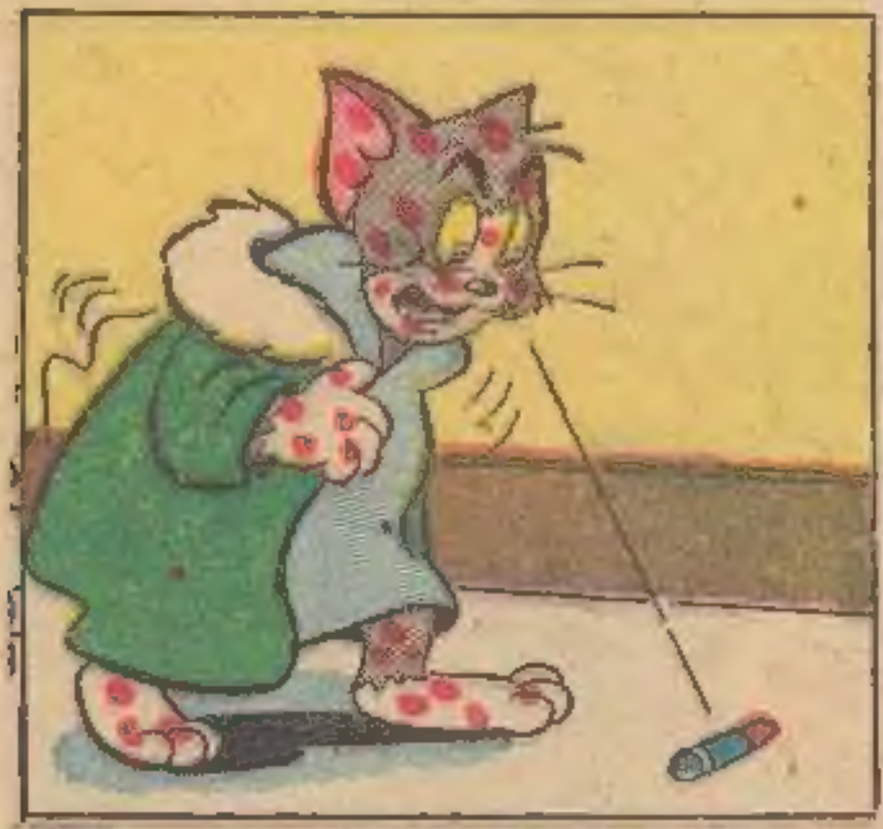
PLEASE, FELLER'S !
WE GOT YOU NOW, YOU OL' RASCAL !

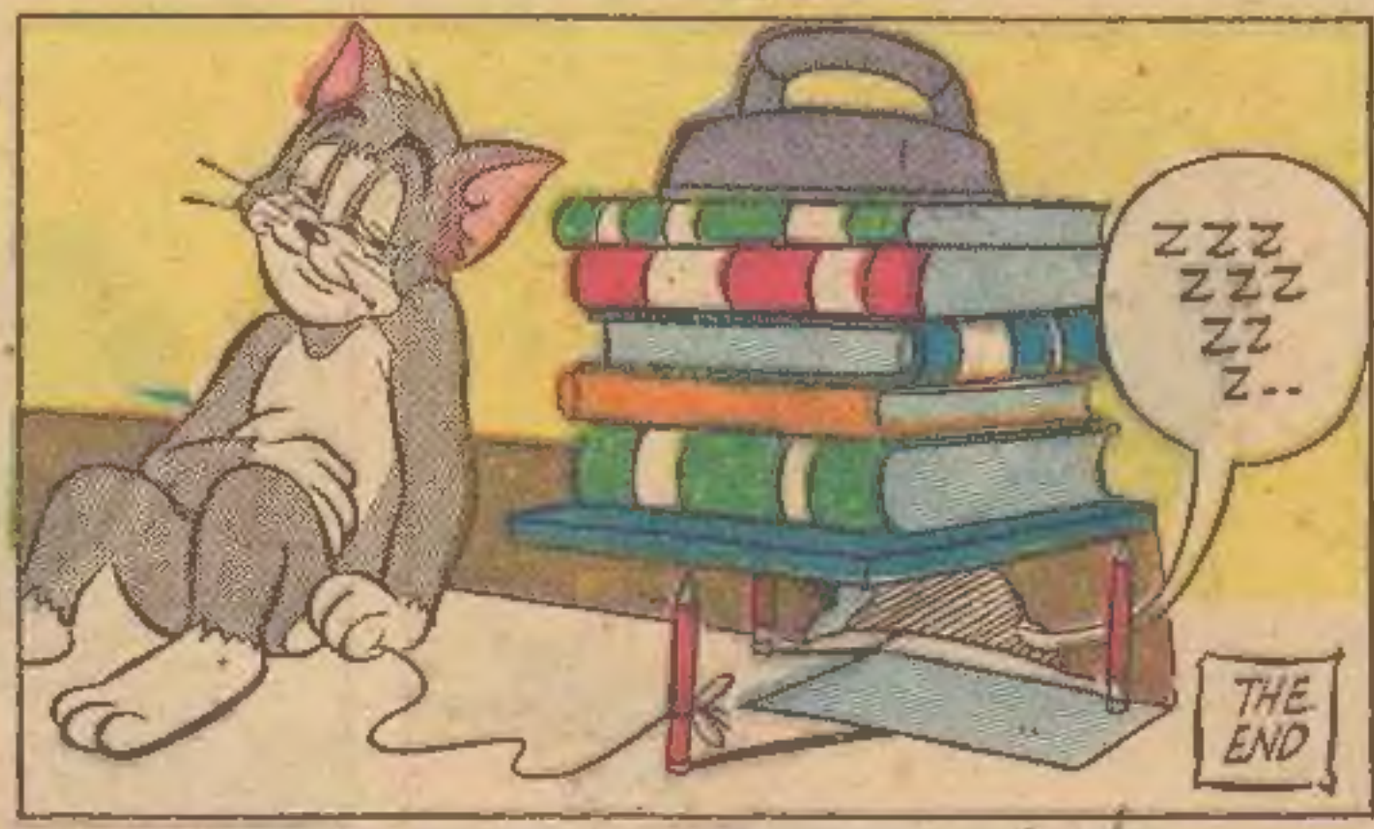
LOOK OUT, WE'RE GONNA...

OH-H-H..
TIMBER !


KLOK !







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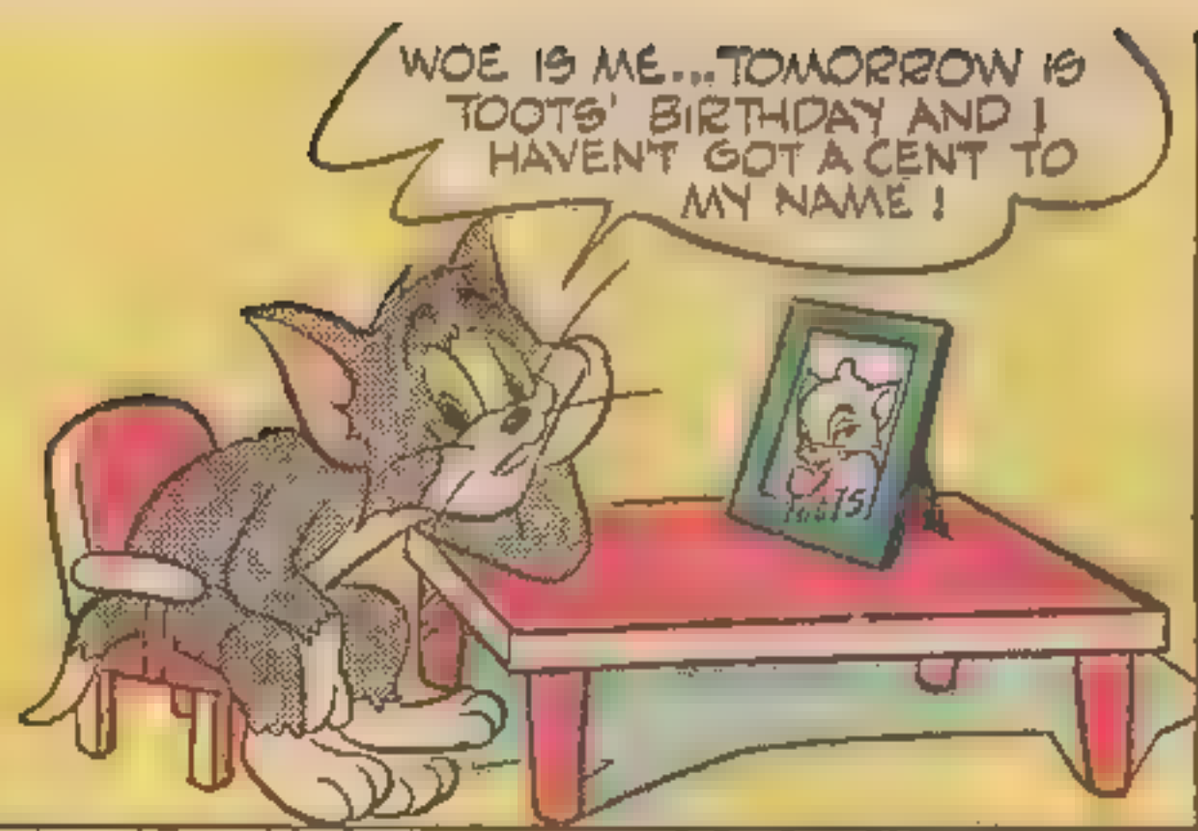
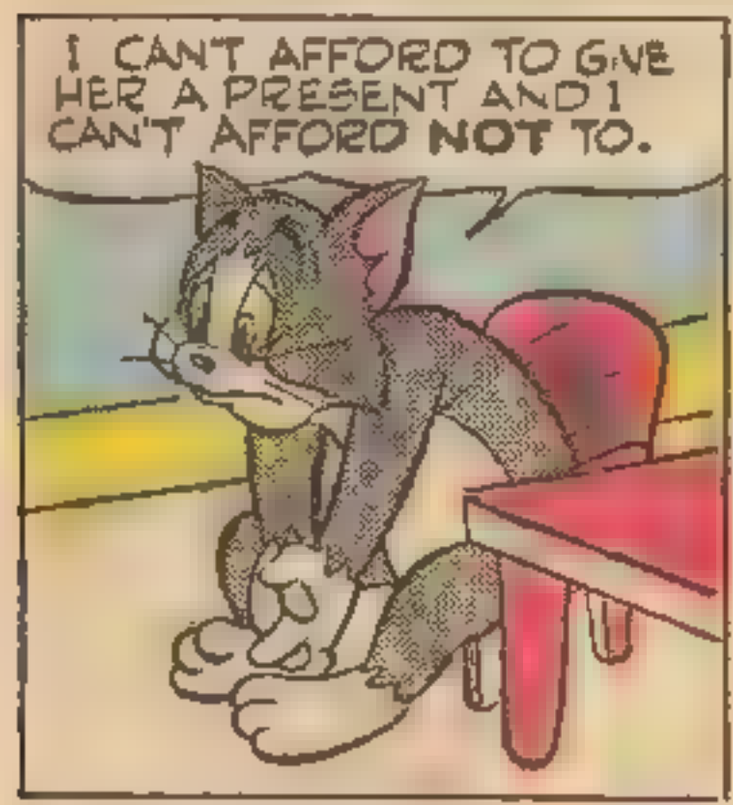
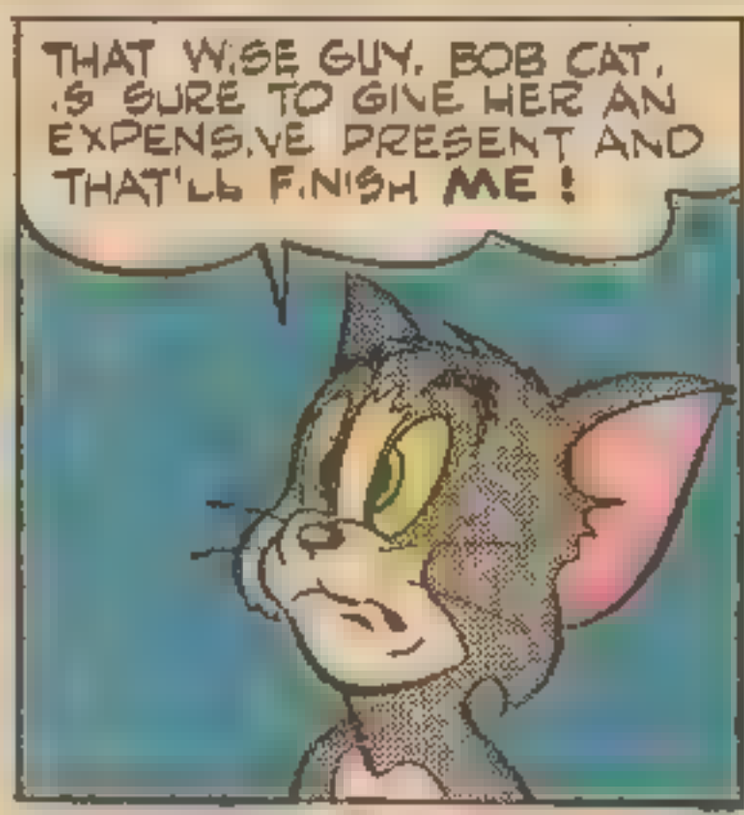
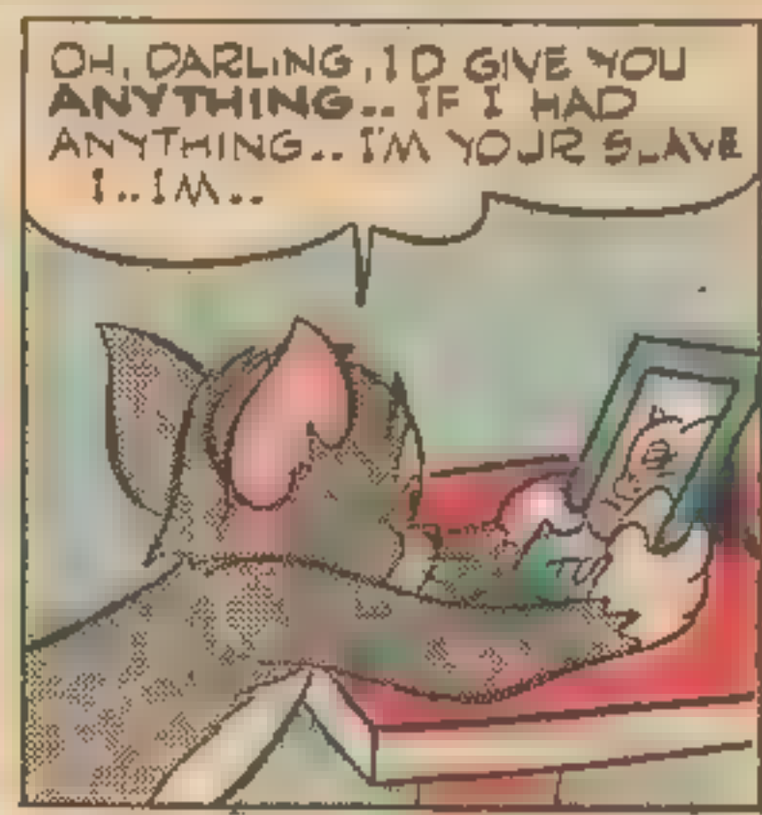
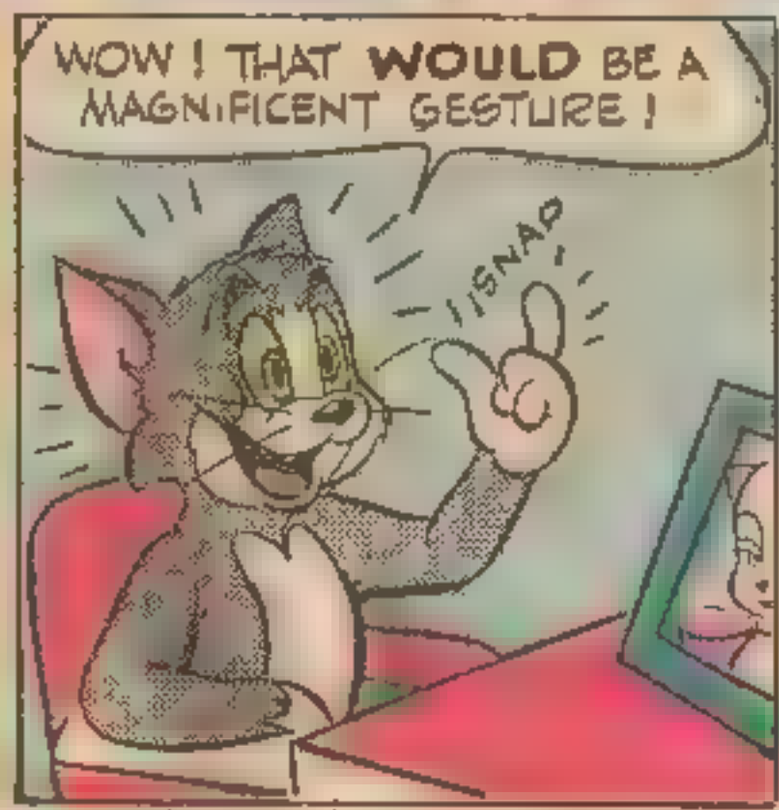
TOM CAT

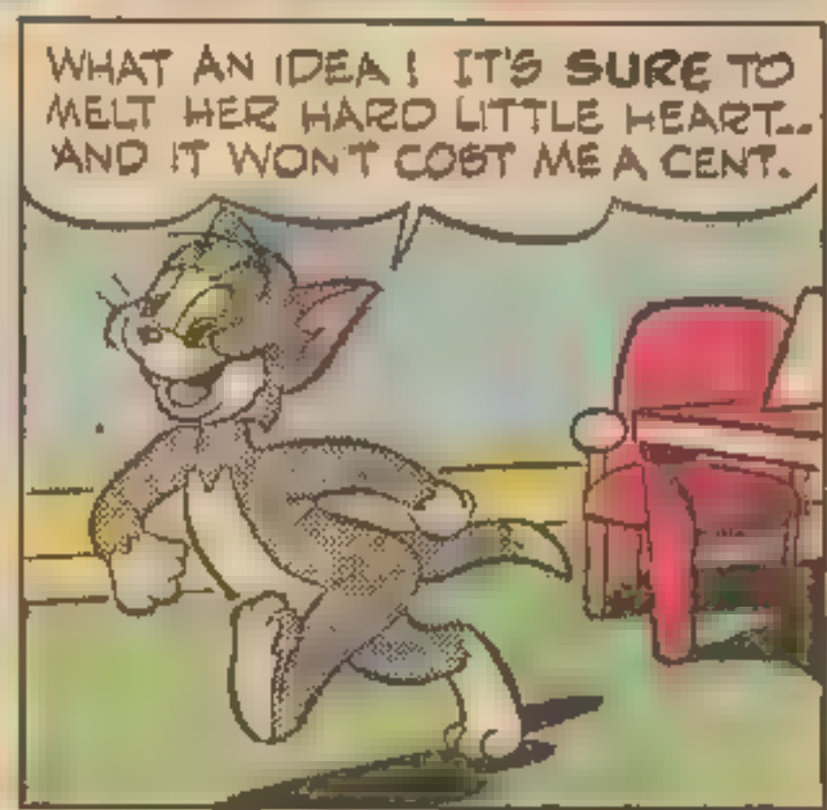


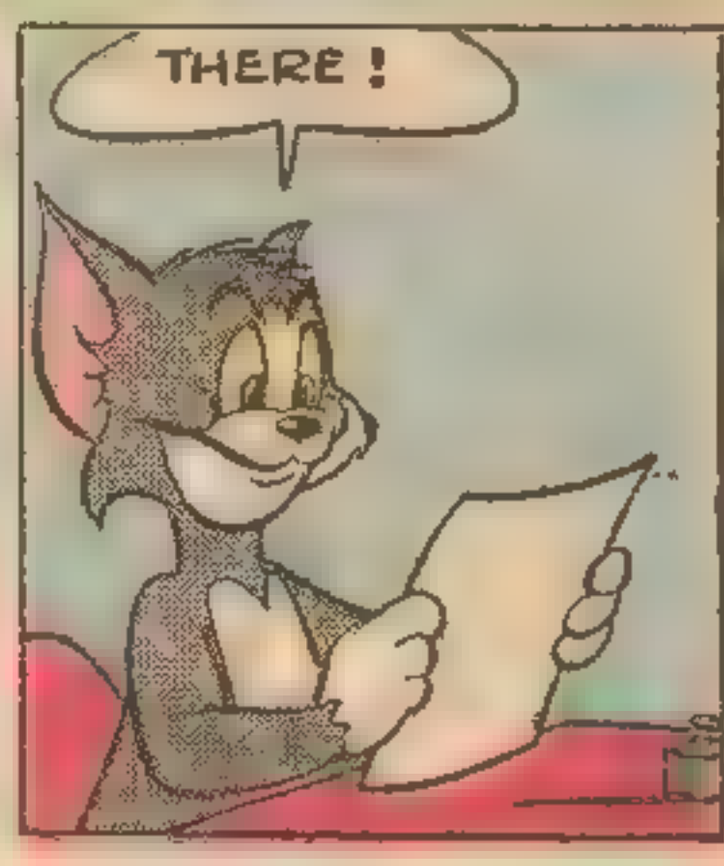


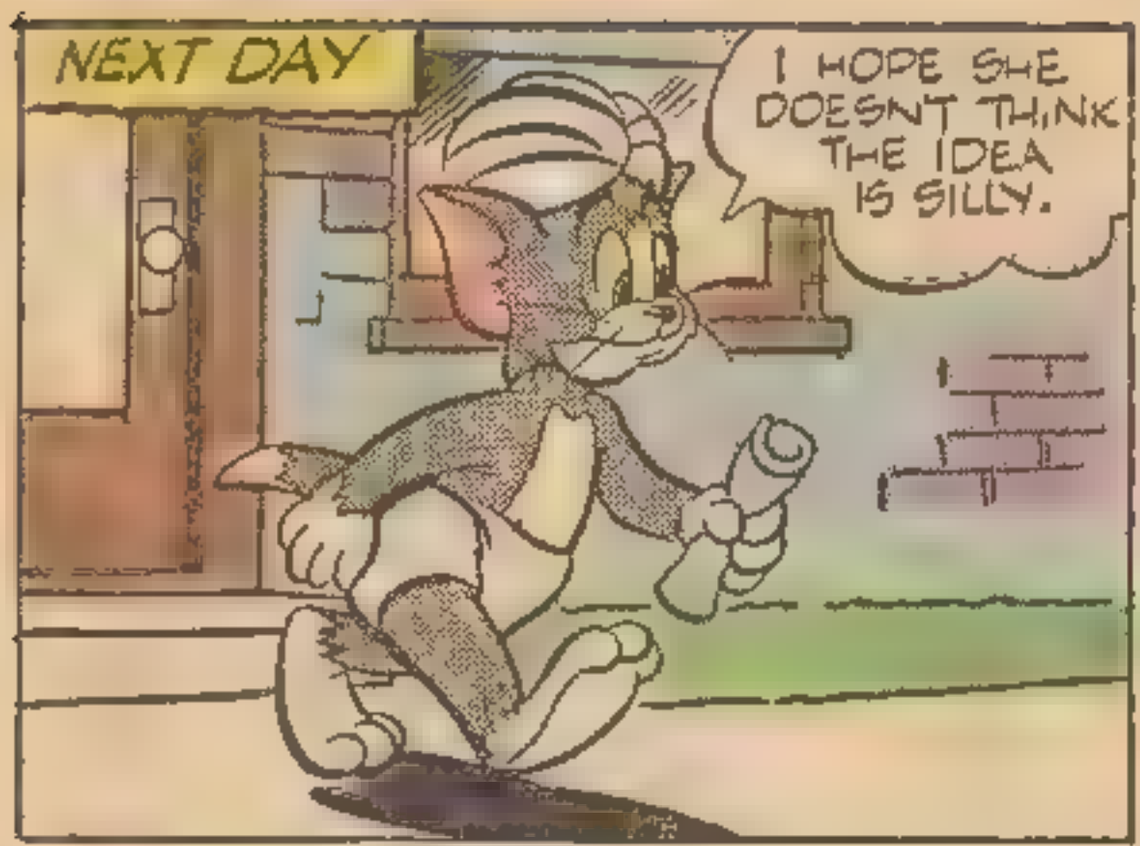


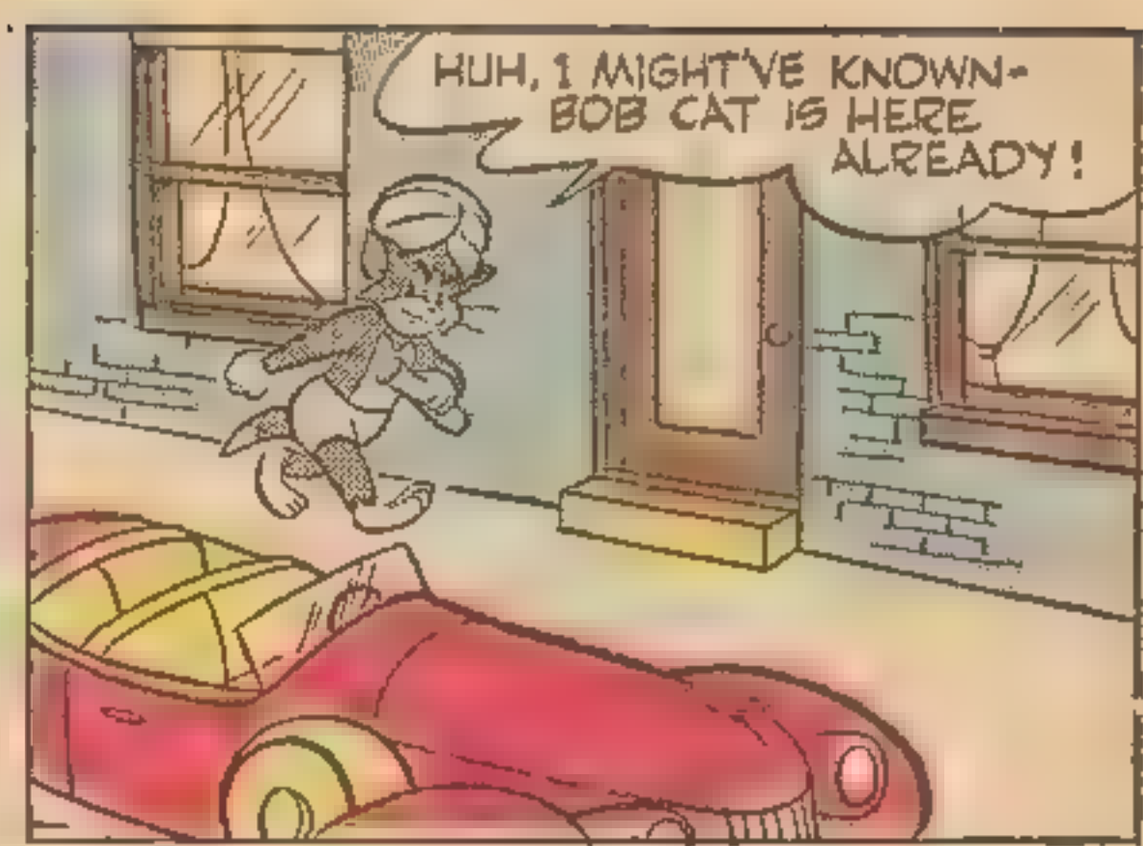


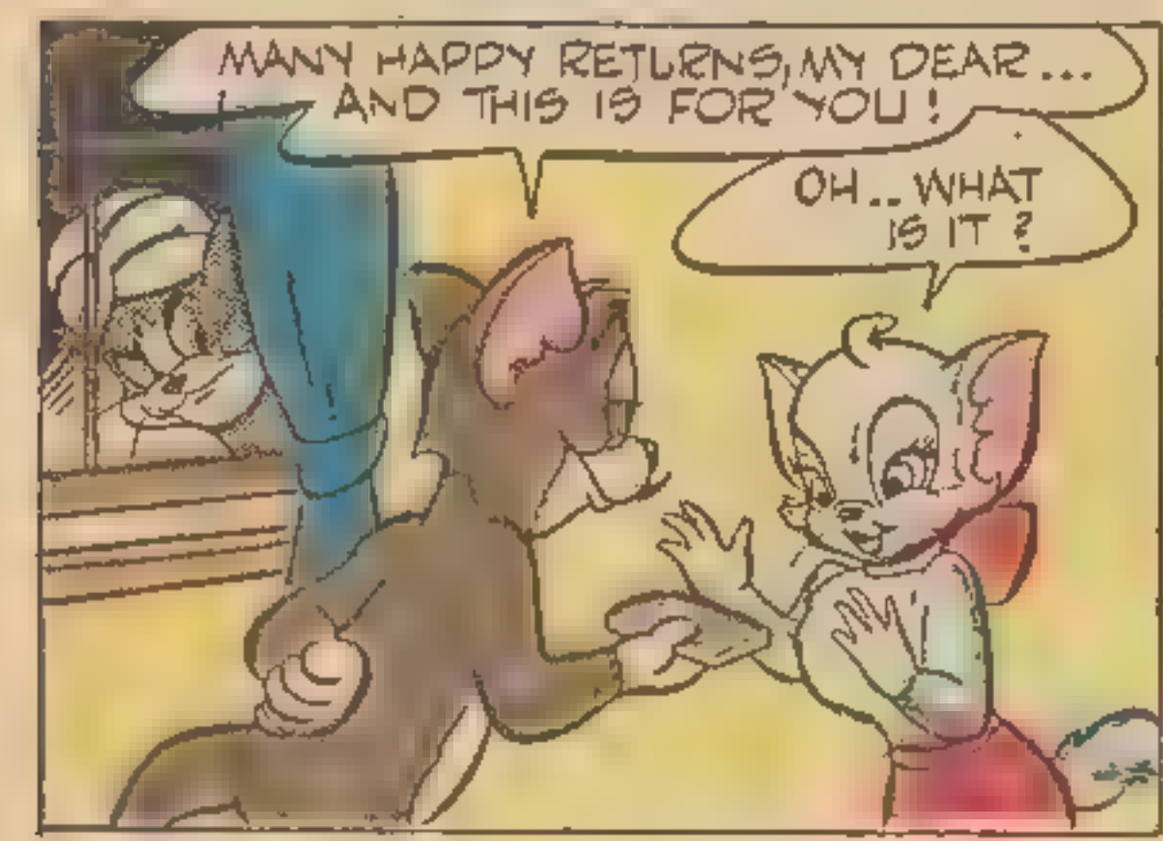


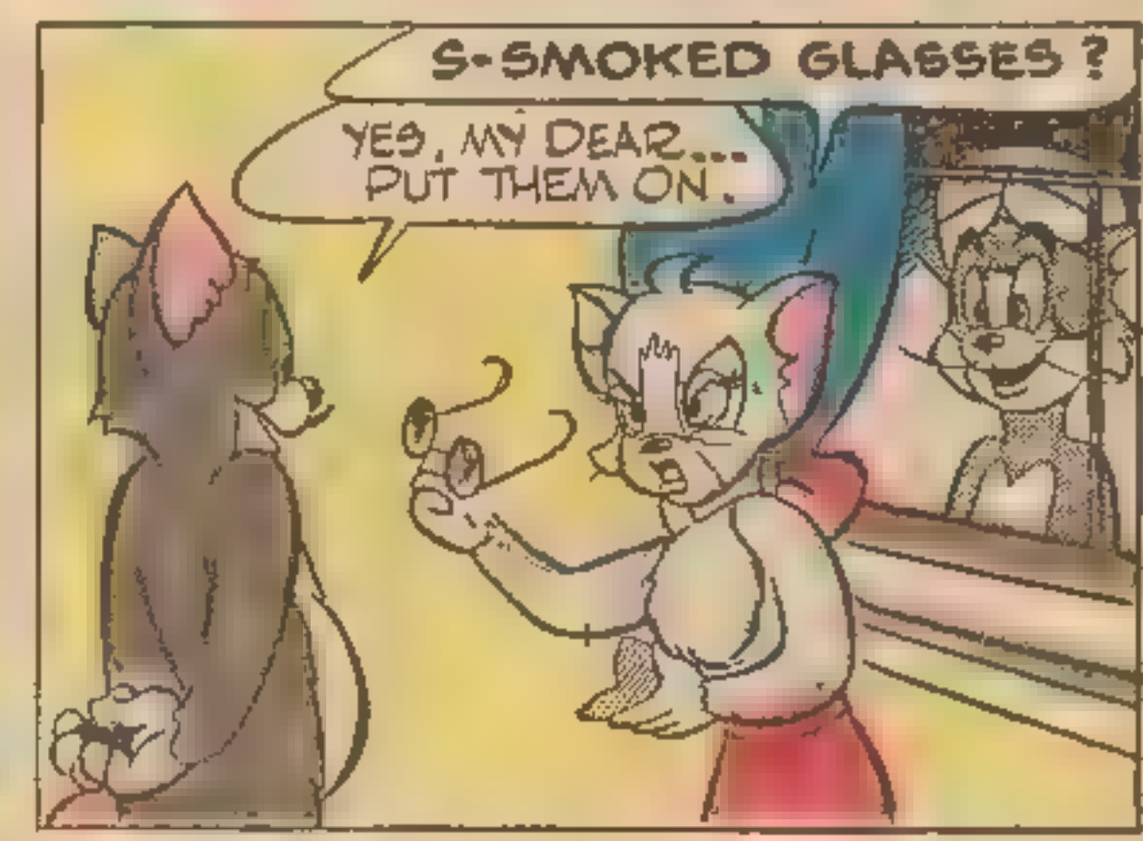


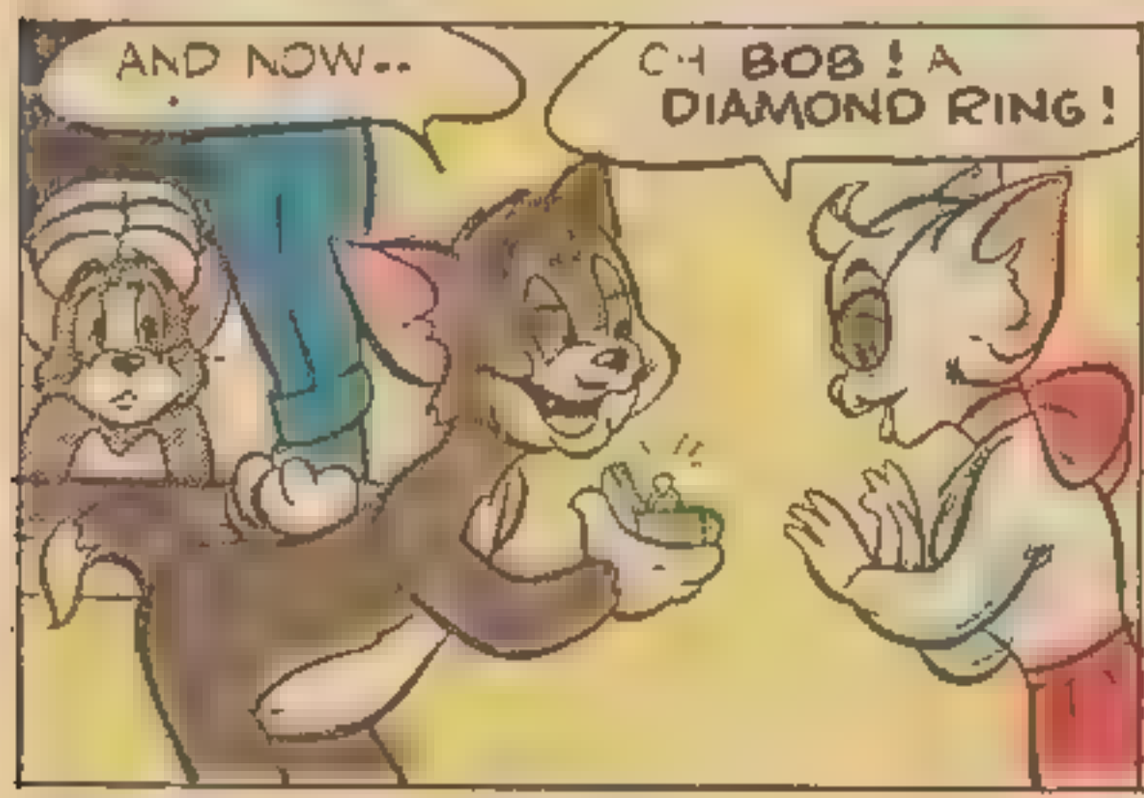


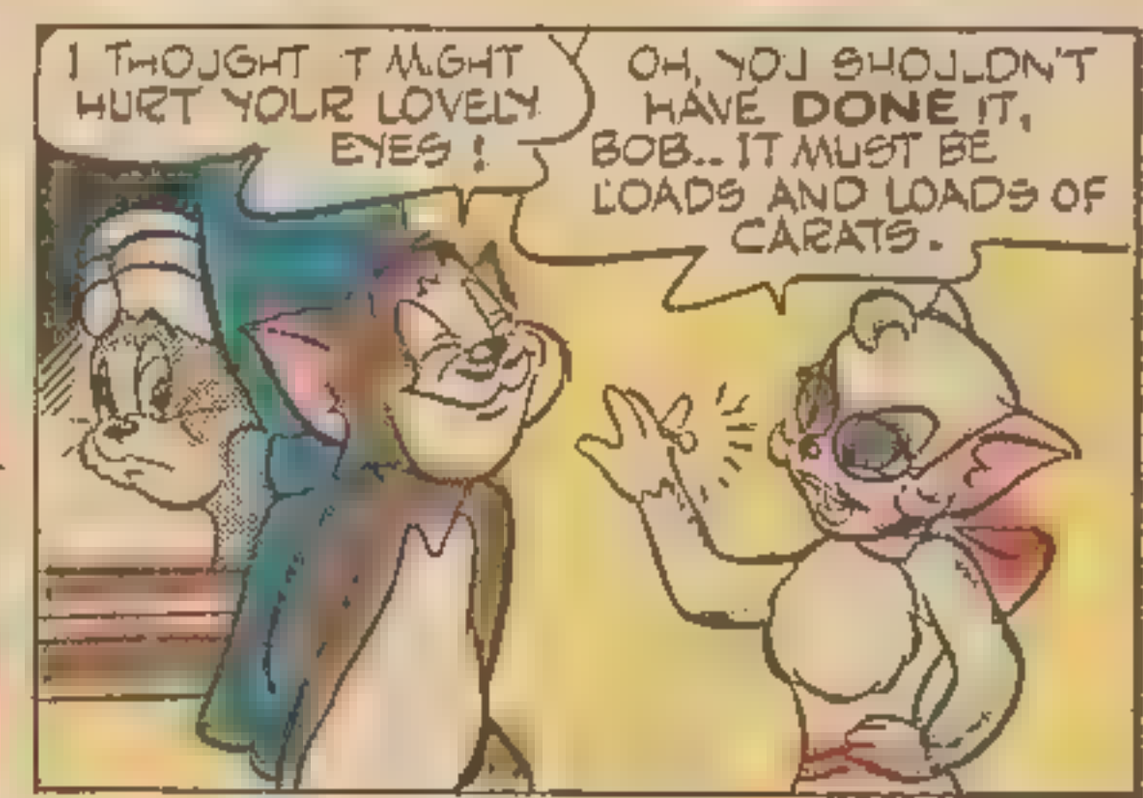

NEXT DAY
I HOPE SHE DOESN'T THINK THE IDEA IS SILLY.

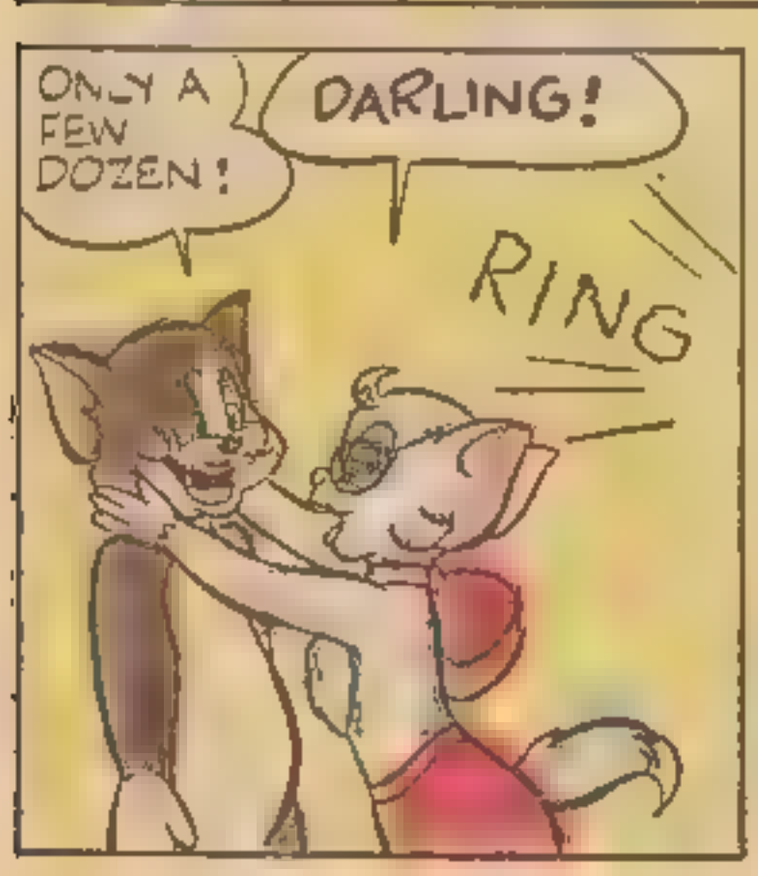

HUH, I MIGHT'VE KNOWN- BOB CAT IS HERE ALREADY!

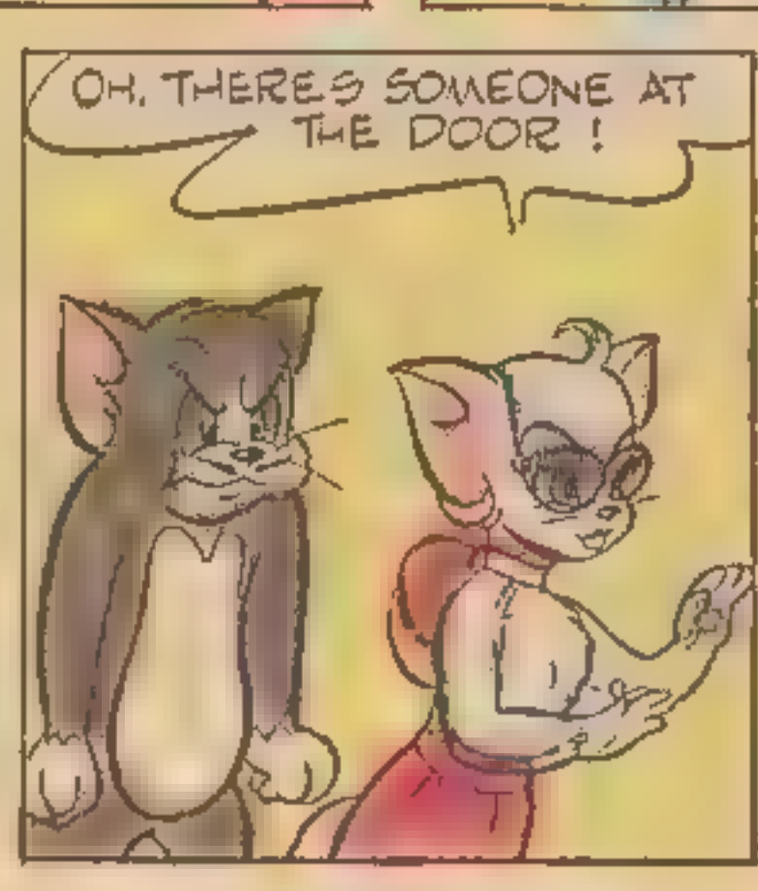

MANY HAPPY RETURNS, MY DEAR... AND THIS IS FOR YOU!
OH.. WHAT IS IT?

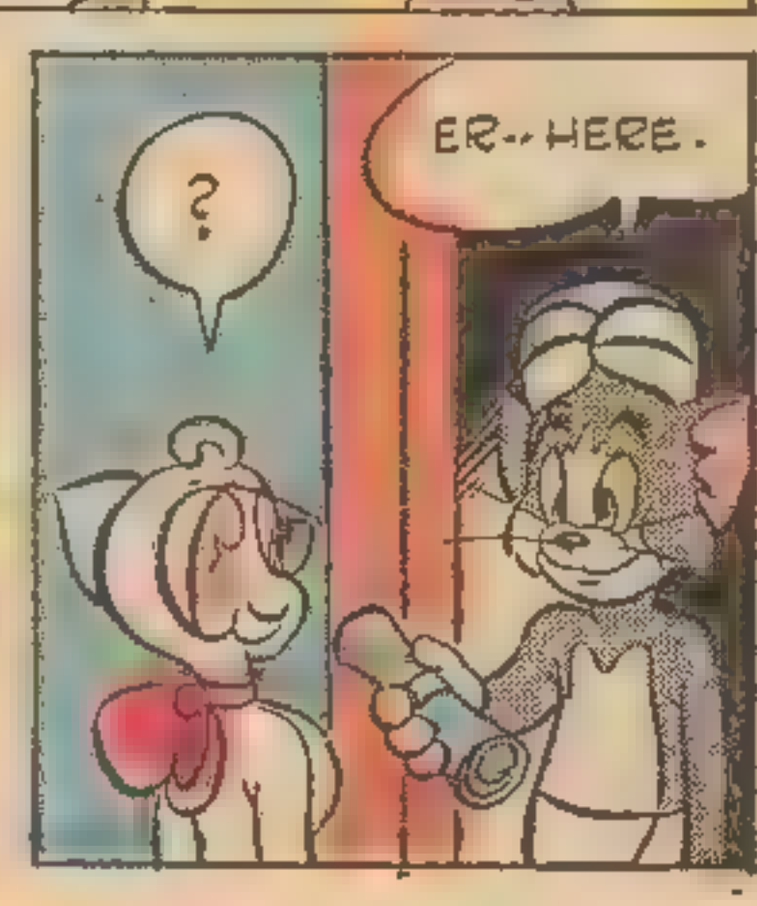

S-SMOKED GLASSES?
YES, MY DEAR... PUT THEM ON.

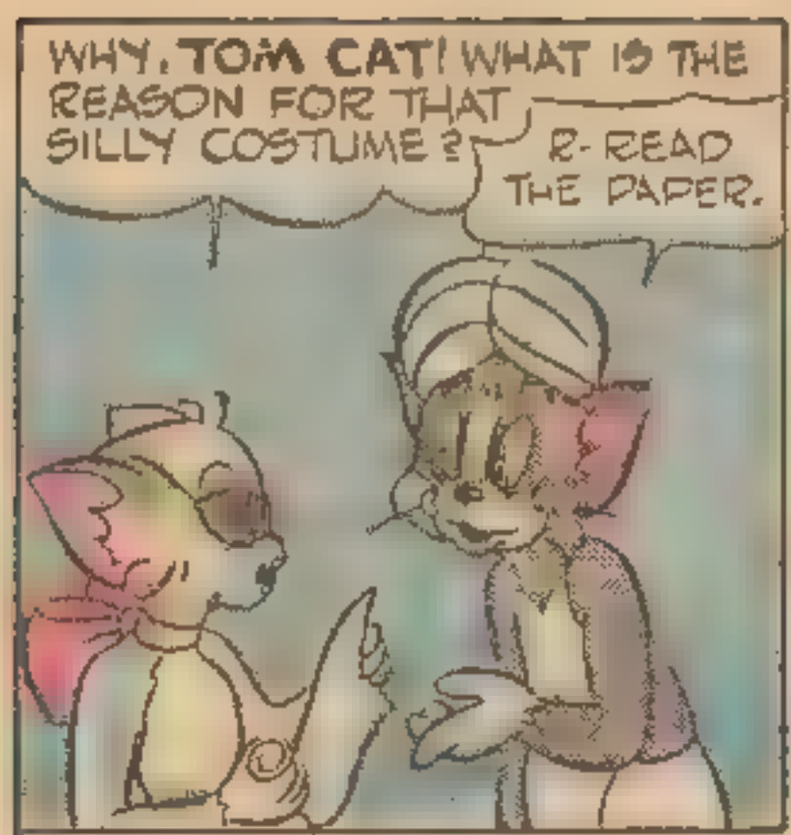

AND NOW..
OH BOB! A DIAMOND RING!

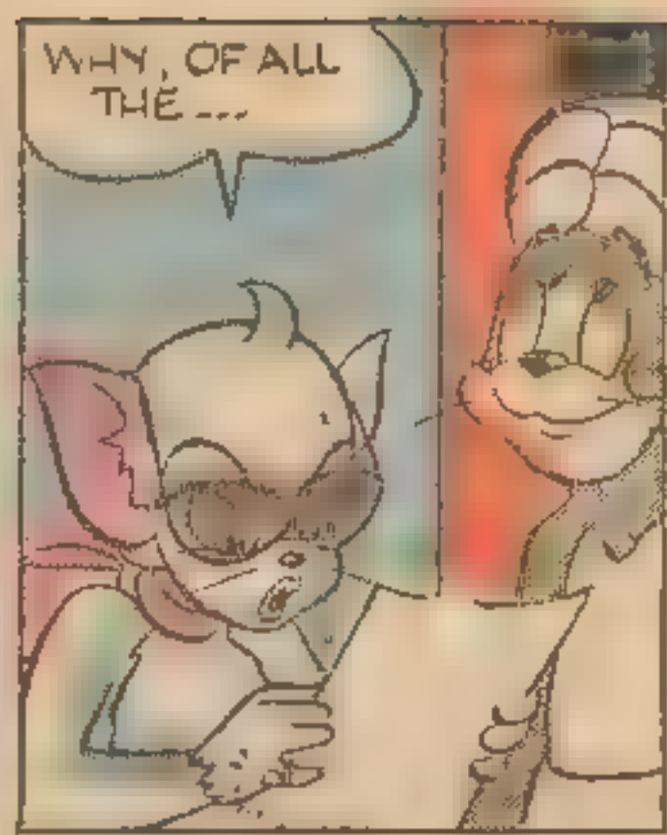

I THOUGHT IT MIGHT HURT YOUR LOVELY EYES!
OH, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT, BOB.. IT MUST BE LOADS AND LOADS OF CARATS.


ONLY A FEW DOZEN!
DARLING!
RING


OH, THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE DOOR!


?
ER-- HERE.

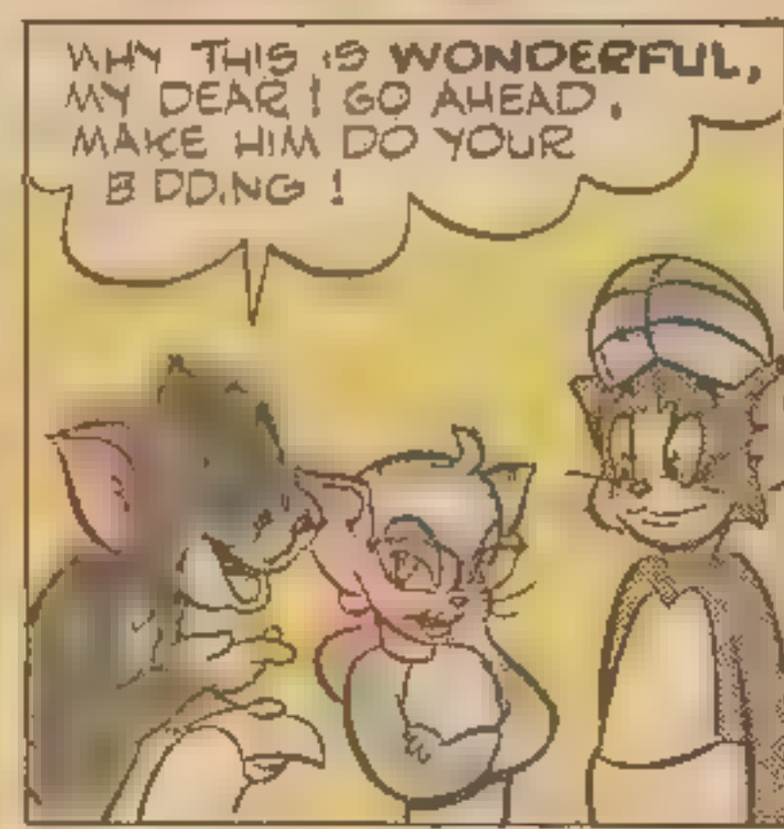

WHY, TOM CAT! WHAT IS THE REASON FOR THAT SILLY COSTUME?
R-READ THE PAPER.

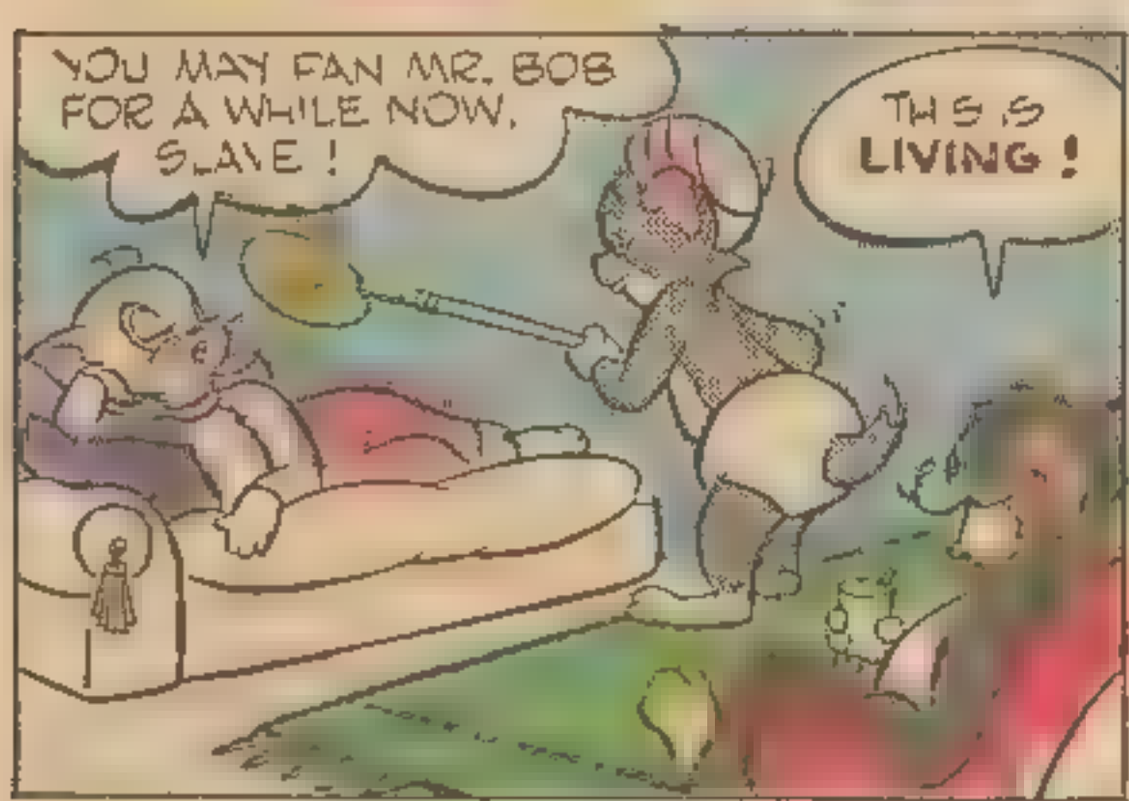

WHY, OF ALL THE...

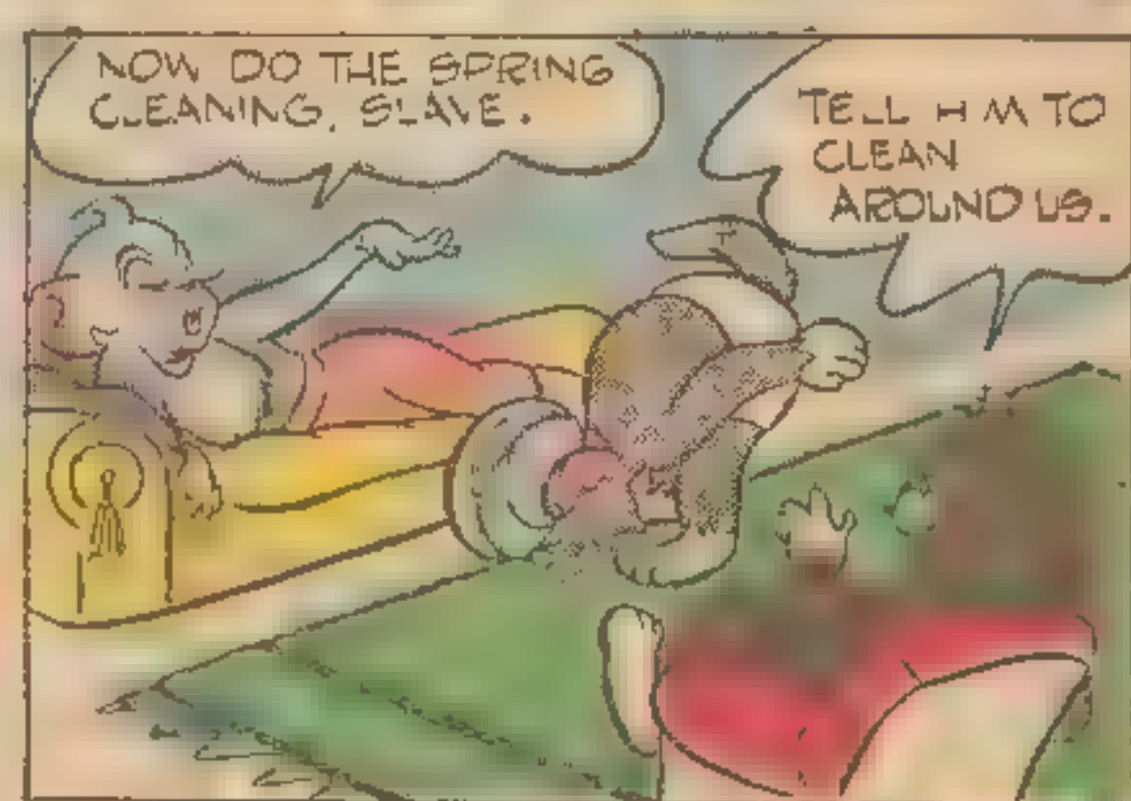
HA, HA, HA, HO, HO, HO, HO, HA, HA, HA, HA!

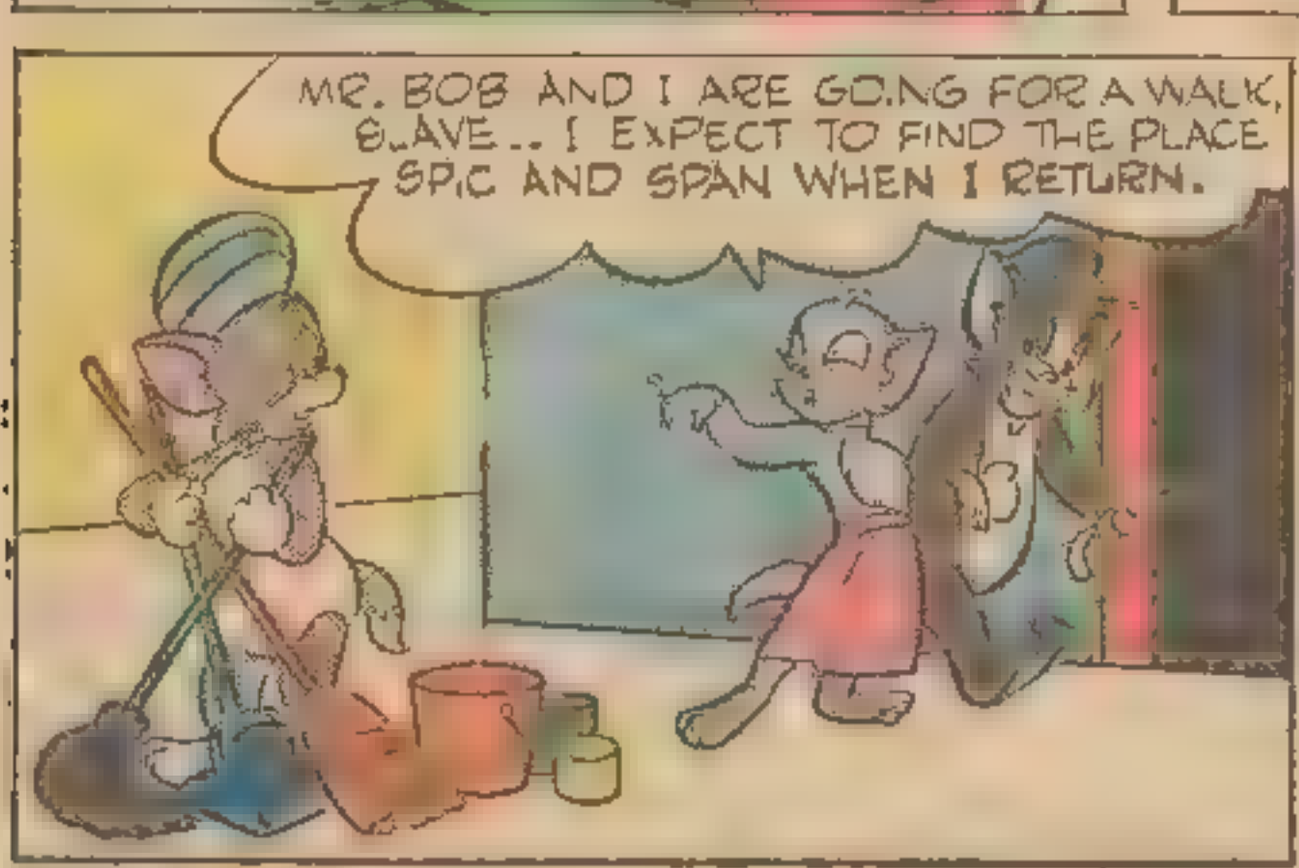
WHAT'S THE MERRIMENT ABOUT, DEAR?
THIS — READ IT!

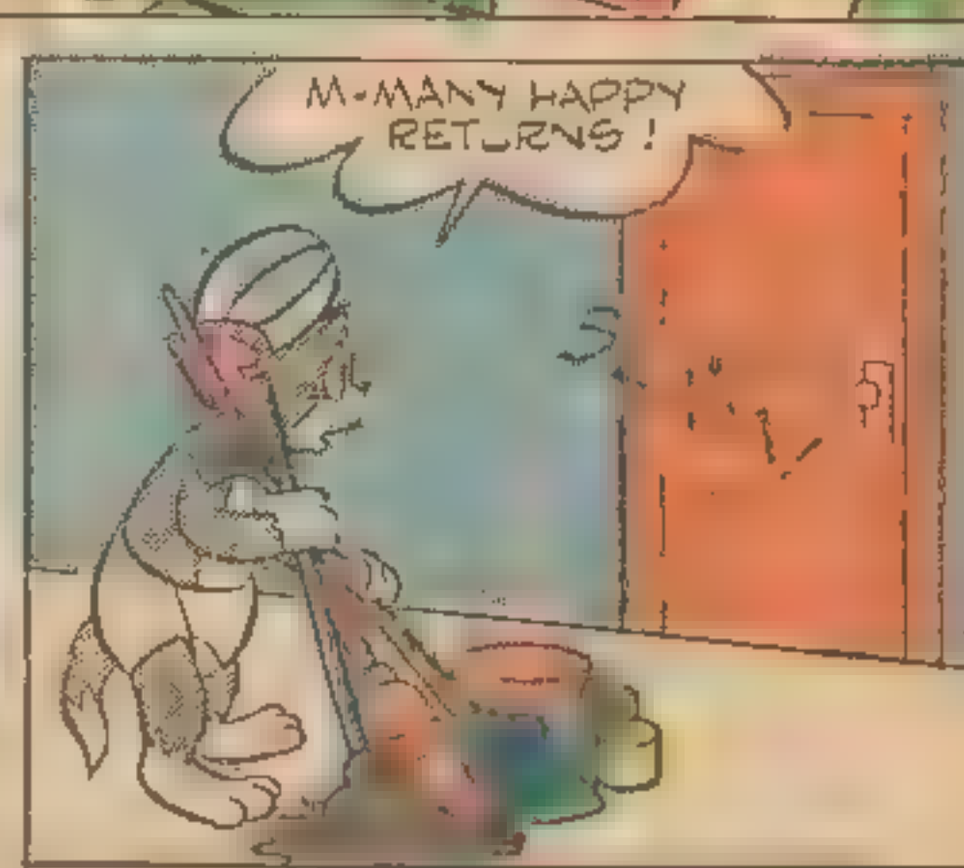
"— I HEREBY GIVE YOU FULL TITLE AND OWNERSHIP TO ONE SLAVE, TOM CAT BY NAME!

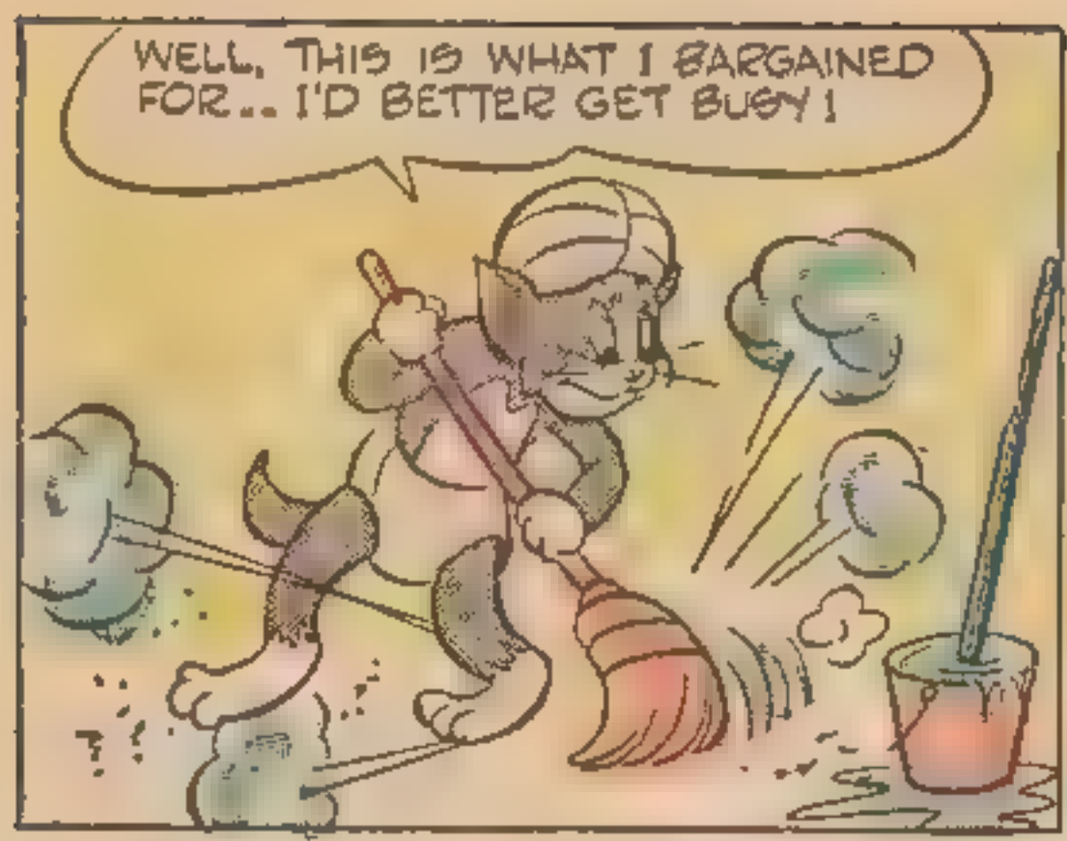

WHY THIS IS WONDERFUL, MY DEAR! GO AHEAD, MAKE HIM DO YOUR BIDDING!

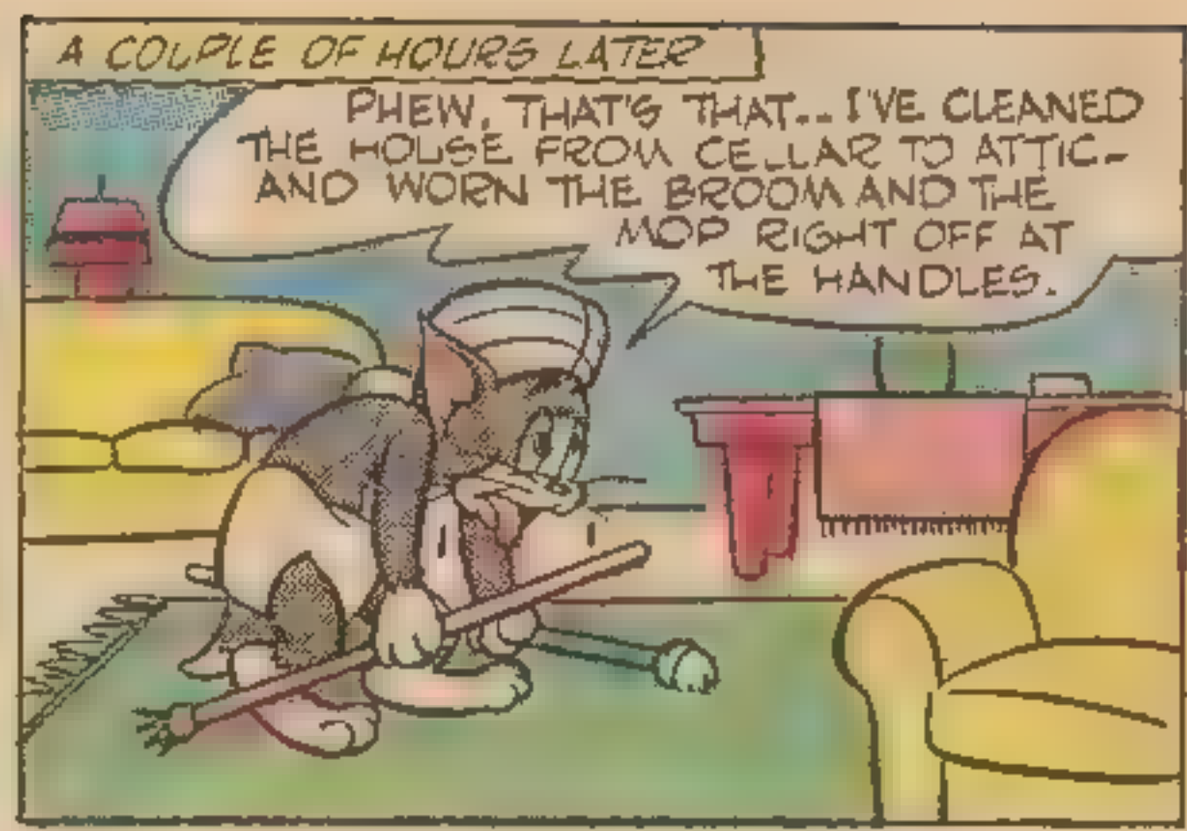

YOU MAY FAN MR. BOB FOR A WHILE NOW, SLAVE!
THIS IS LIVING!

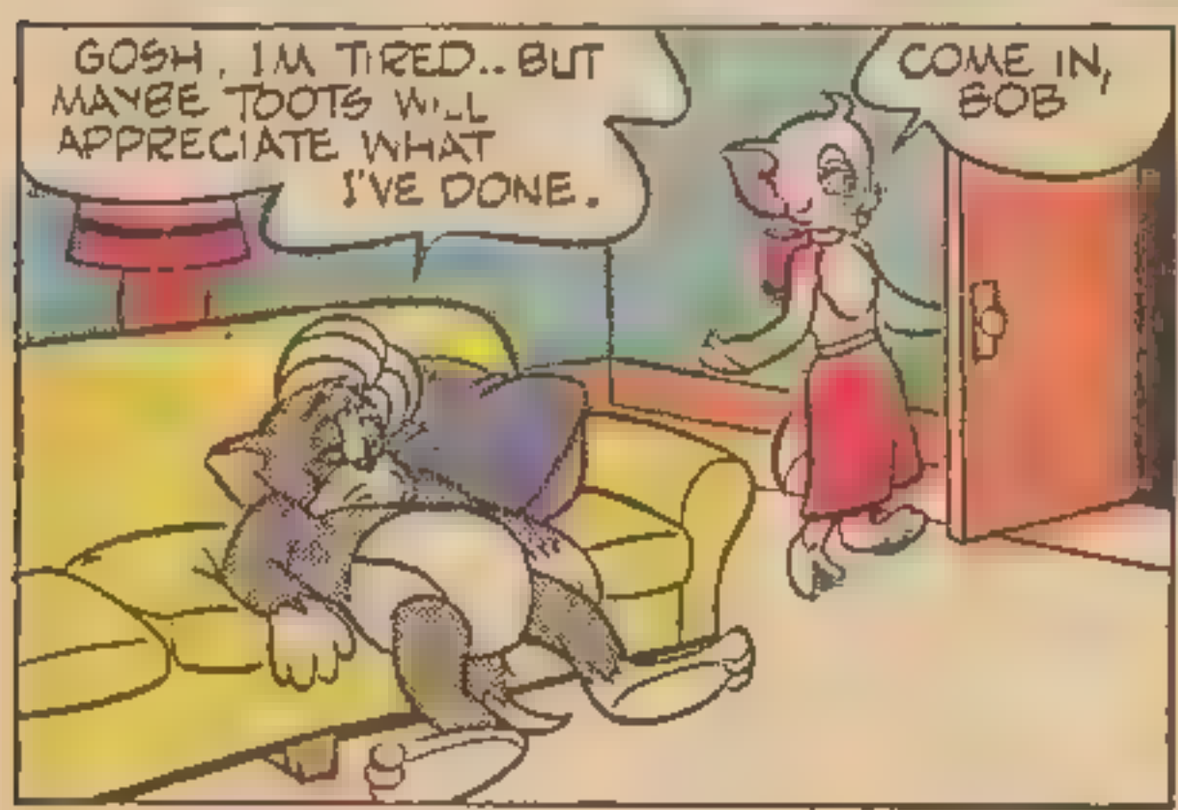

NOW DO THE SPRING CLEANING, SLAVE.
TELL HIM TO CLEAN AROUND US.

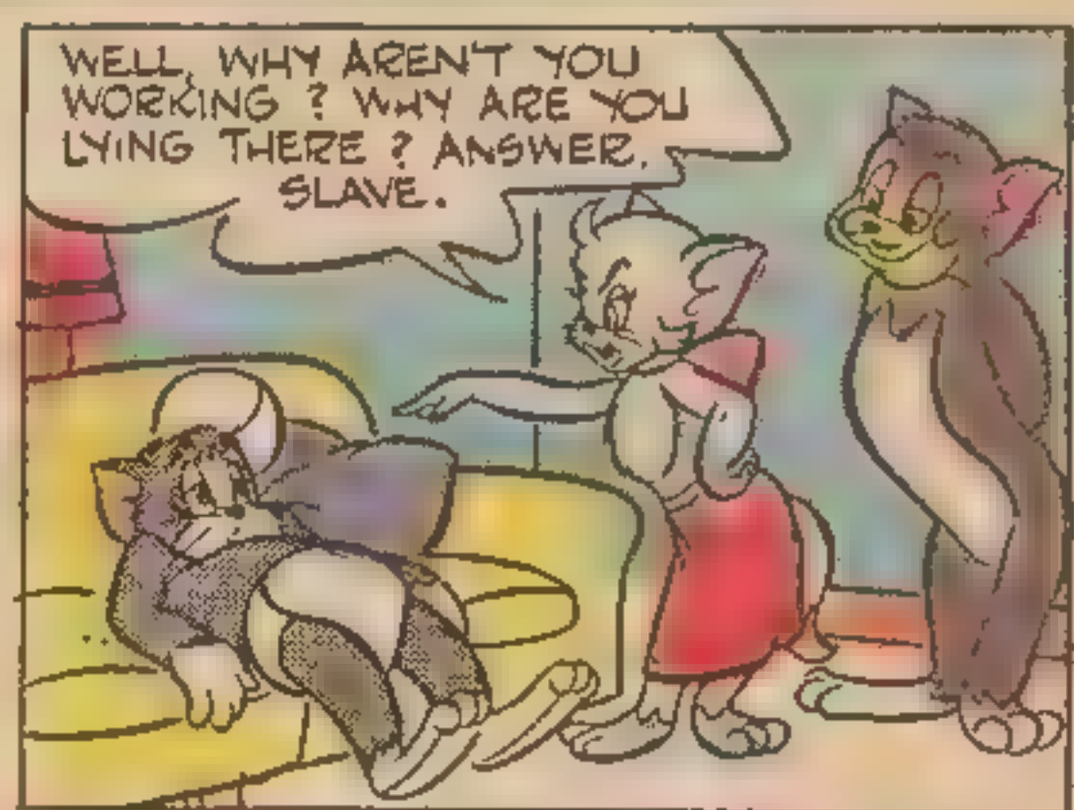

MR. BOB AND I ARE GOING FOR A WALK, SLAVE.. I EXPECT TO FIND THE PLACE SPIC AND SPAN WHEN I RETURN.

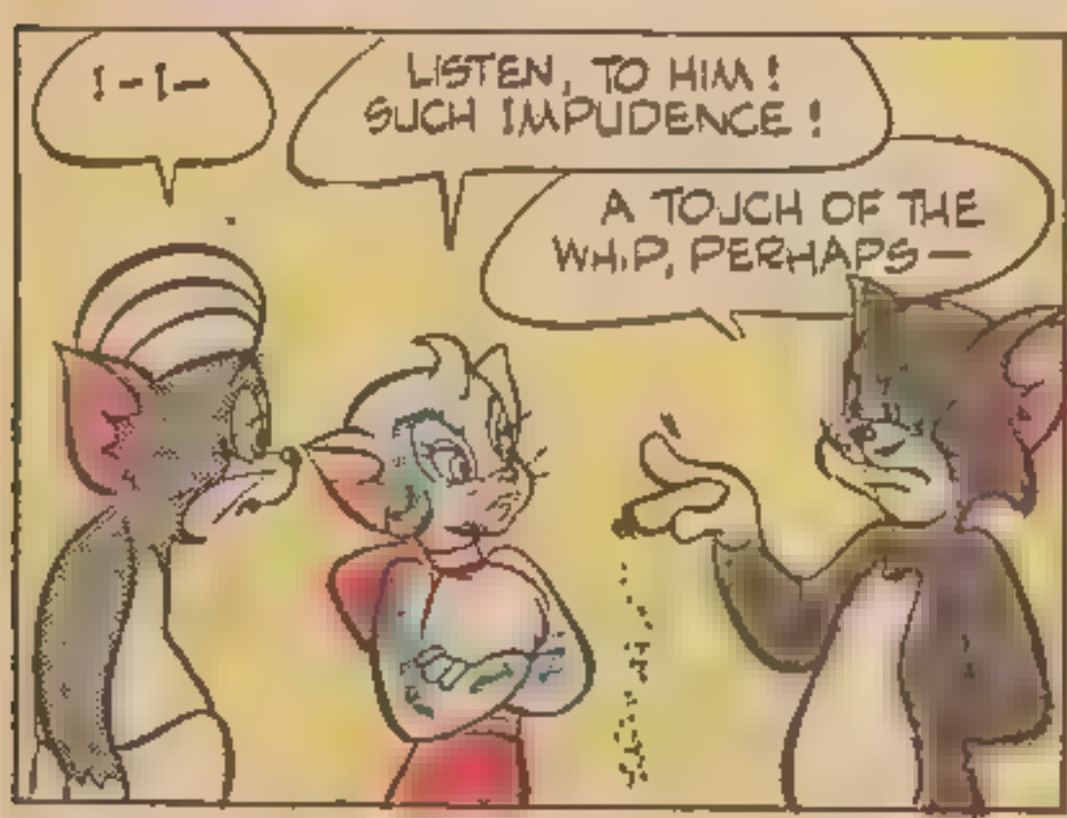

M-MANY HAPPY RETURNS!

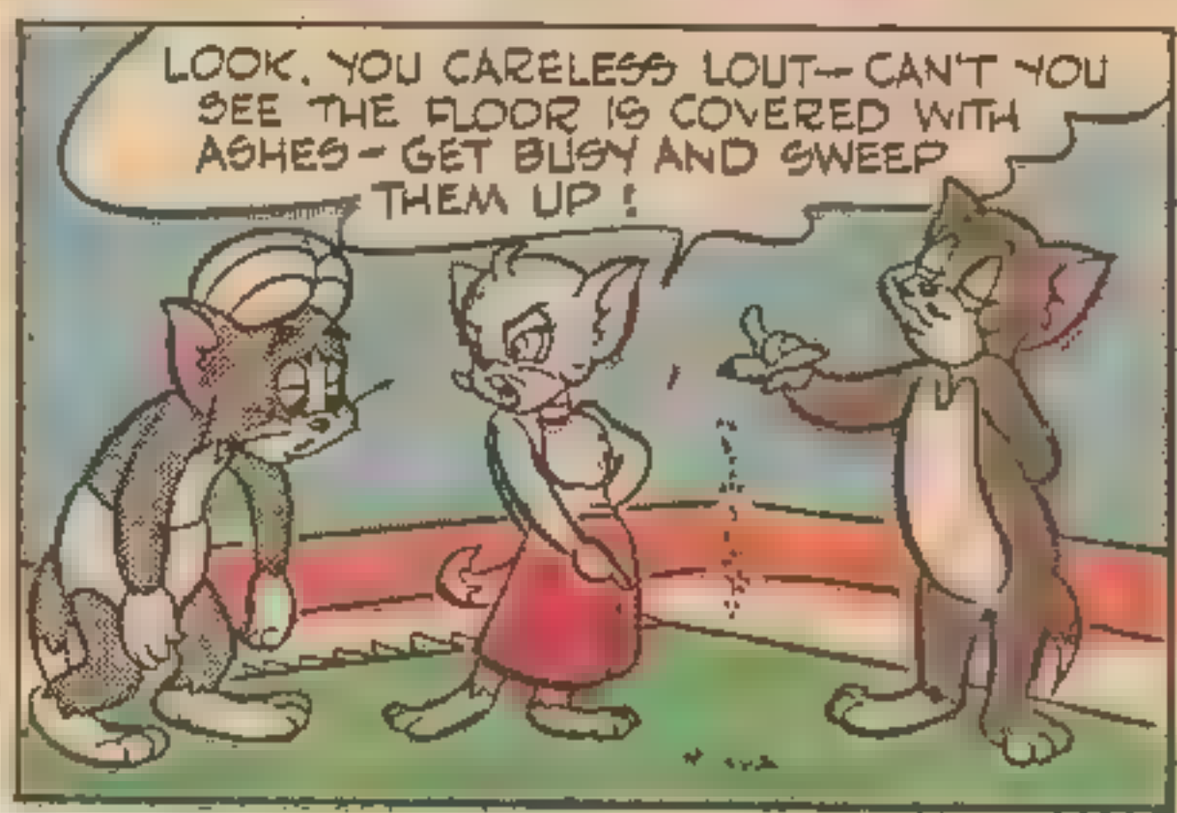

WELL, THIS IS WHAT I BARGAINED FOR... I'D BETTER GET BUSY!

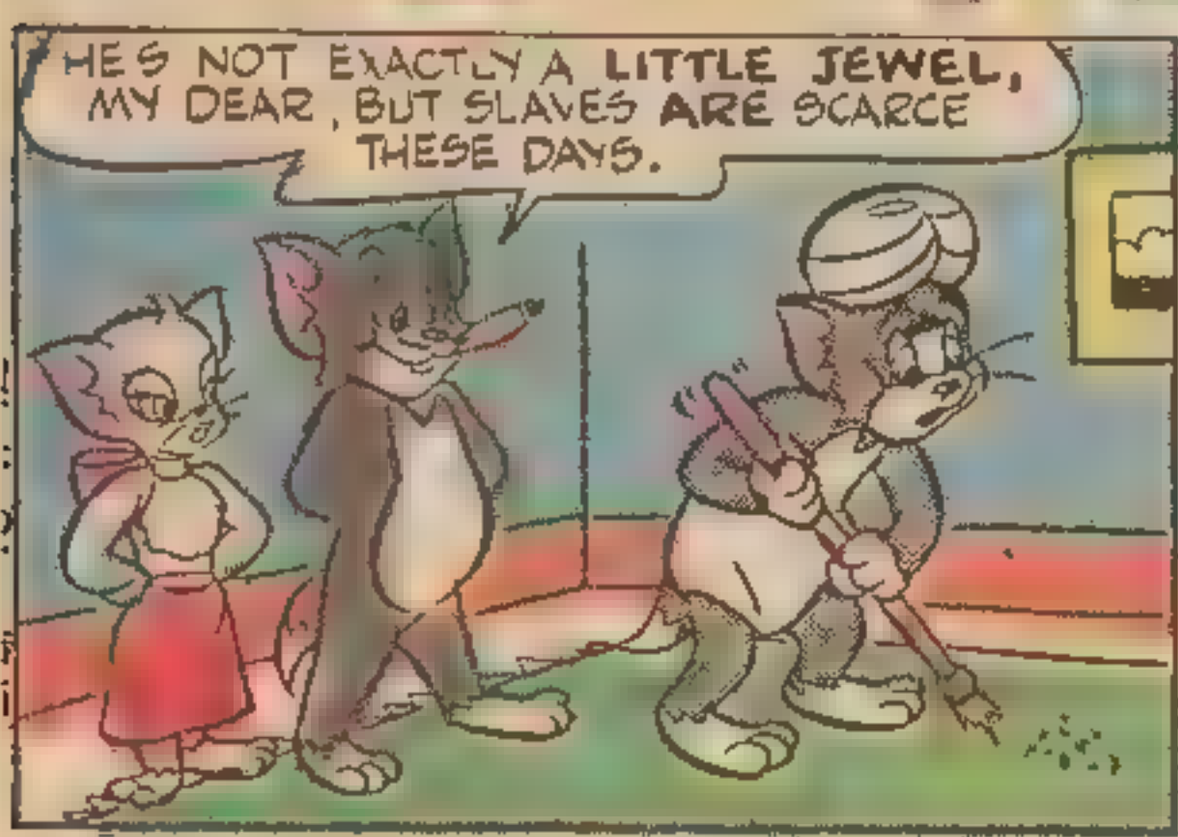

A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER
PHEW, THAT'S THAT... I'VE CLEANED THE HOUSE FROM CELLAR TO ATTIC- AND WORN THE BROOM AND THE MOP RIGHT OFF AT THE HANDLES.

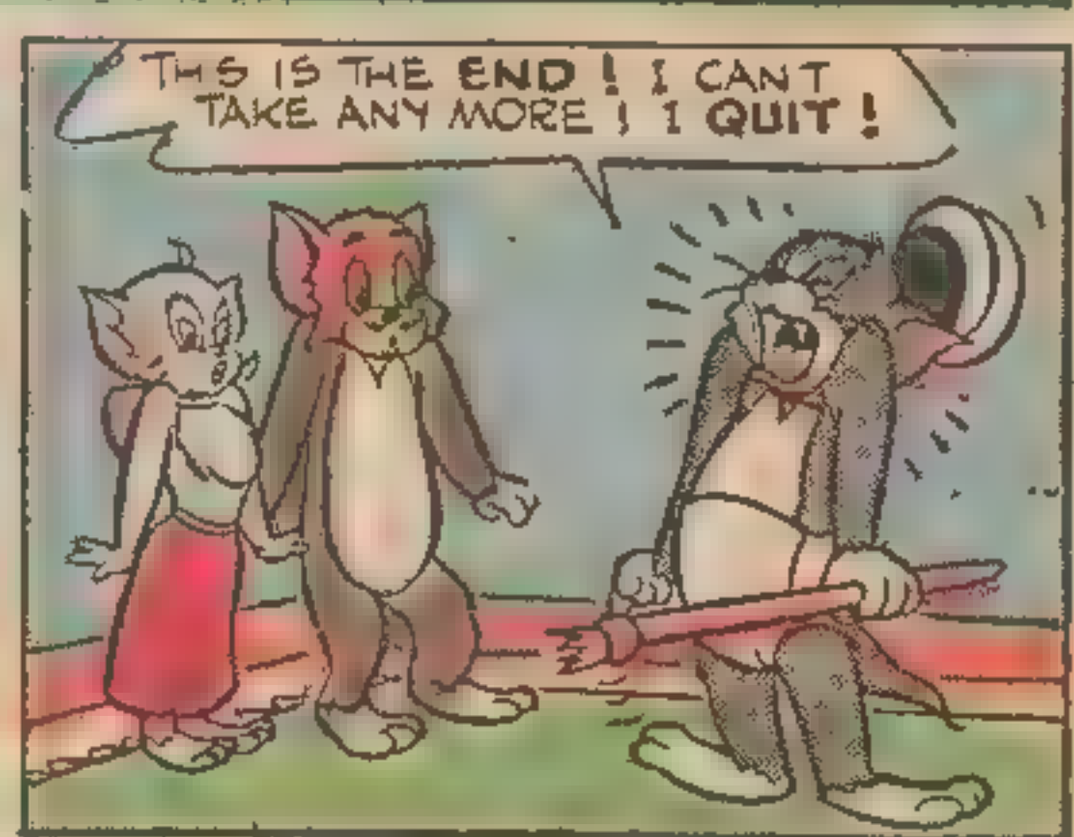

GOSH, I'M TIRED.. BUT MAYBE TOOTS WILL APPRECIATE WHAT I'VE DONE.
COME IN, BOB

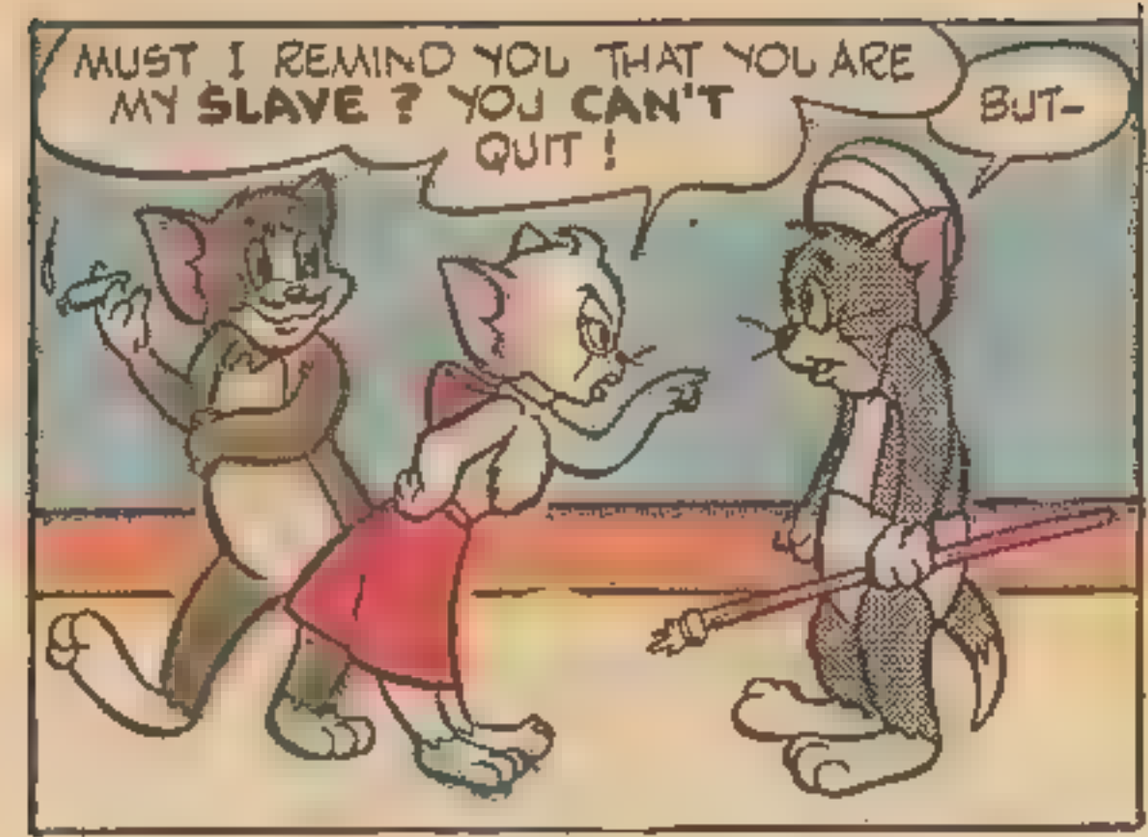

WELL, WHY AREN'T YOU WORKING? WHY ARE YOU LYING THERE? ANSWER, SLAVE.

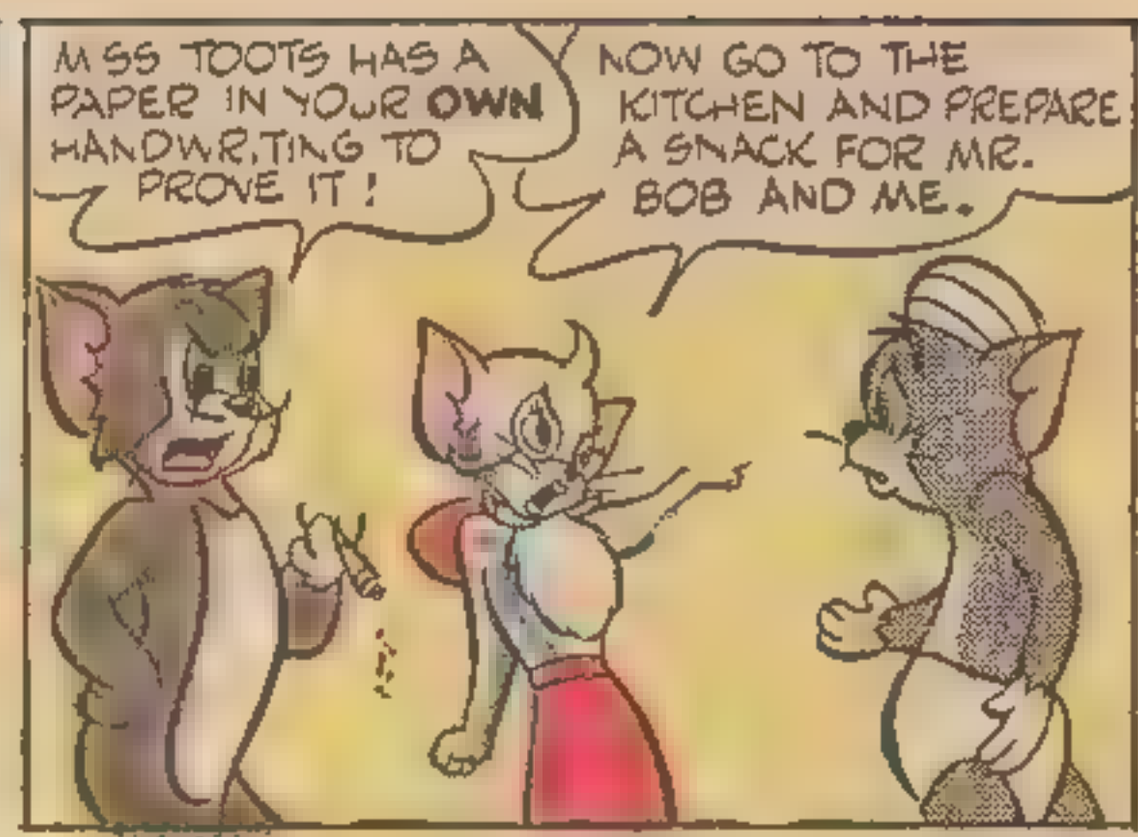

!-!-
LISTEN, TO HIM! SUCH IMPUDENCE!
A TOUCH OF THE WHIP, PERHAPS—

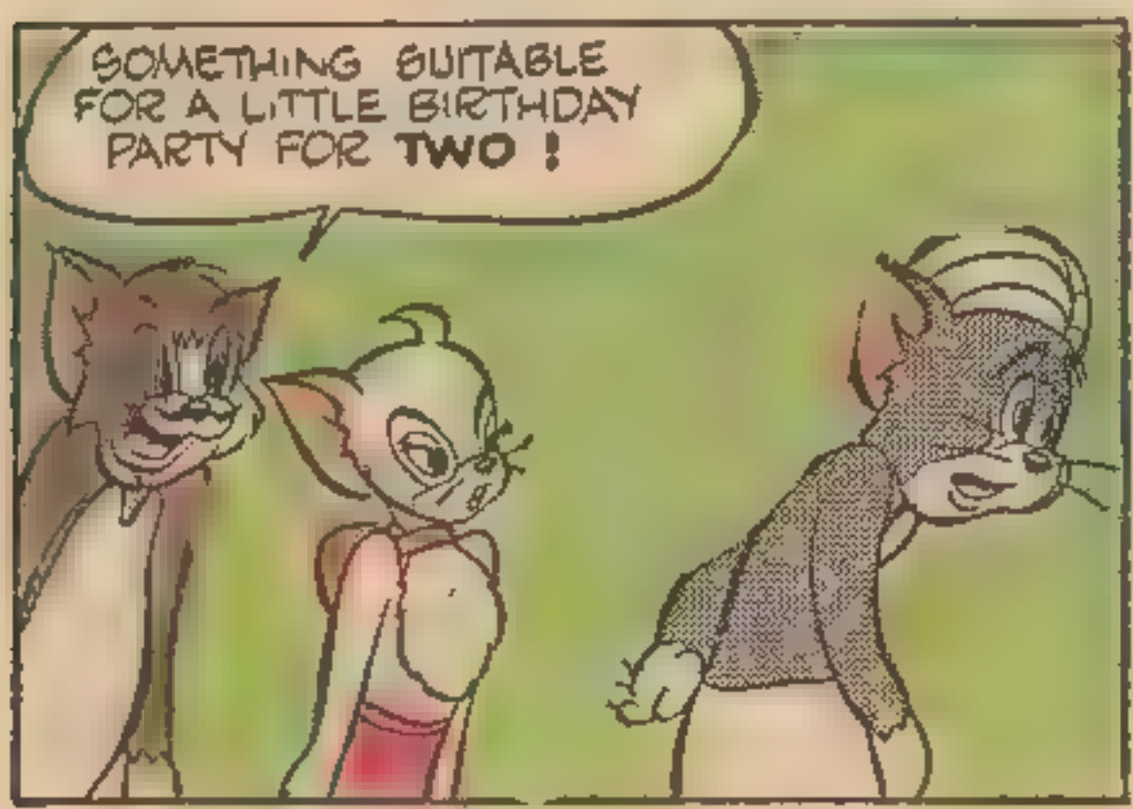

LOOK, YOU CARELESS LOUT— CAN'T YOU SEE THE FLOOR IS COVERED WITH ASHES— GET BUSY AND SWEEP THEM UP!

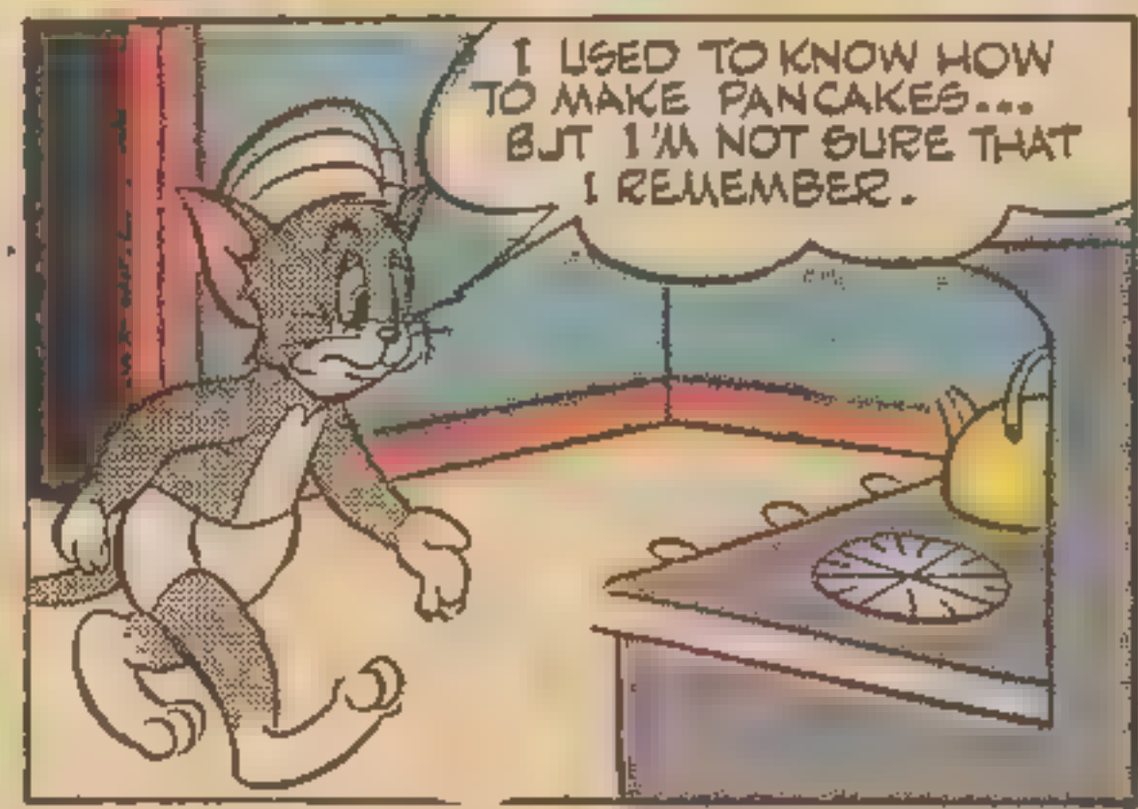

HE'S NOT EXACTLY A LITTLE JEWEL, MY DEAR, BUT SLAVES ARE SCARCE THESE DAYS.

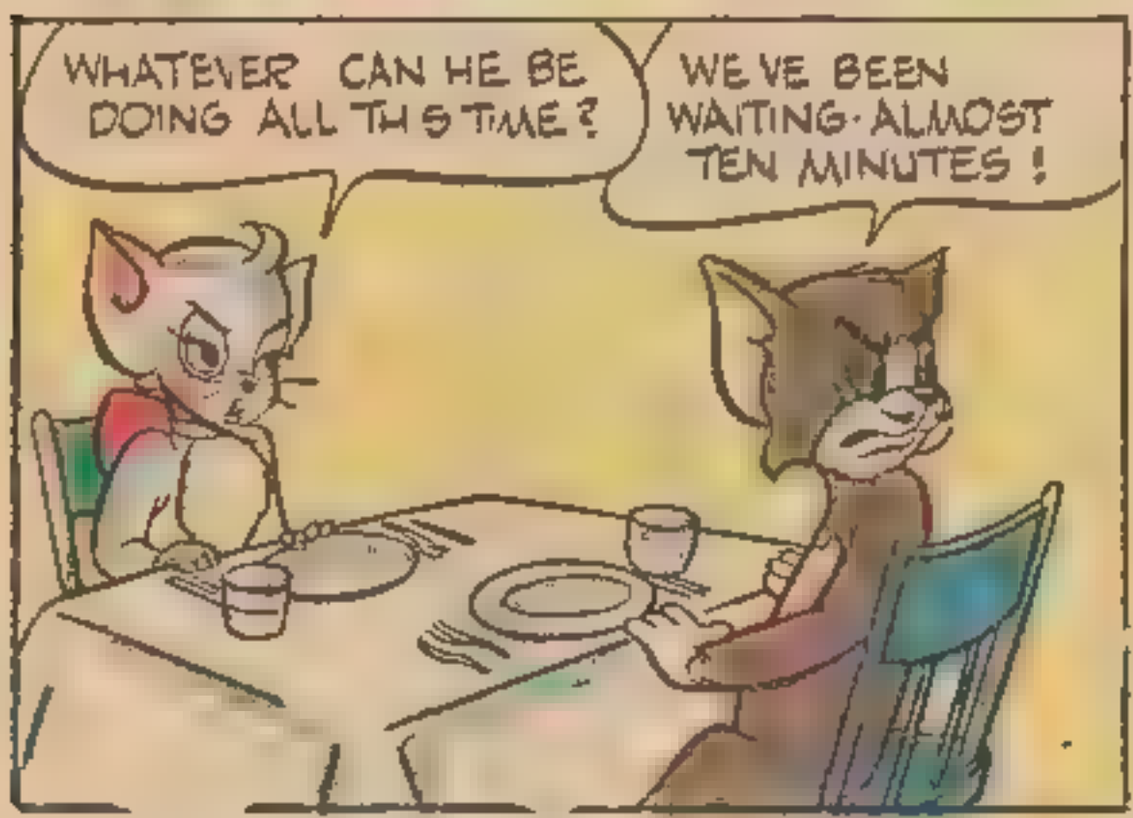

THIS IS THE END! I CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE! I QUIT!

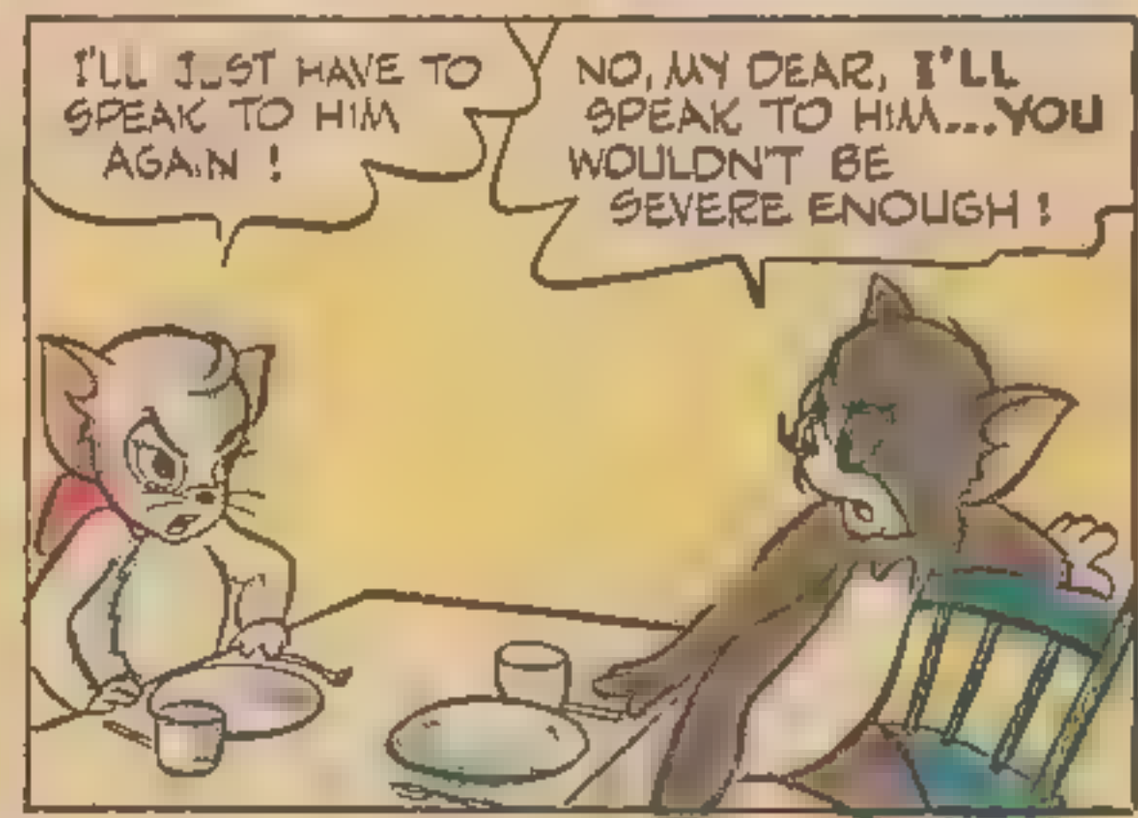

MUST I REMIND YOU THAT YOU ARE MY **SLAVE** ? YOU **CAN'T** QUIT !
BUT-

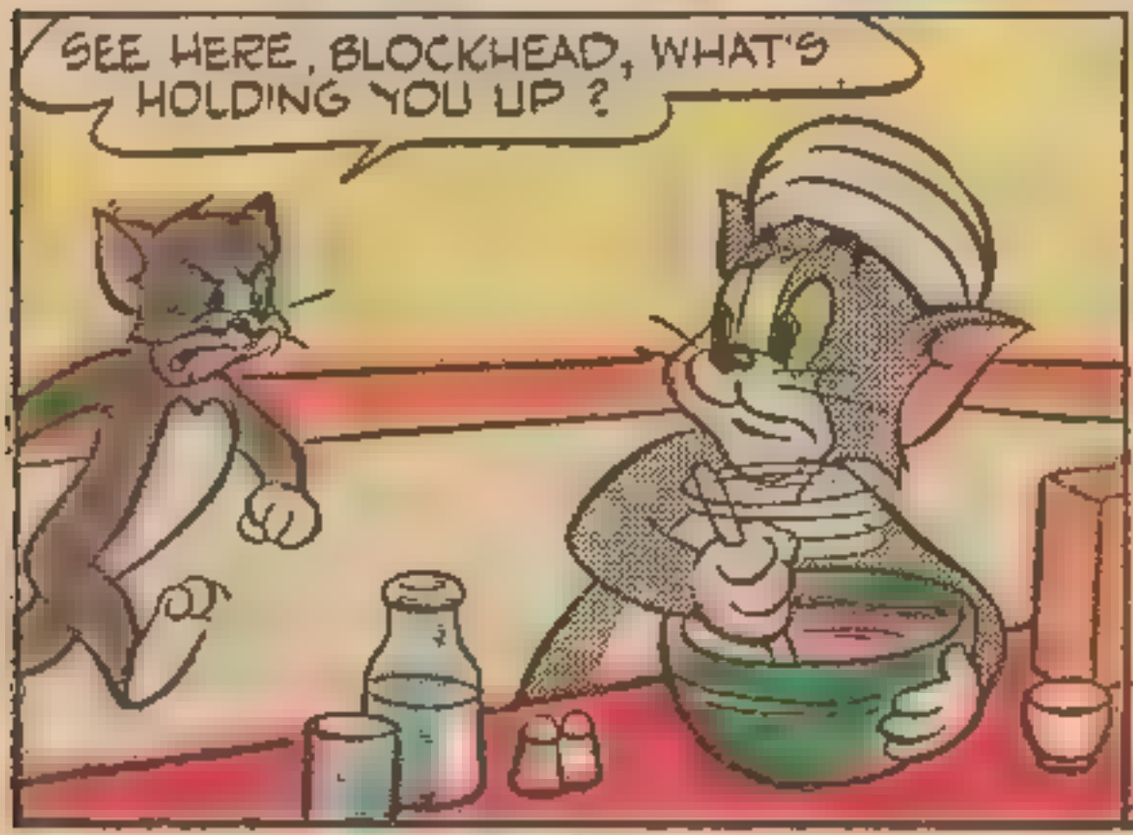

MISS TOOTS HAS A PAPER IN YOUR **OWN** HANDWRITING TO PROVE IT !
NOW GO TO THE KITCHEN AND PREPARE A SNACK FOR MR. BOB AND ME.

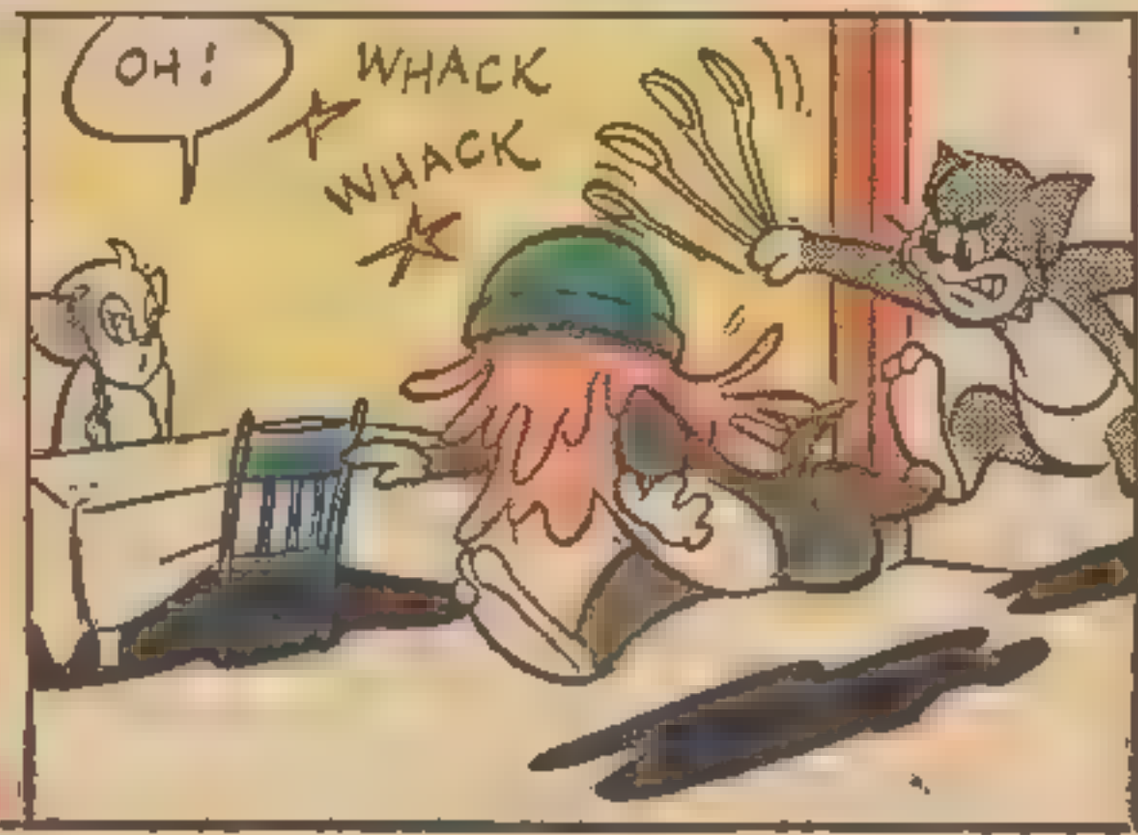

SOMETHING SUITABLE FOR A LITTLE BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR **TWO** !

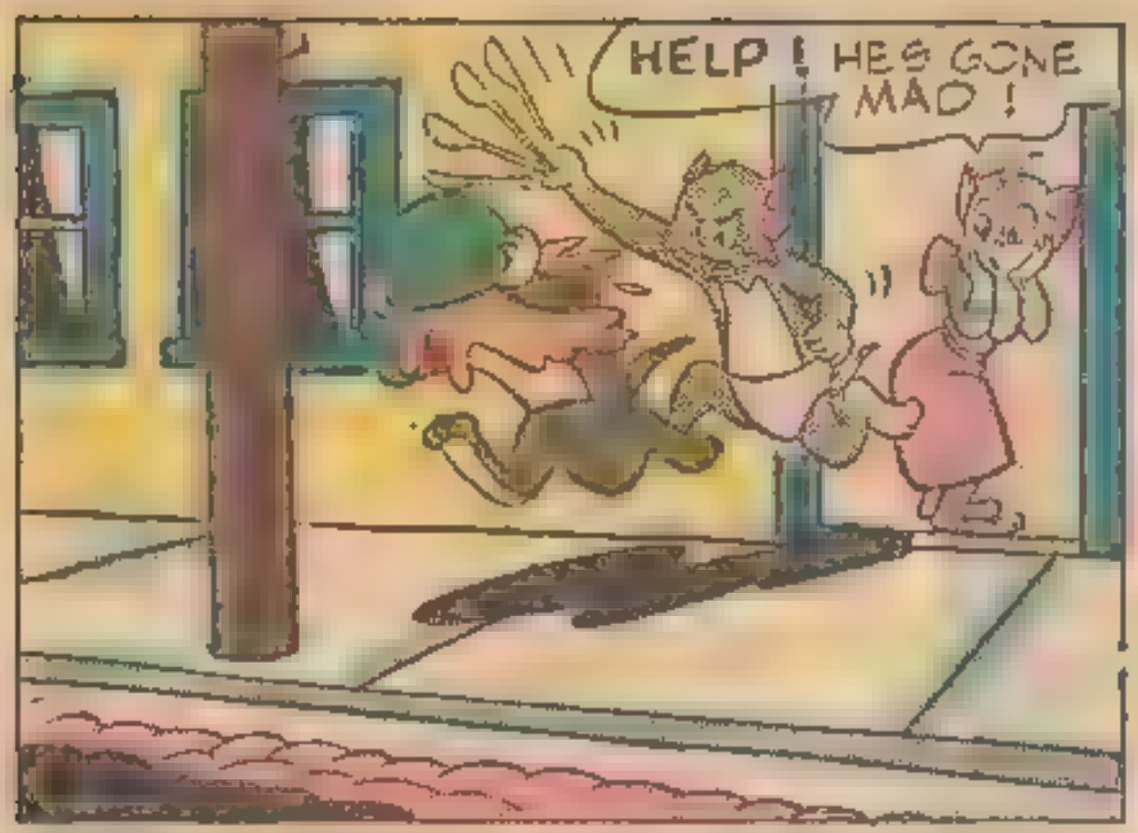

I USED TO KNOW HOW TO MAKE PANCAKES... BUT I'M NOT SURE THAT I REMEMBER.

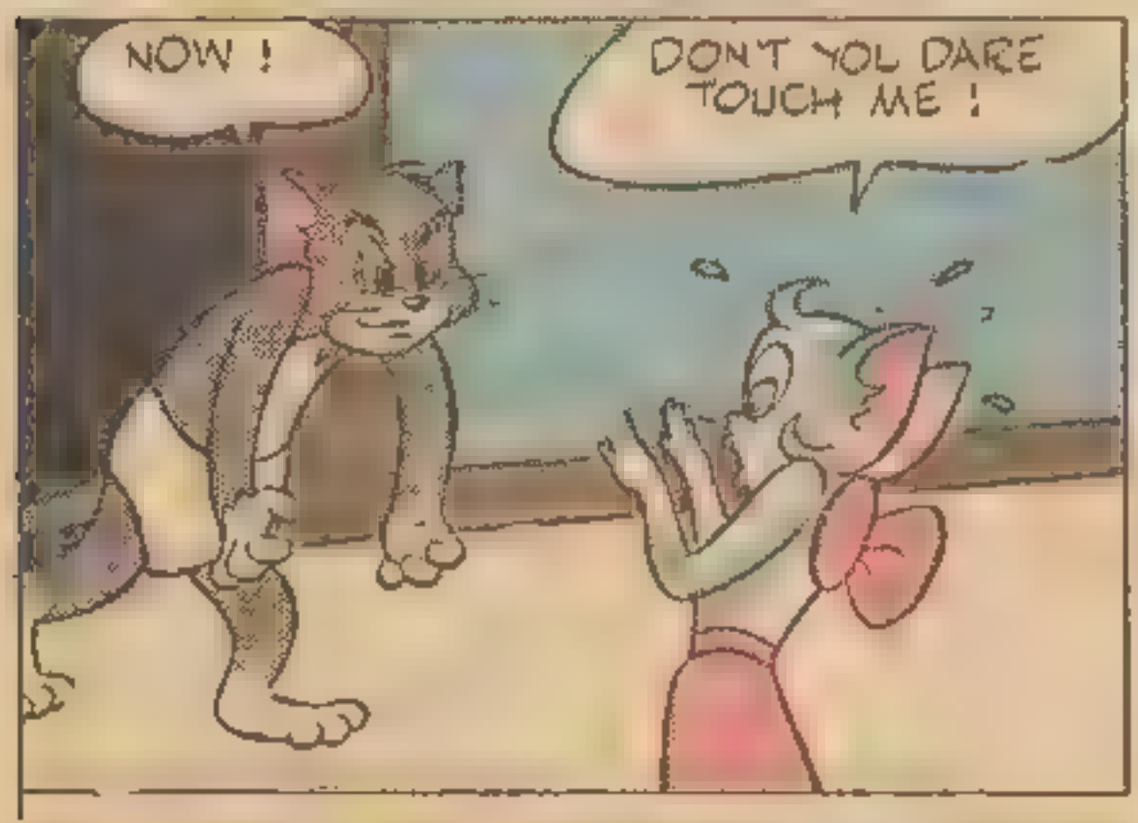

WHATEVER CAN HE BE DOING ALL THIS TIME ?
WE'VE BEEN WAITING ALMOST TEN MINUTES !

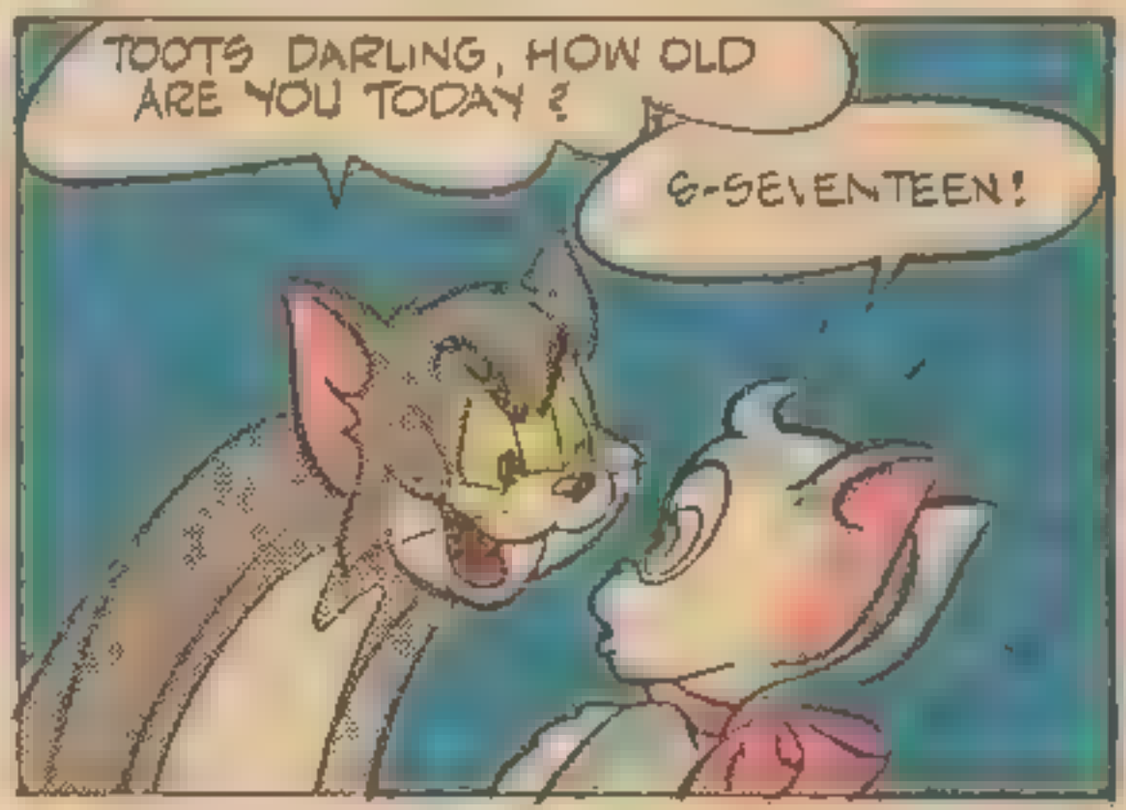

I'LL JUST HAVE TO SPEAK TO HIM AGAIN !
NO, MY DEAR, **I'LL** SPEAK TO HIM...**YOU** WOULDN'T BE SEVERE ENOUGH !

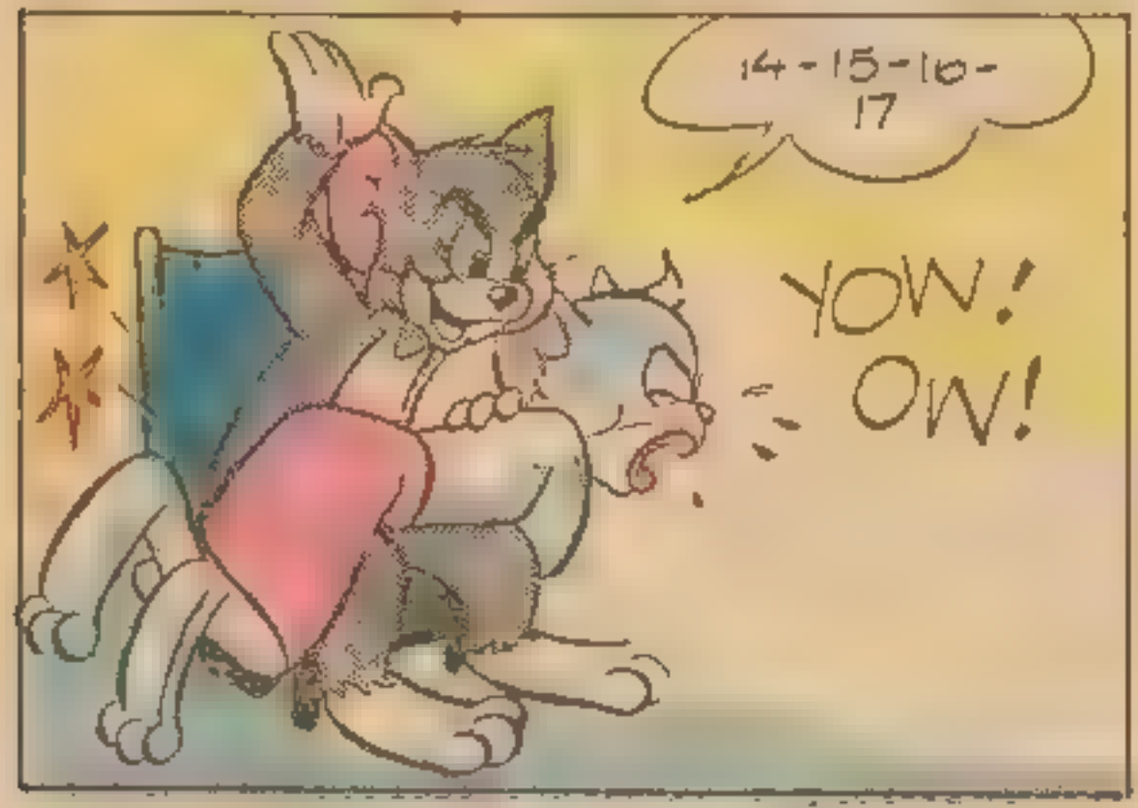

SEE HERE, BLOCKHEAD, WHAT'S HOLDING YOU UP ?

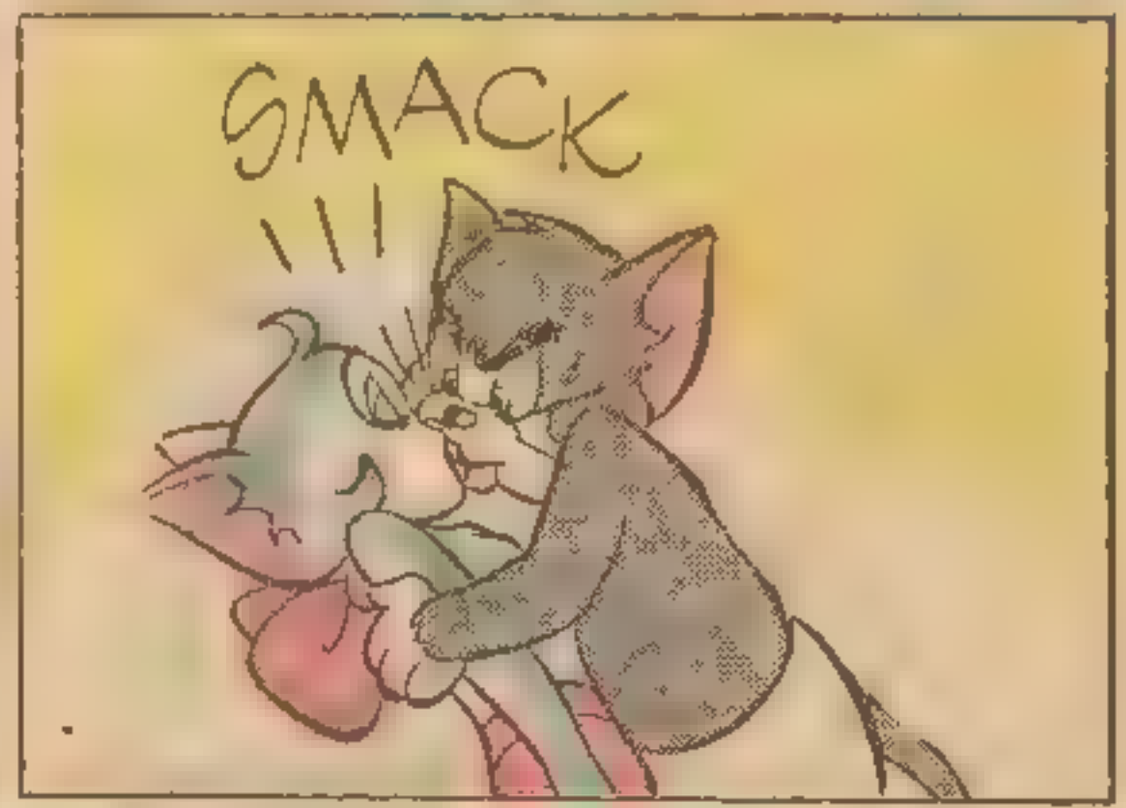

OH !
WHACK
WHACK

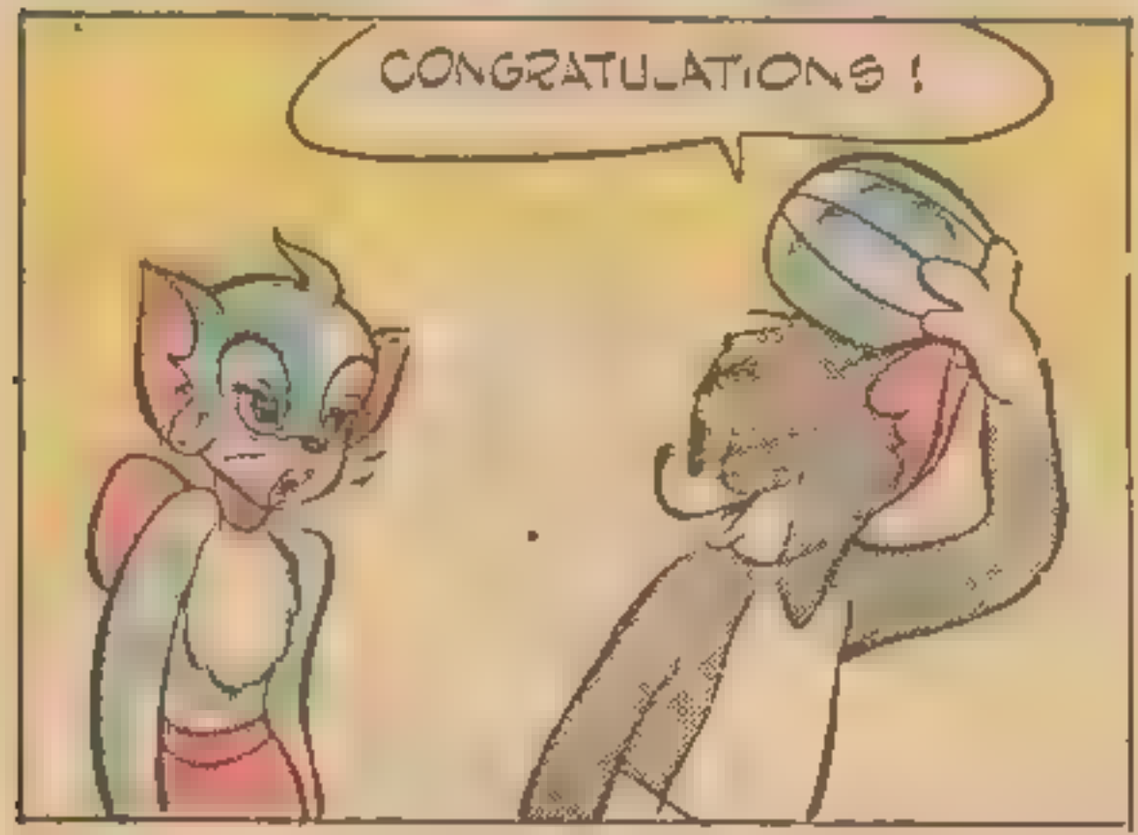


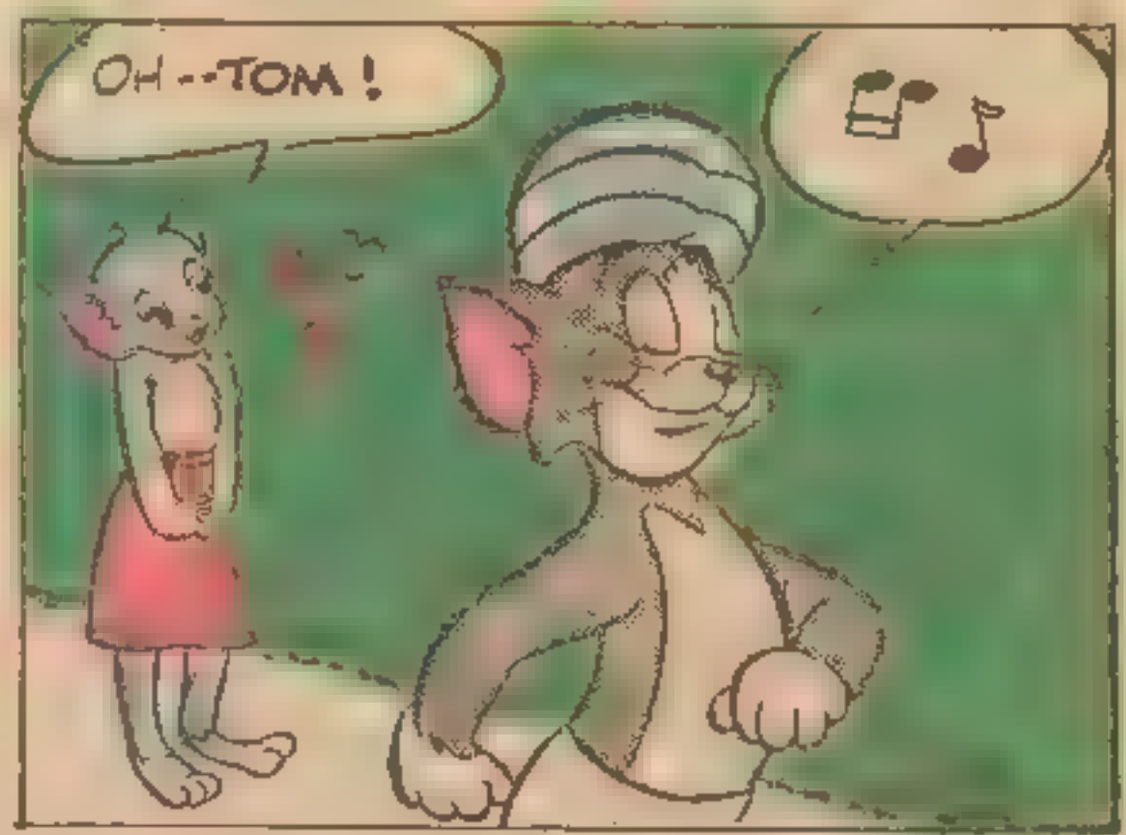




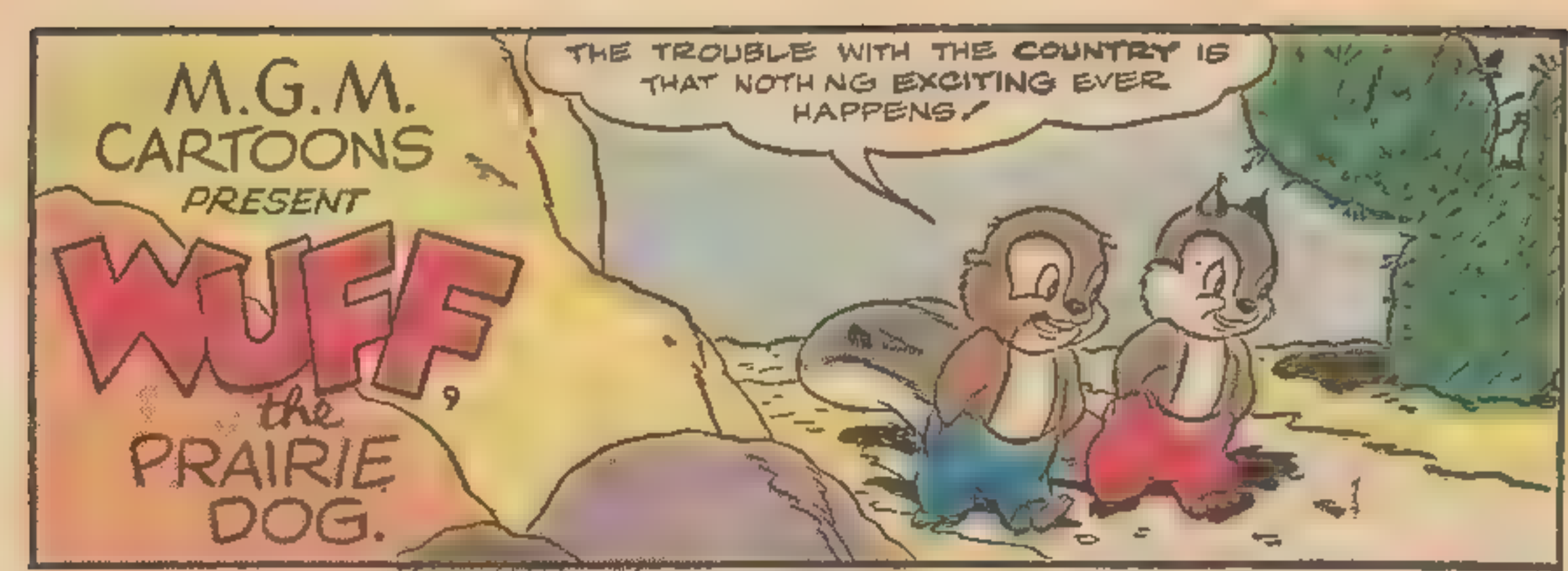


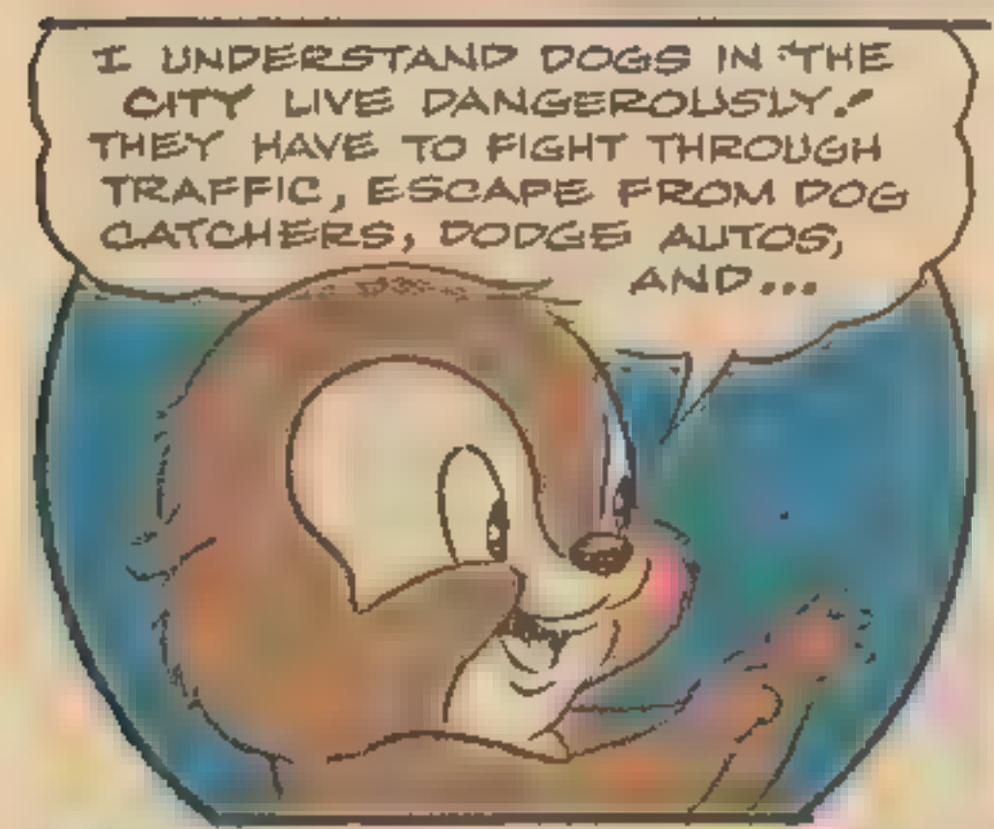


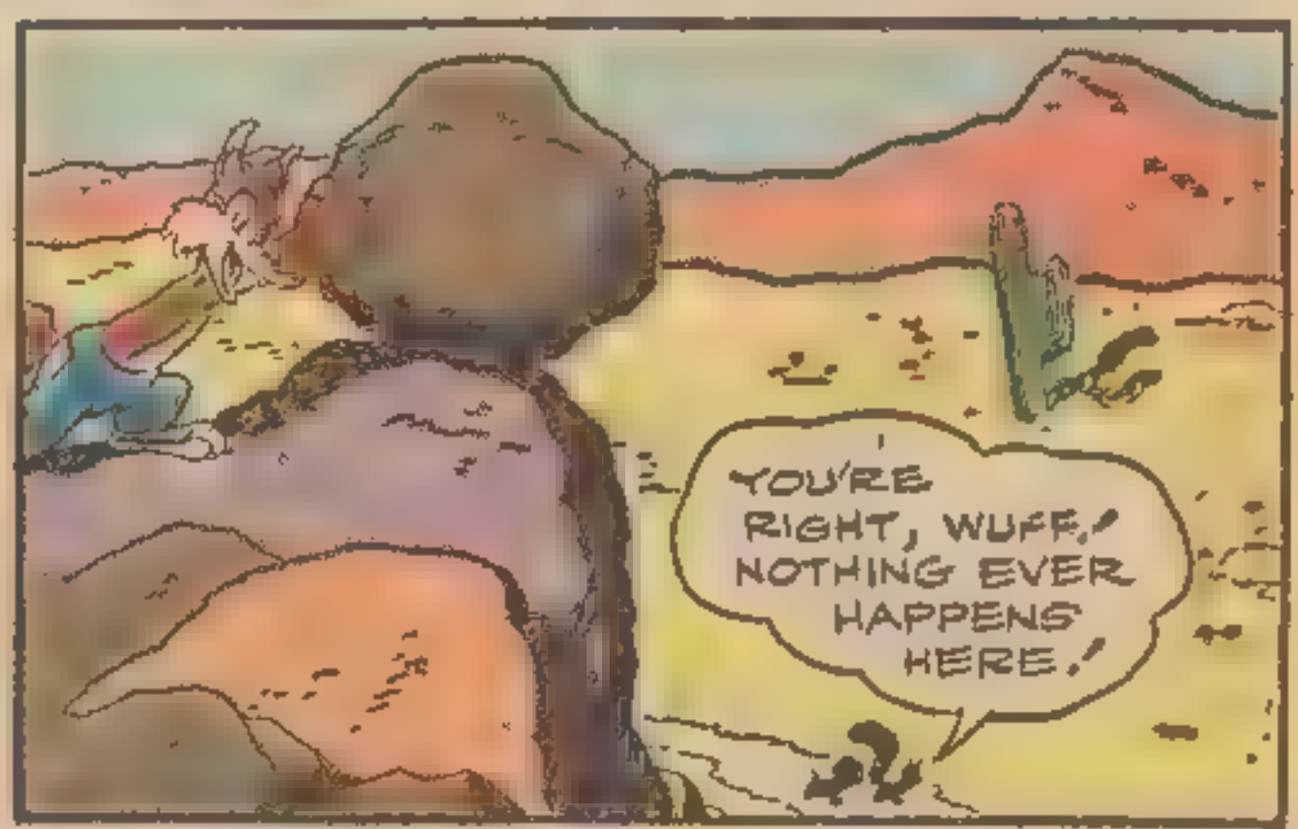


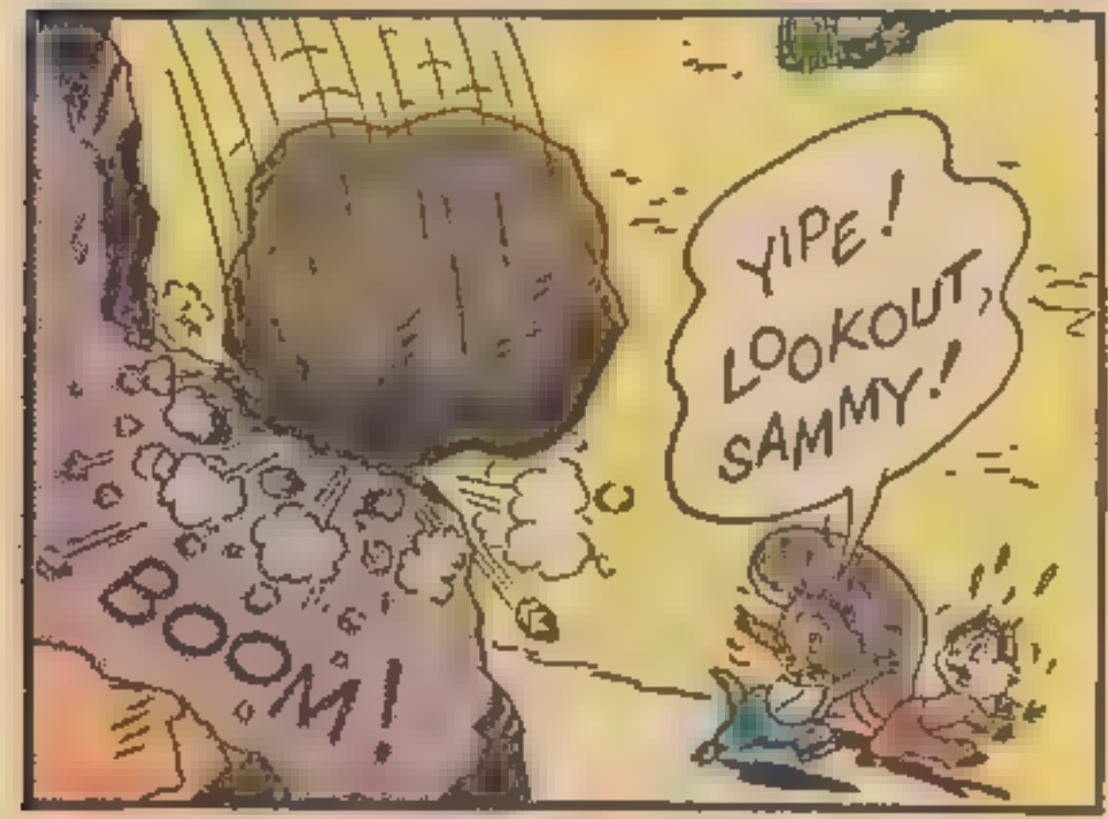


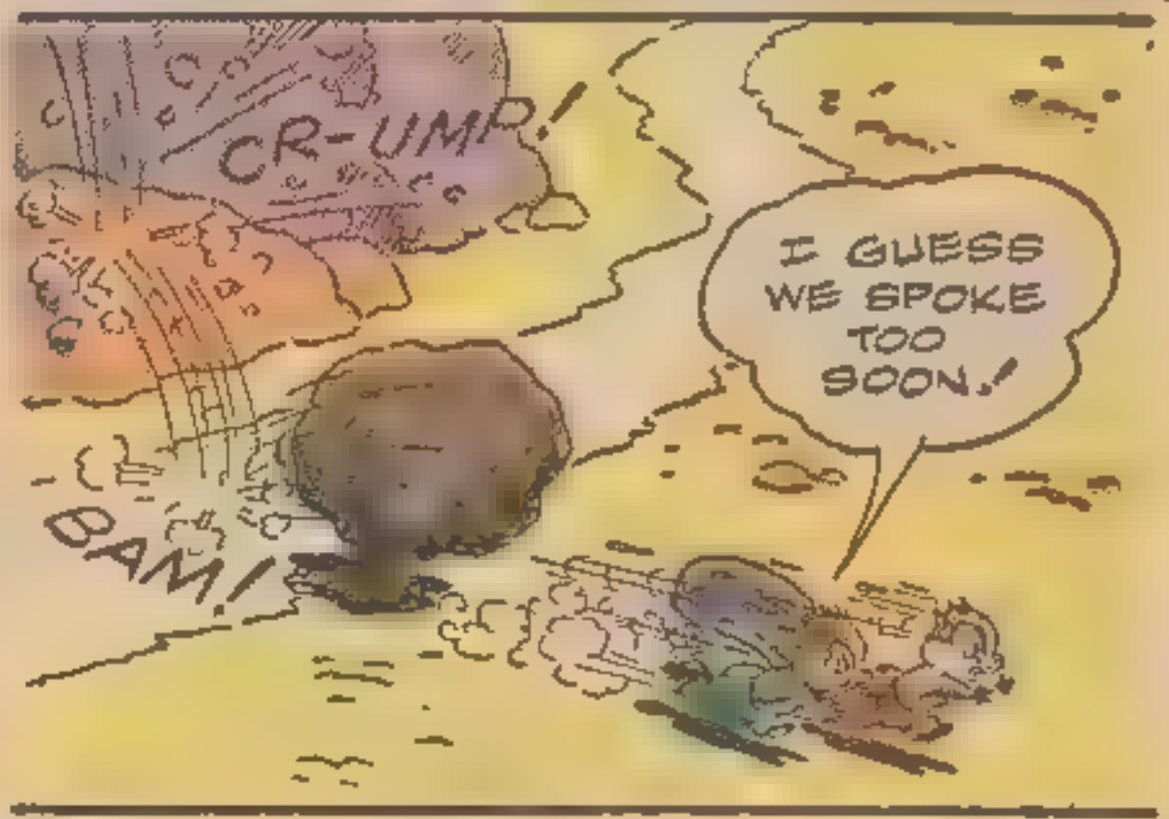
M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

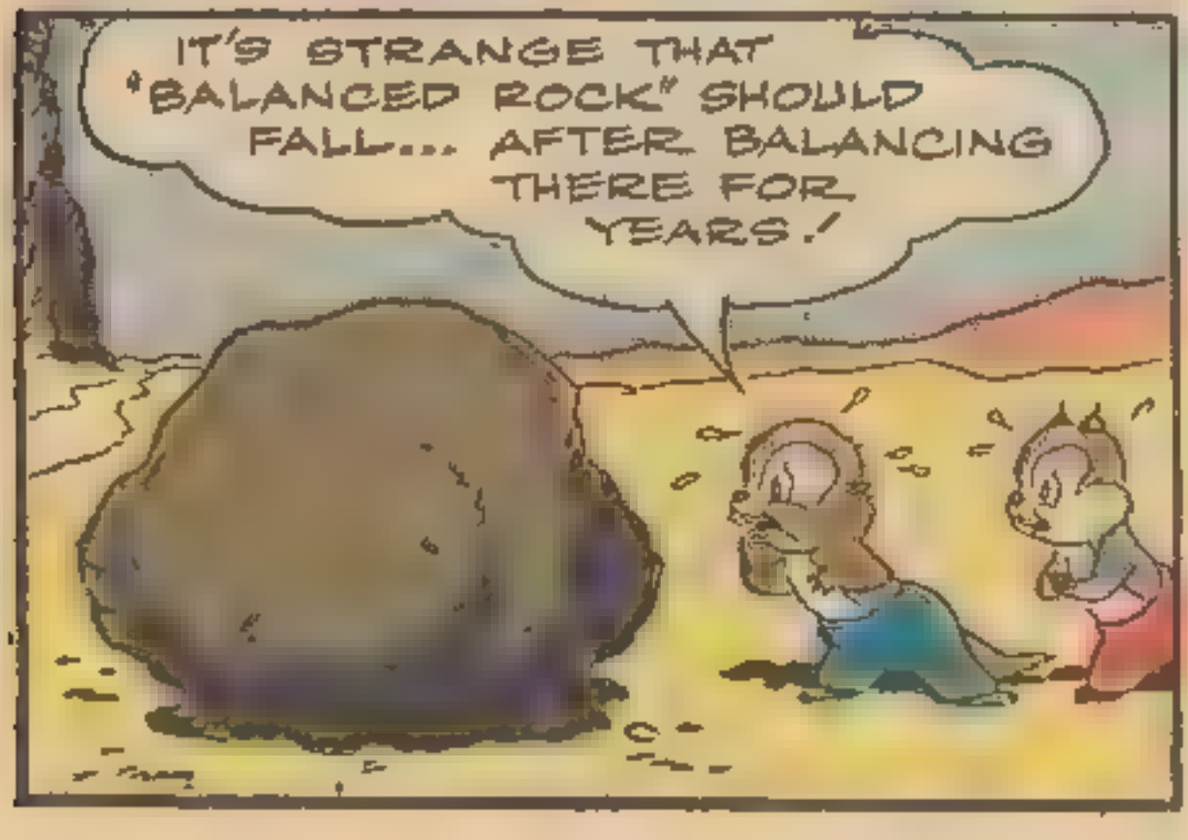

M.G.M. CARTOONS PRESENT
WUFF, the PRAIRIE DOG.
THE TROUBLE WITH THE COUNTRY IS THAT NOTH NG EXCITING EVER HAPPENS!

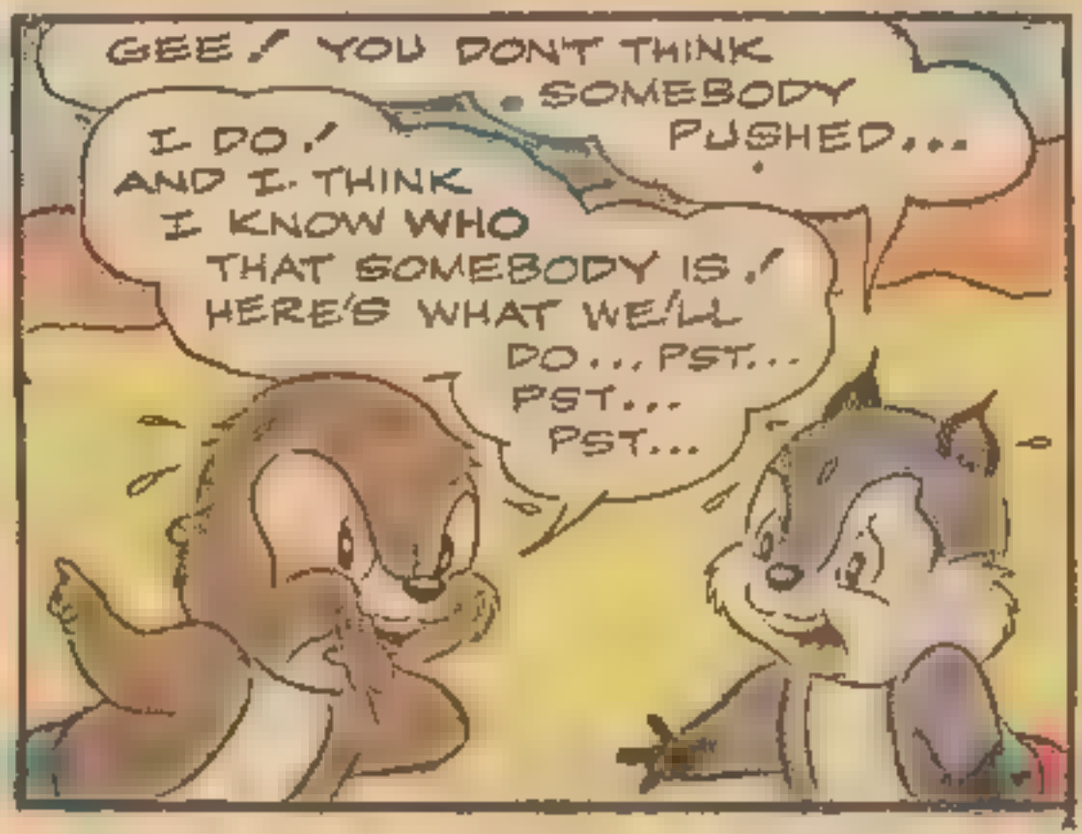

I UNDERSTAND DOGS IN THE CITY LIVE DANGEROUSLY! THEY HAVE TO FIGHT THROUGH TRAFFIC, ESCAPE FROM DOG CATCHERS, DODGE AUTOS, AND...

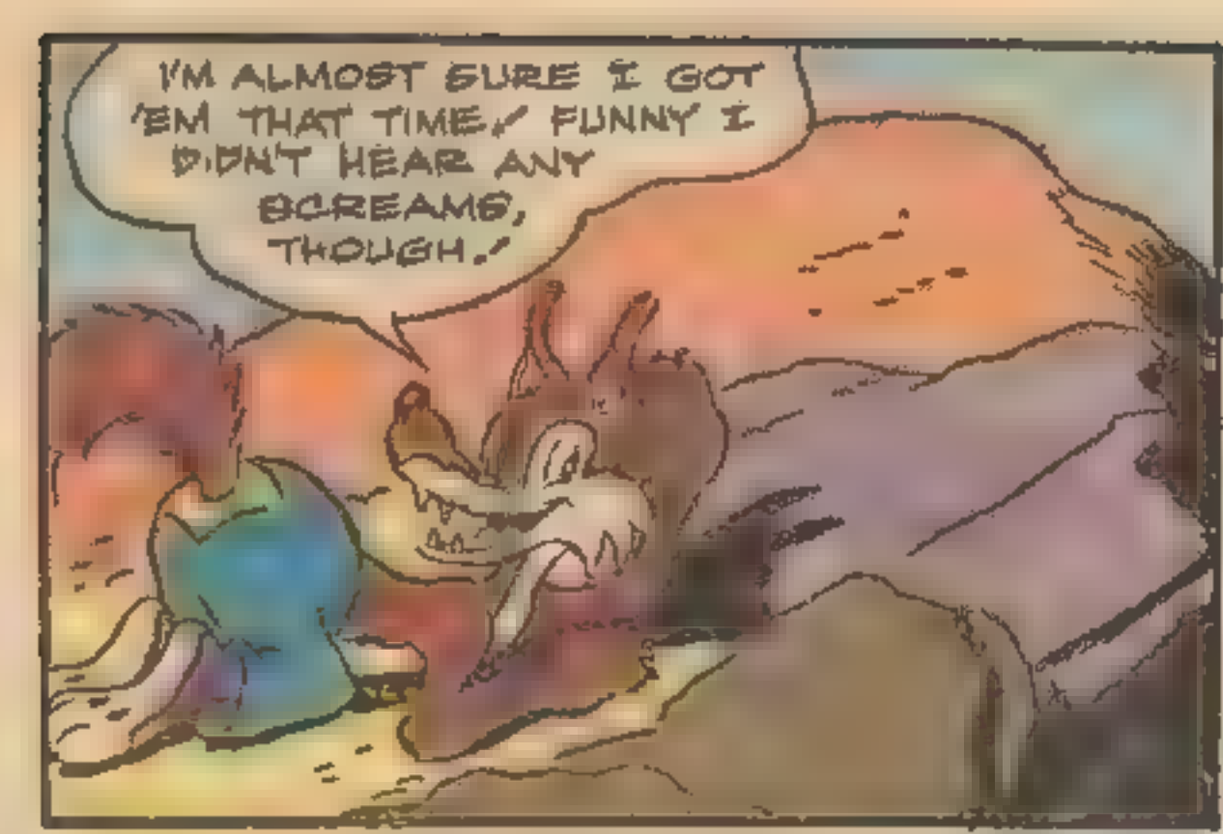

YOU'RE RIGHT, WUFF! NOTHING EVER HAPPENS HERE!

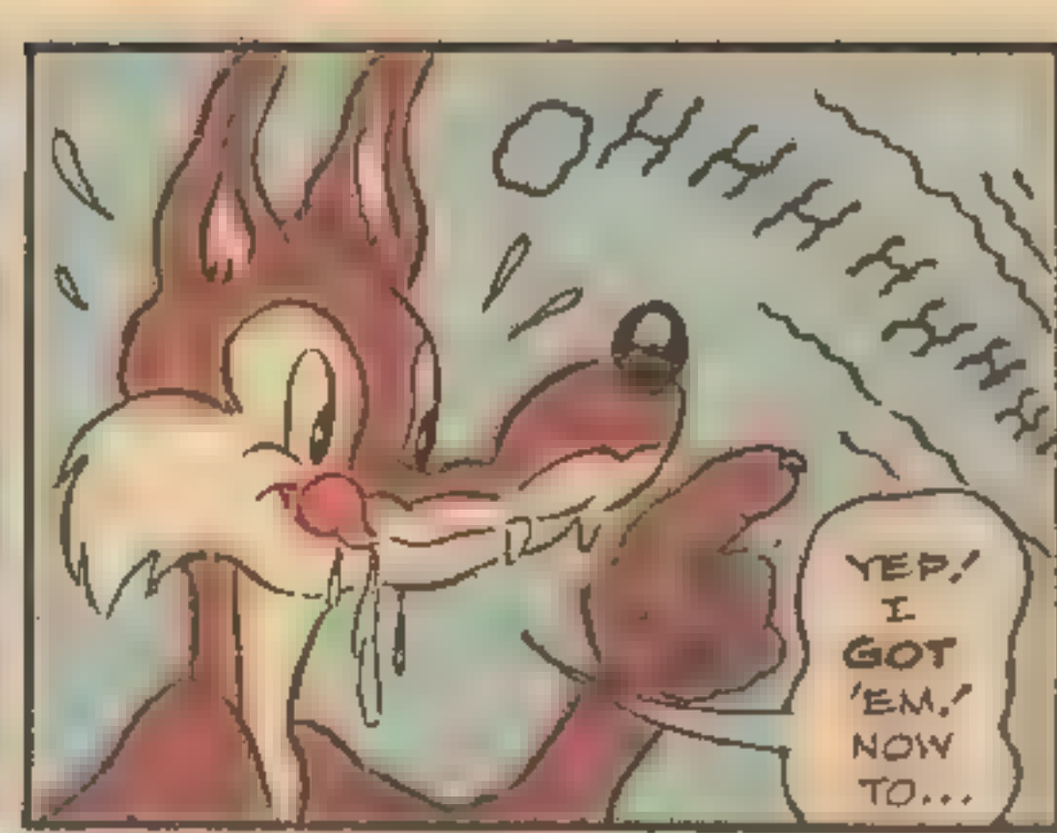

YIPE! LOOKOUT, SAMMY!
BOOM!

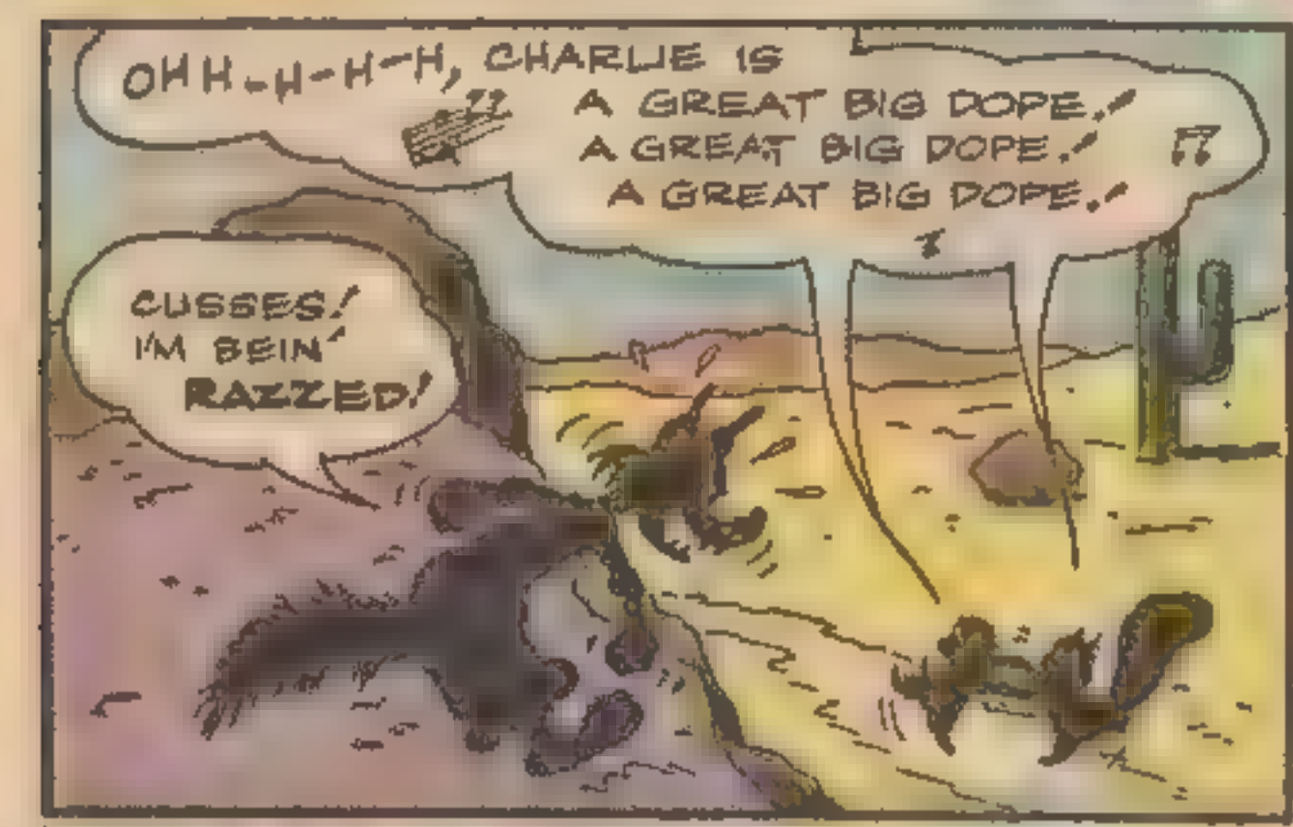

CR-UMP!
I GUESS WE SPOKE TOO SOON!
BAM!

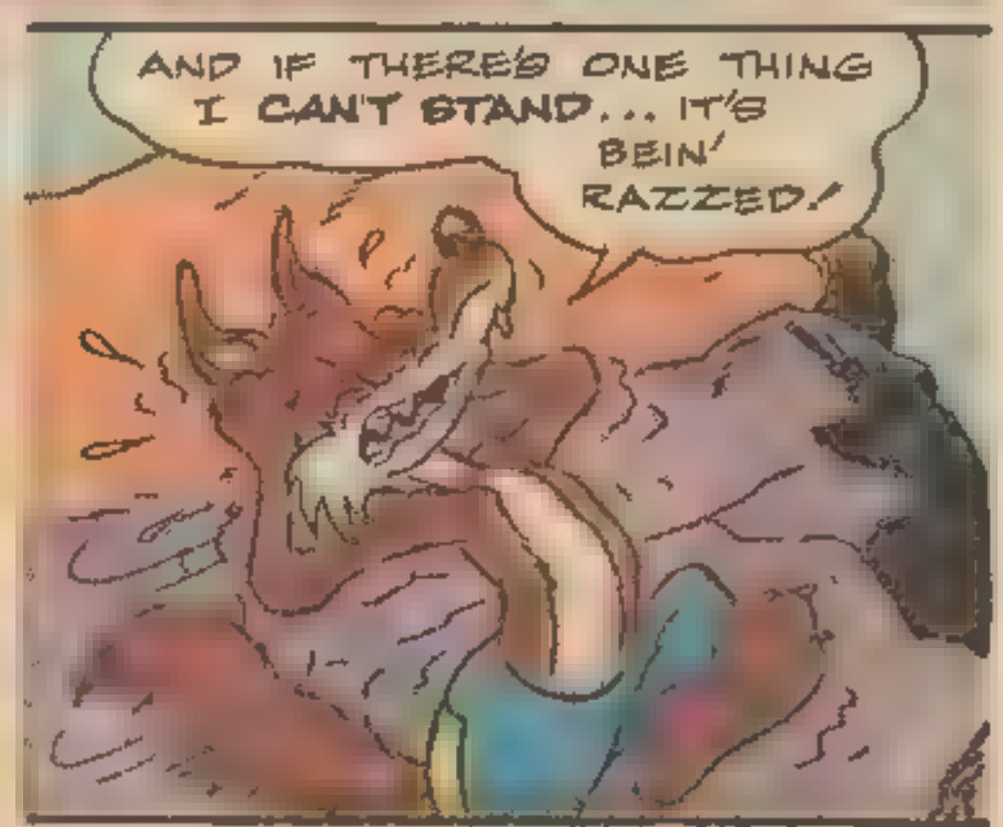

IT'S STRANGE THAT "BALANCED ROCK" SHOULD FALL... AFTER BALANCING THERE FOR YEARS!

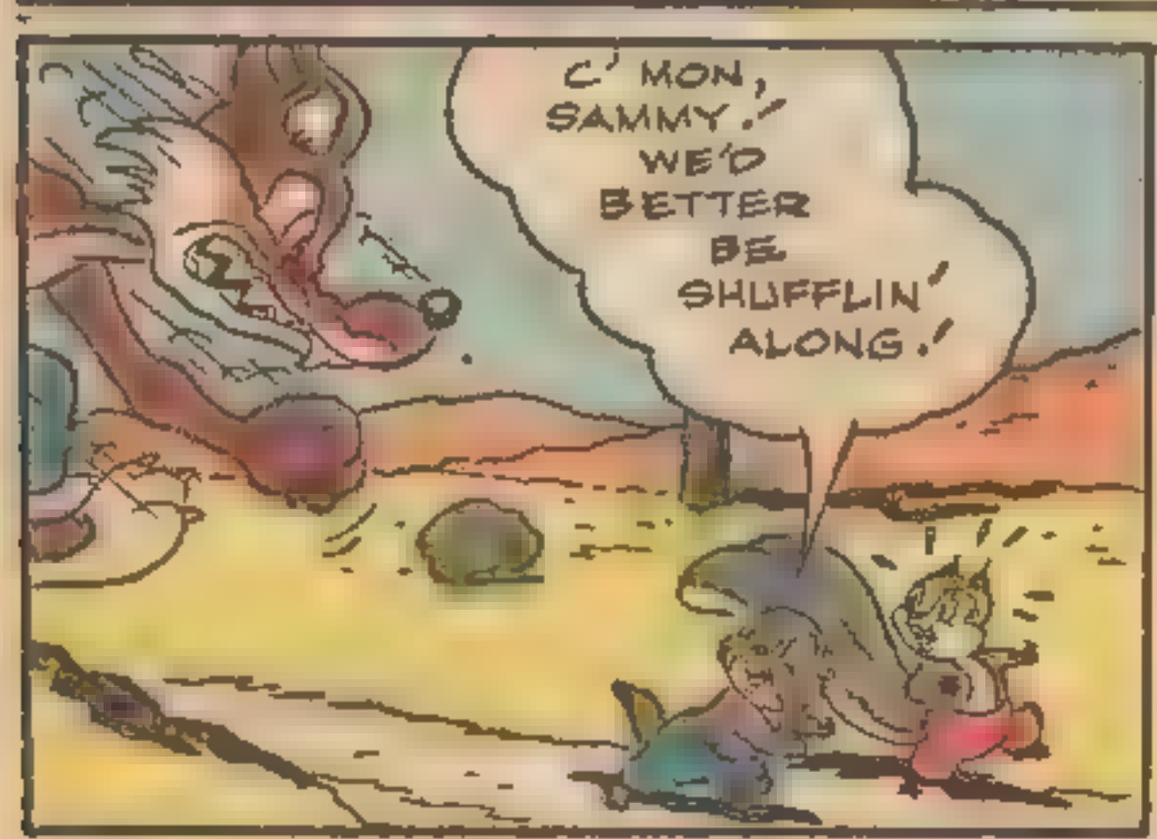

GEE! YOU DON'T THINK SOMEBODY PUSHED...
I DO! AND I THINK I KNOW WHO THAT SOMEBODY IS! HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO... PST... PST... PST...

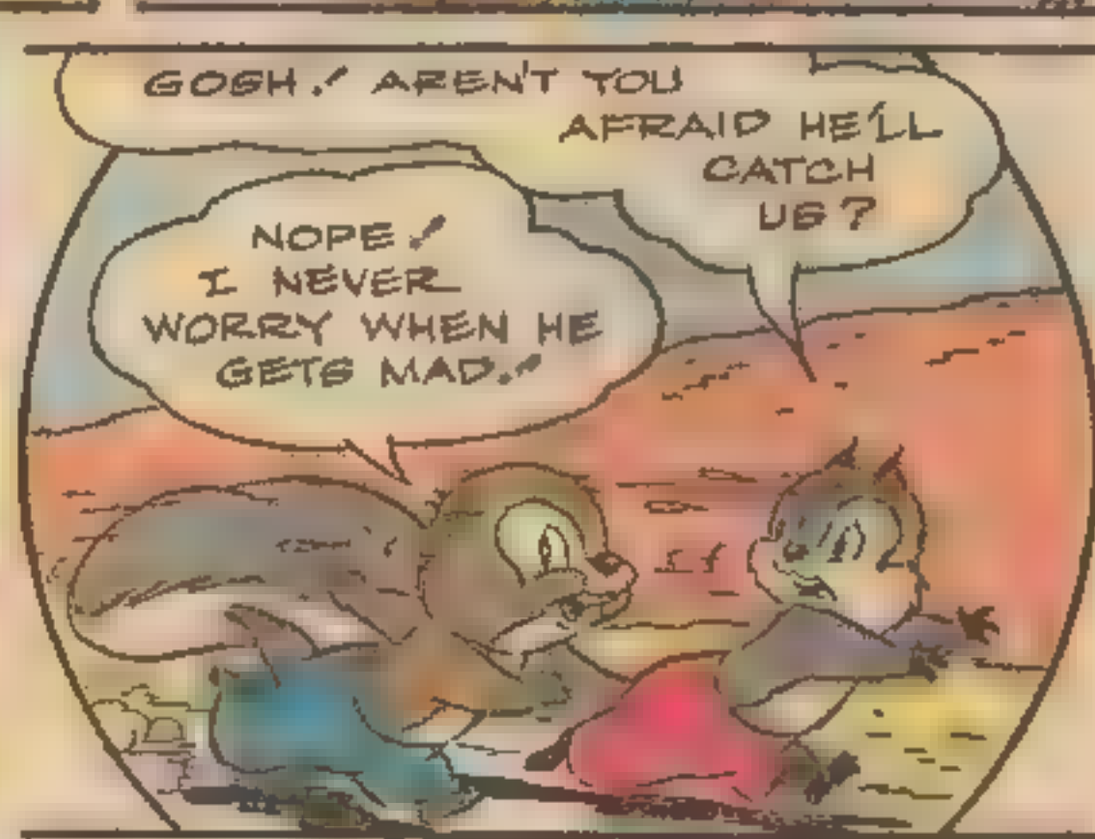

I'M ALMOST SURE I GOT 'EM THAT TIME.' FUNNY I DIDN'T HEAR ANY SCREAMS, THOUGH.'

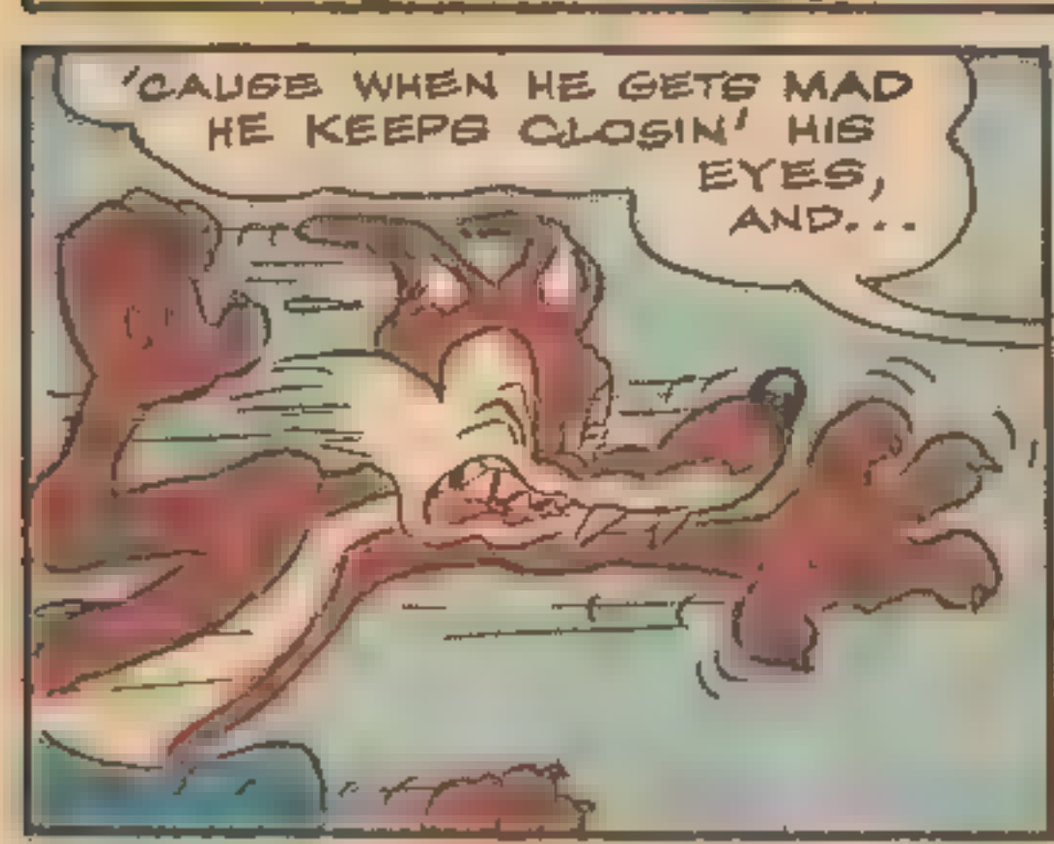

OHHHHHHHH
YEP! I GOT 'EM.' NOW TO...

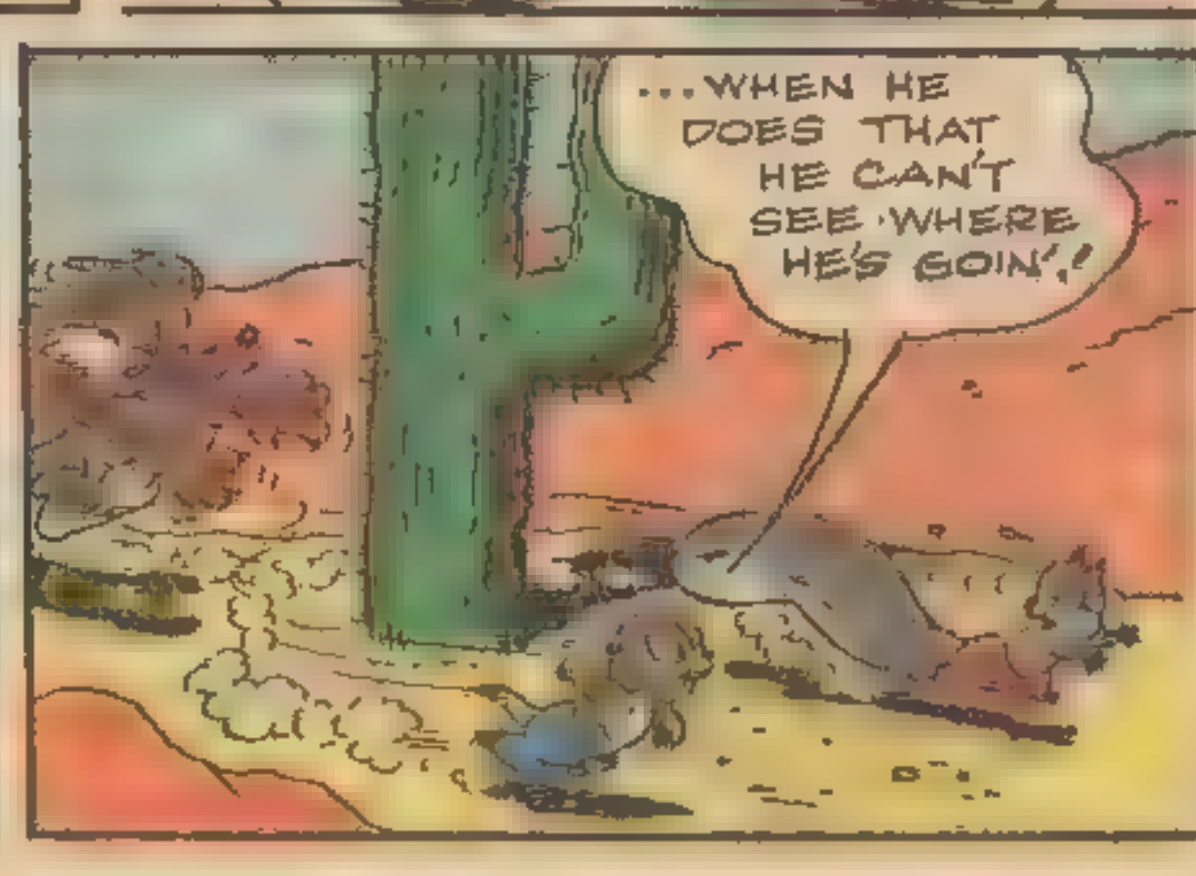

OHH-H-H-H, CHARLIE IS A GREAT BIG DOPE.' A GREAT BIG DOPE.' A GREAT BIG DOPE.'
CUSSES! I'M BEIN' RAZZED!

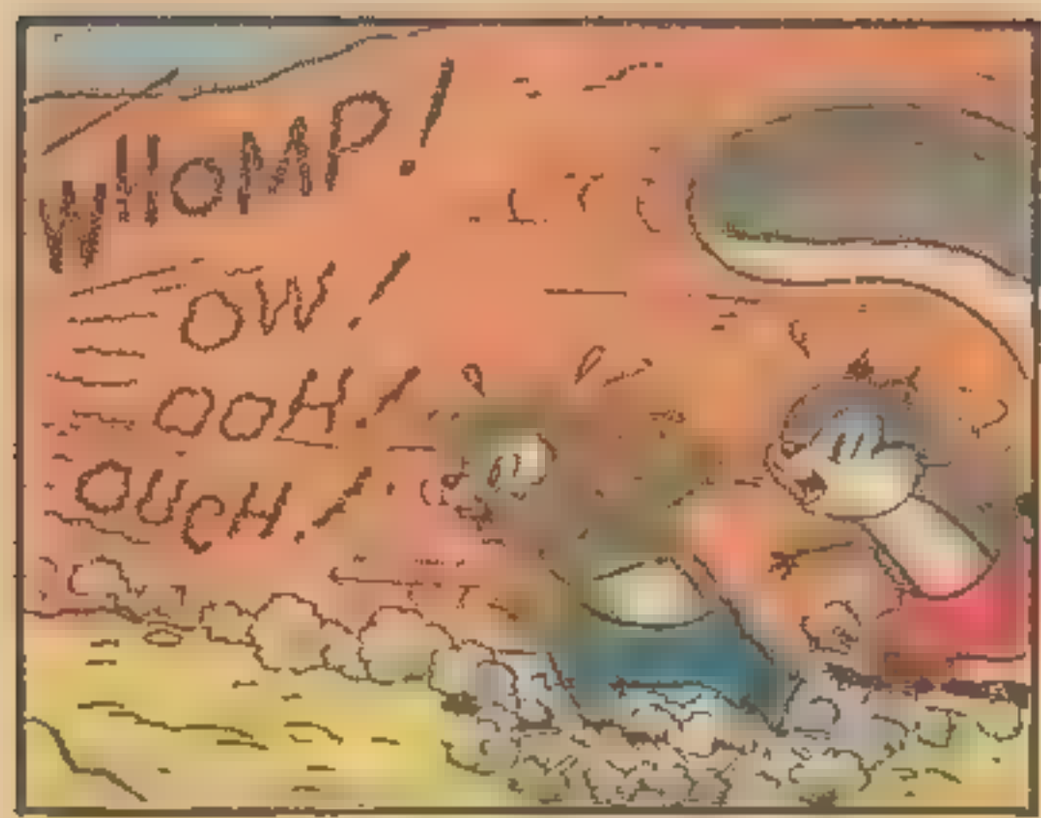

AND IF THERE'S ONE THING I CAN'T STAND... IT'S BEIN' RAZZED!

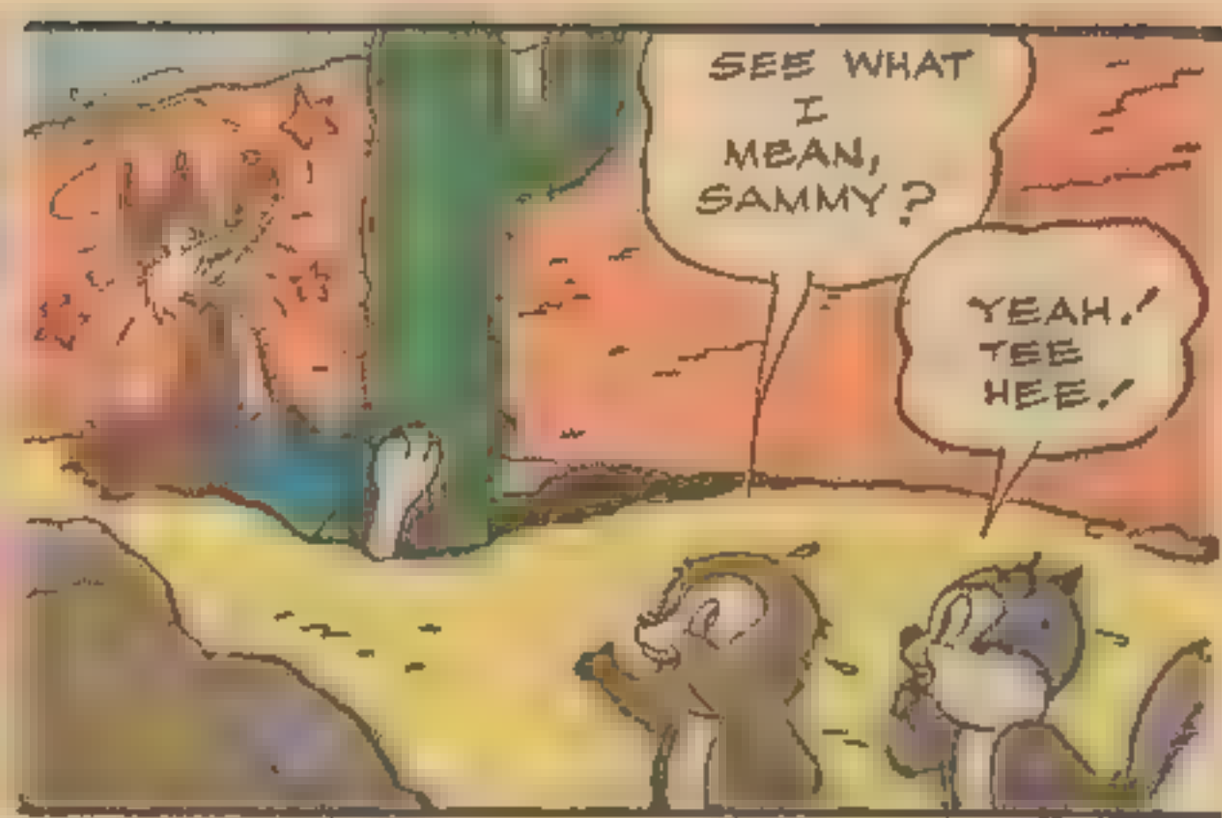

C' MON, SAMMY.' WE'D BETTER BE SHUFFLIN' ALONG.'

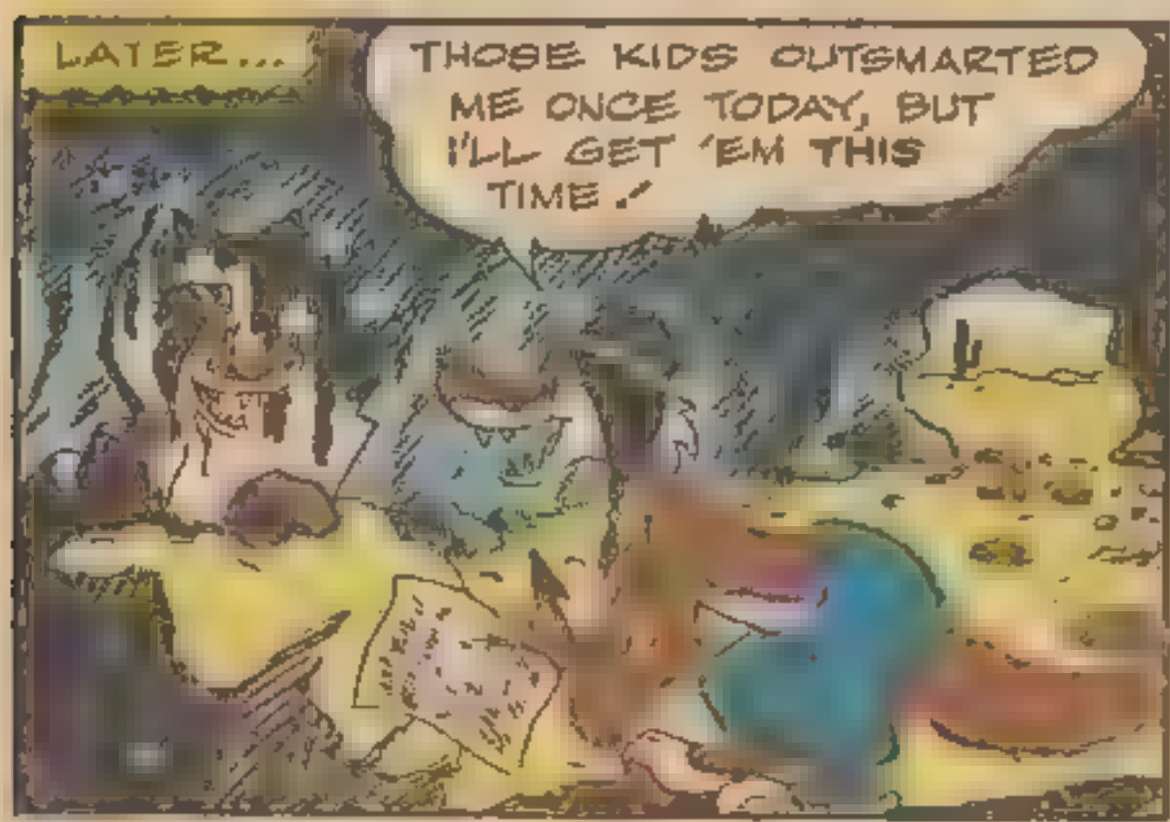

GOSH.' AREN'T YOU AFRAID HE'LL CATCH US?
NOPE.' I NEVER WORRY WHEN HE GETS MAD.'

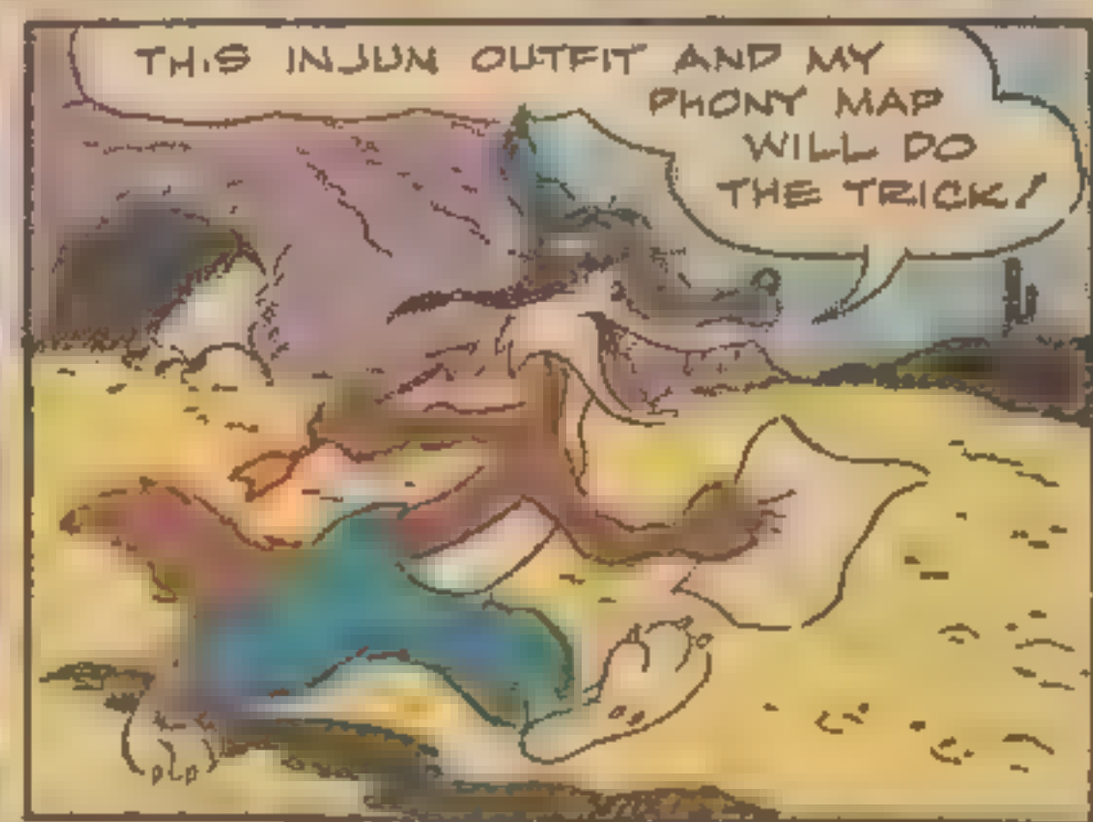

'CAUSE WHEN HE GETS MAD HE KEEPS CLOSIN' HIS EYES, AND...


...WHEN HE DOES THAT HE CAN'T SEE WHERE HE'S GOIN'.'

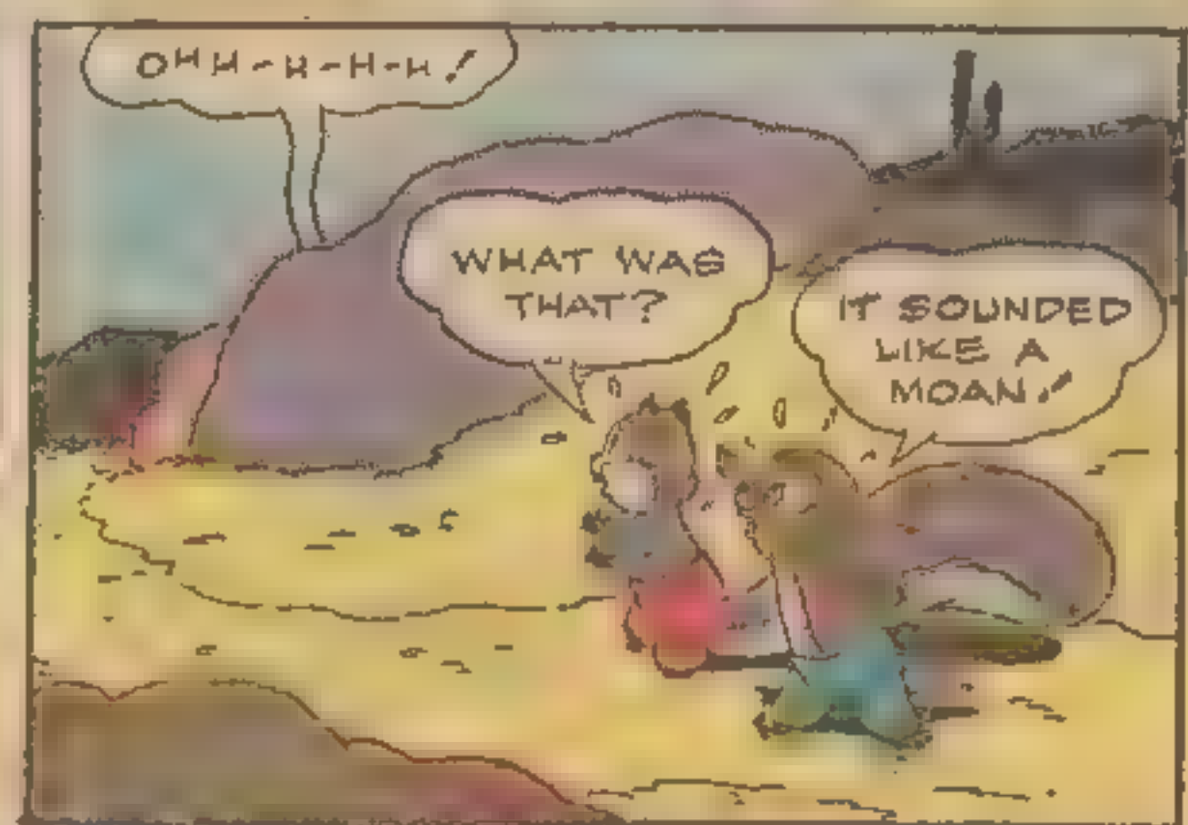

WHOMP!
OW!
OOH!
OUCH!

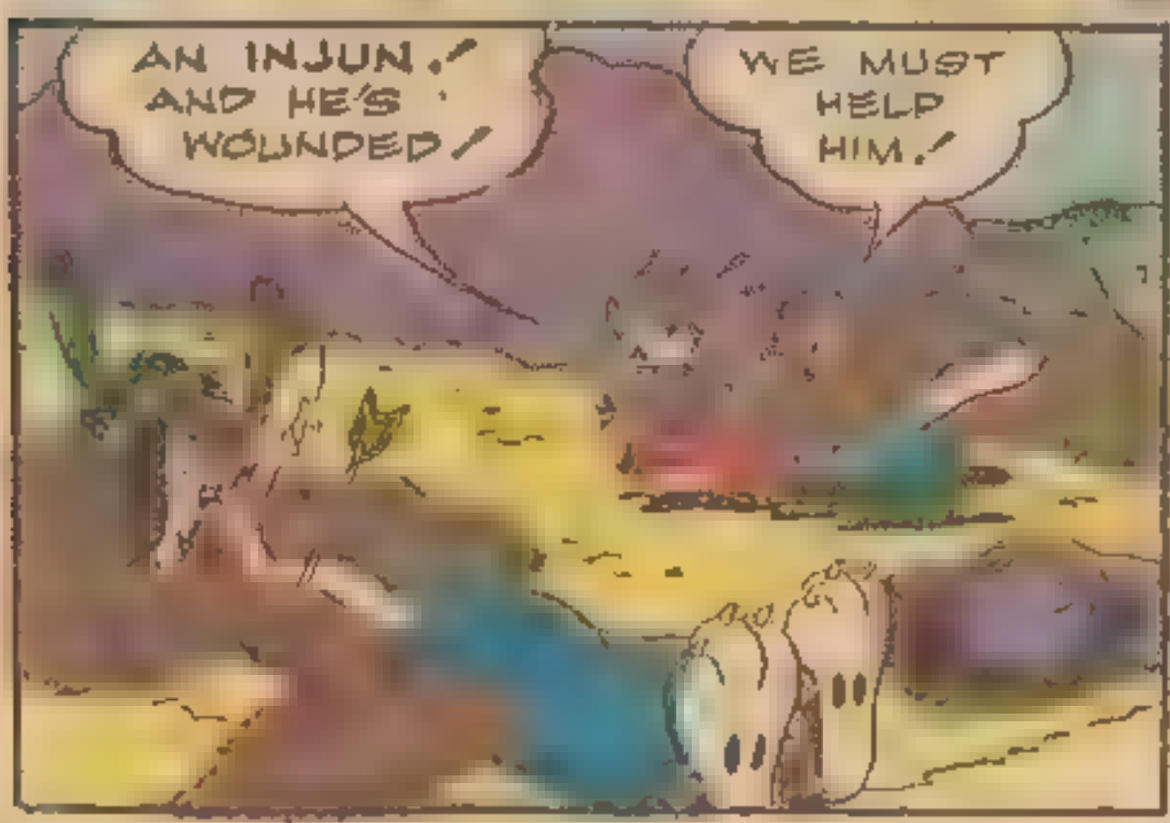

SEE WHAT I MEAN, SAMMY?
YEAH! TEE HEE!


LATER...
THOSE KIDS OUTSMARTED ME ONCE TODAY, BUT I'LL GET 'EM THIS TIME!

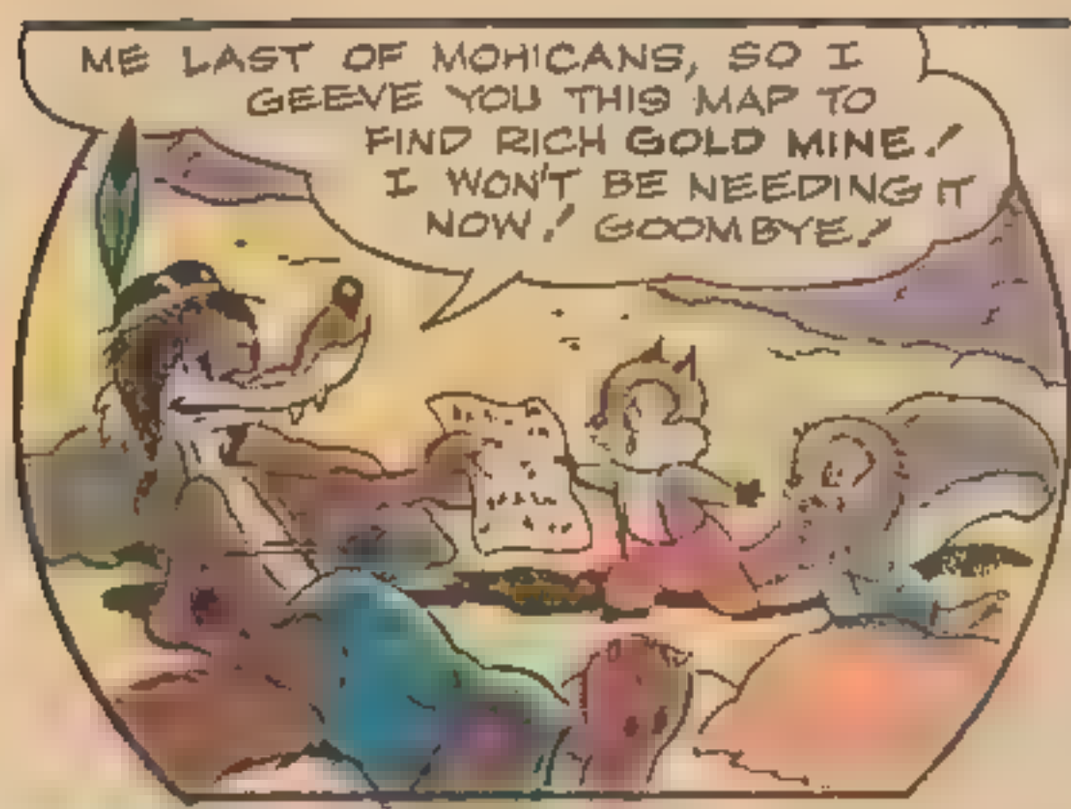

THIS INJUN OUTFIT AND MY PHONY MAP WILL DO THE TRICK!

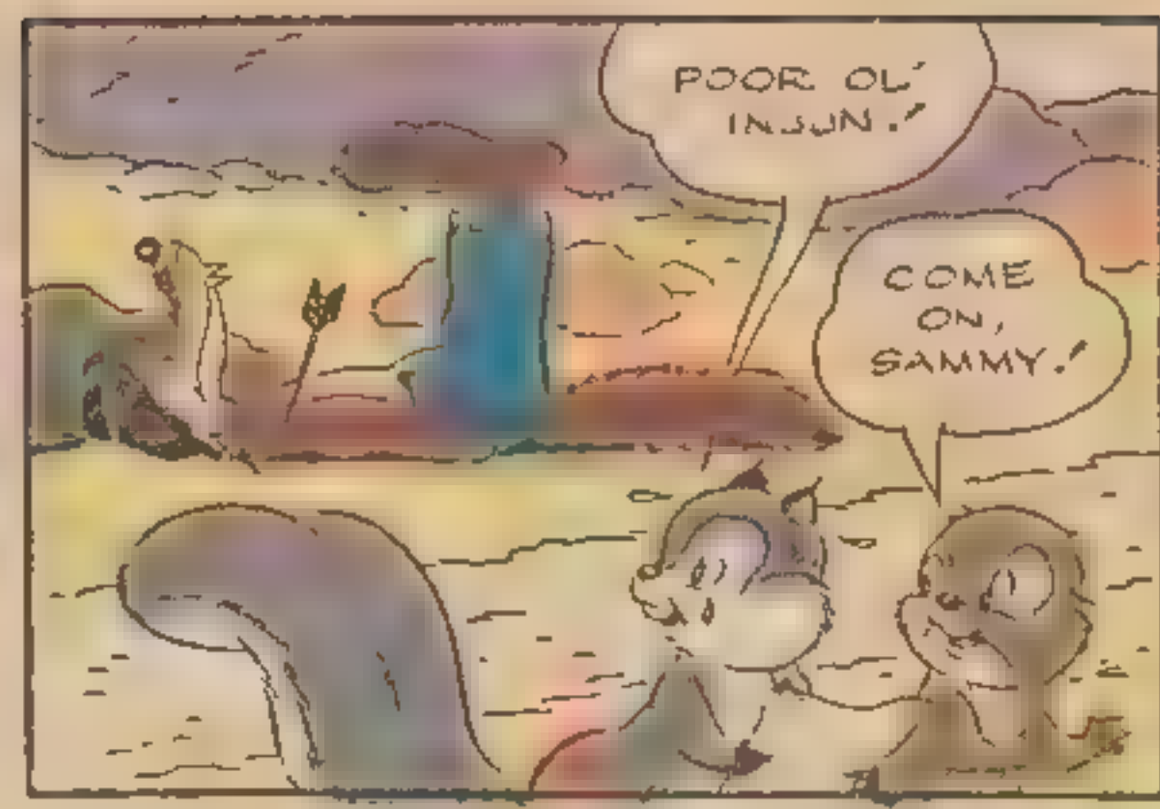
HERE THEY COME BACK! TEE HEE!

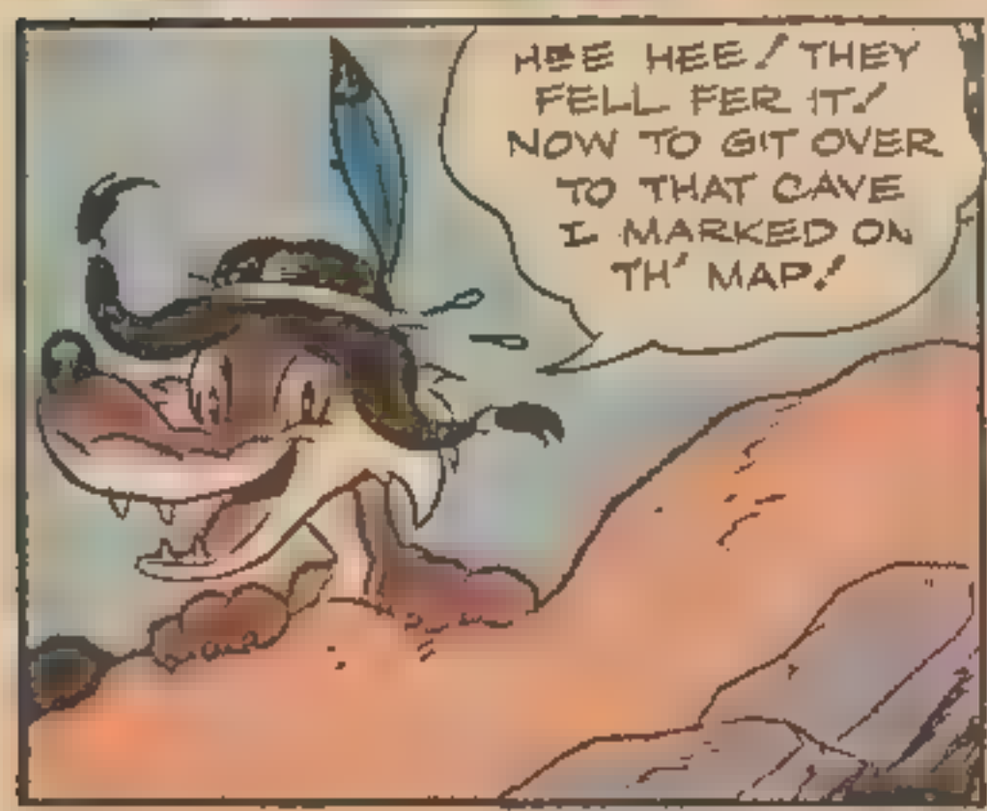

OHH-H-H-H!
WHAT WAS THAT?
IT SOUNDED LIKE A MOAN!

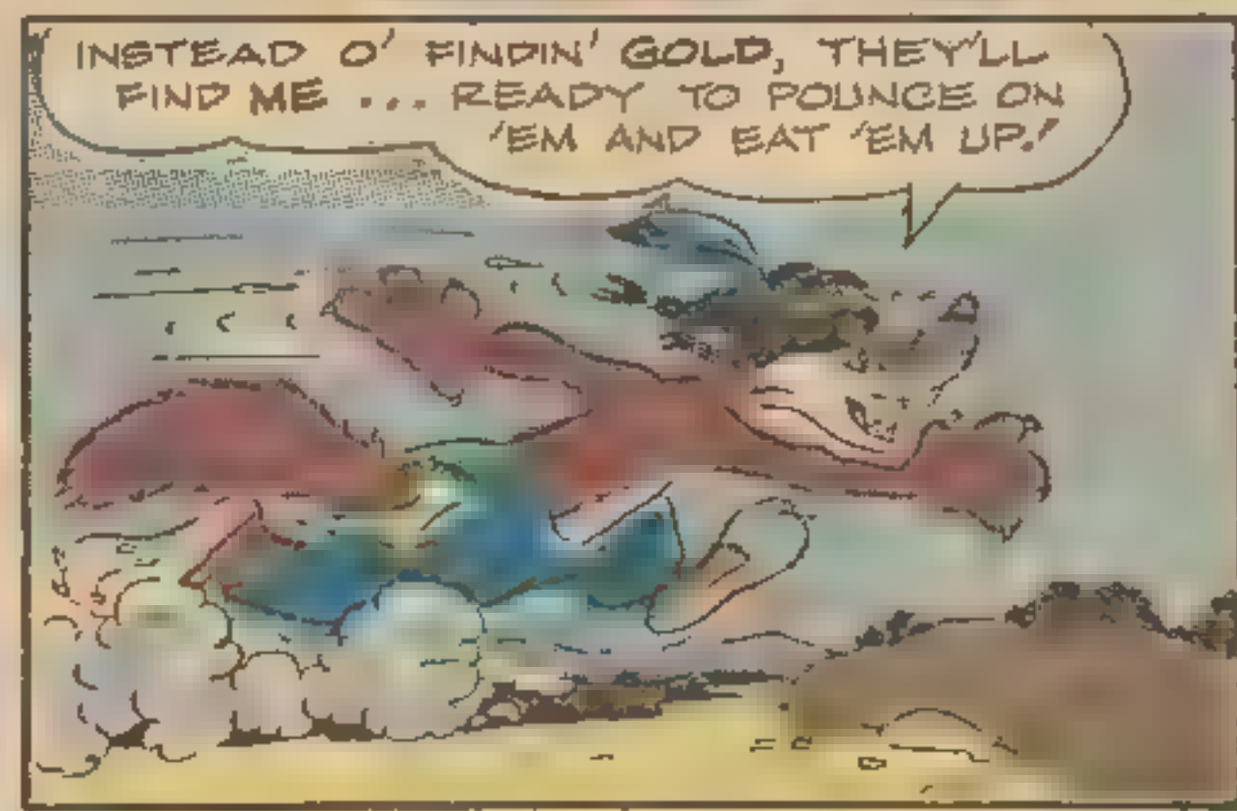

AN INJUN! AND HE'S WOUNDED!
WE MUST HELP HIM!

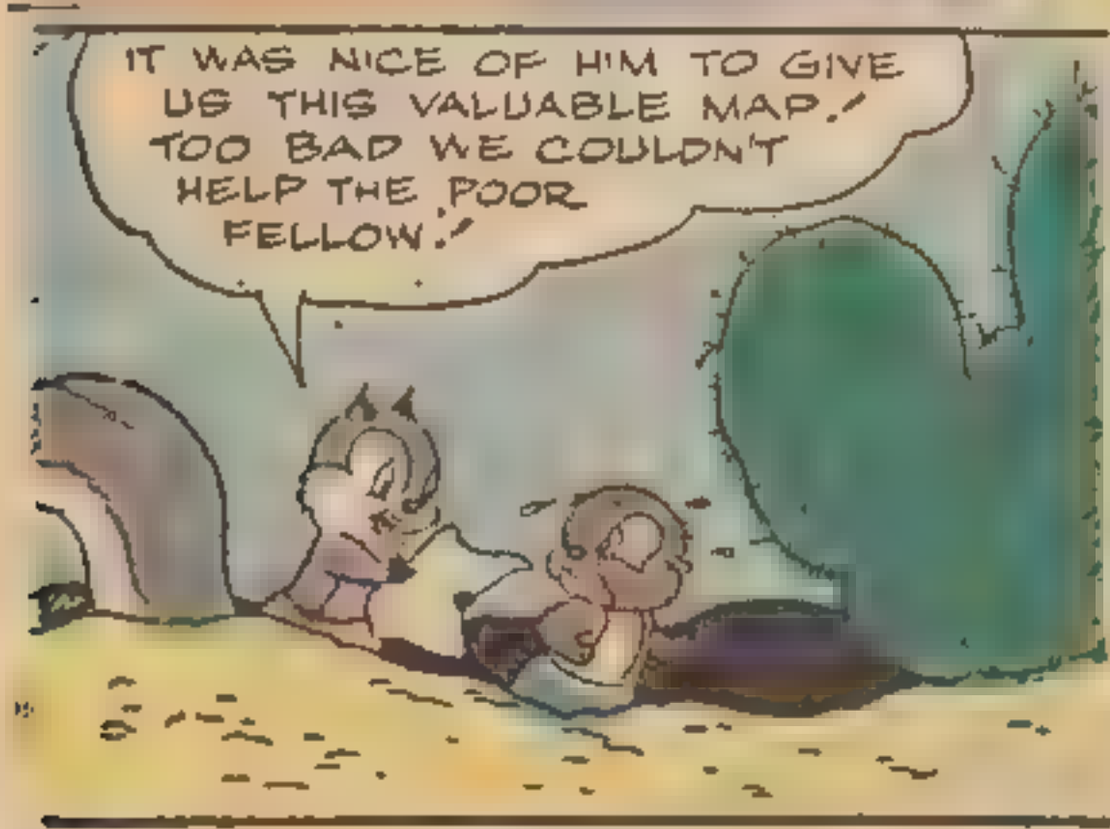
UGH! NO CAN HELP! ME TOO FAR GONE, BUT YOU HEAP BIG VELLY KIND TO OFFER!

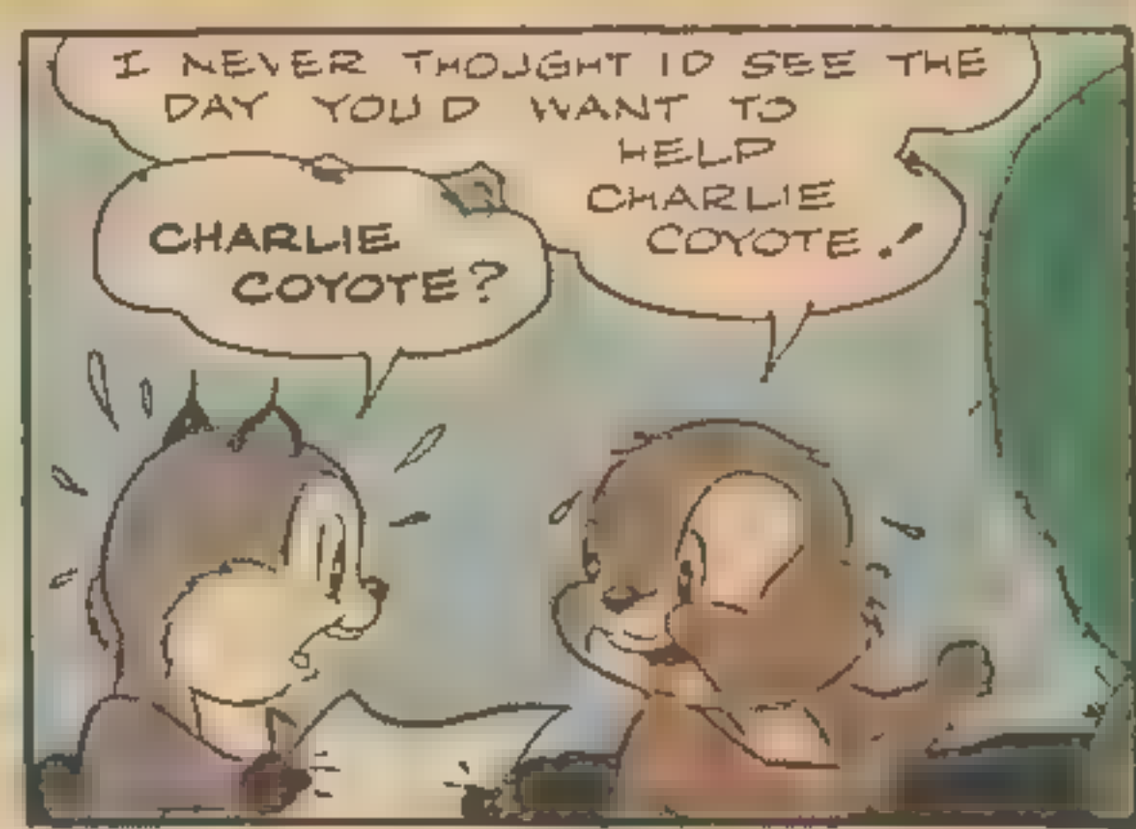

ME LAST OF MOHICANS, SO I GEEVE YOU THIS MAP TO FIND RICH GOLD MINE.! I WON'T BE NEEDING IT NOW.! GOOMBYE.!

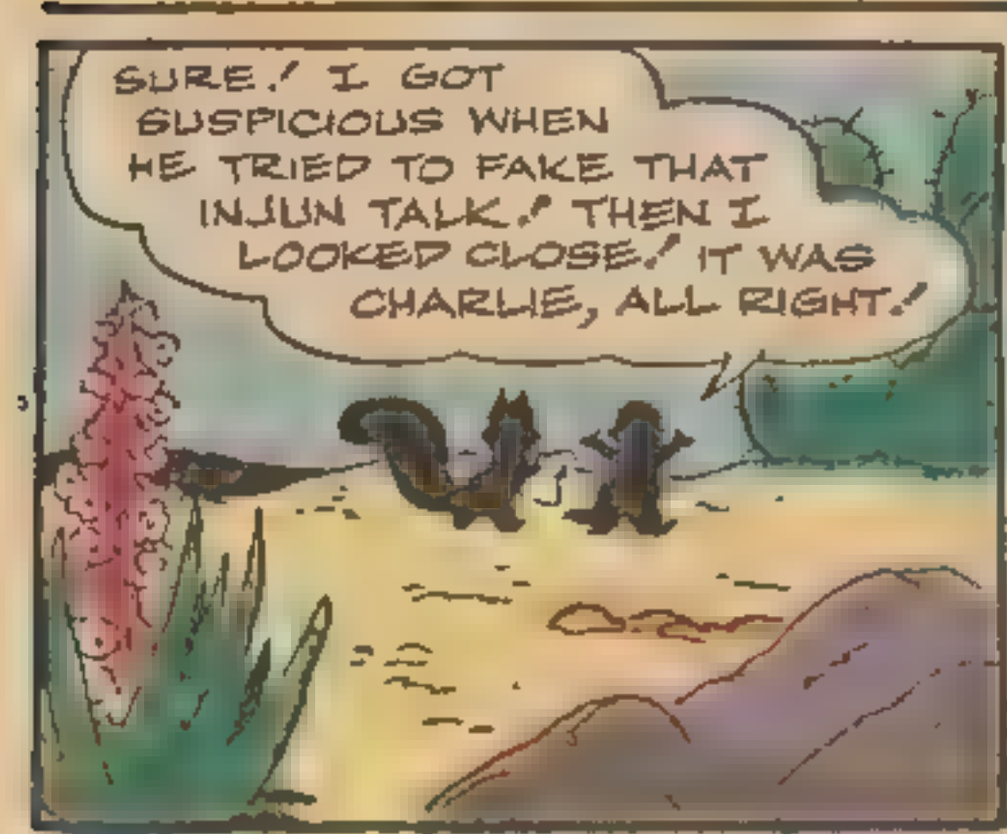

POOR OL' INJUN.!
COME ON, SAMMY.!

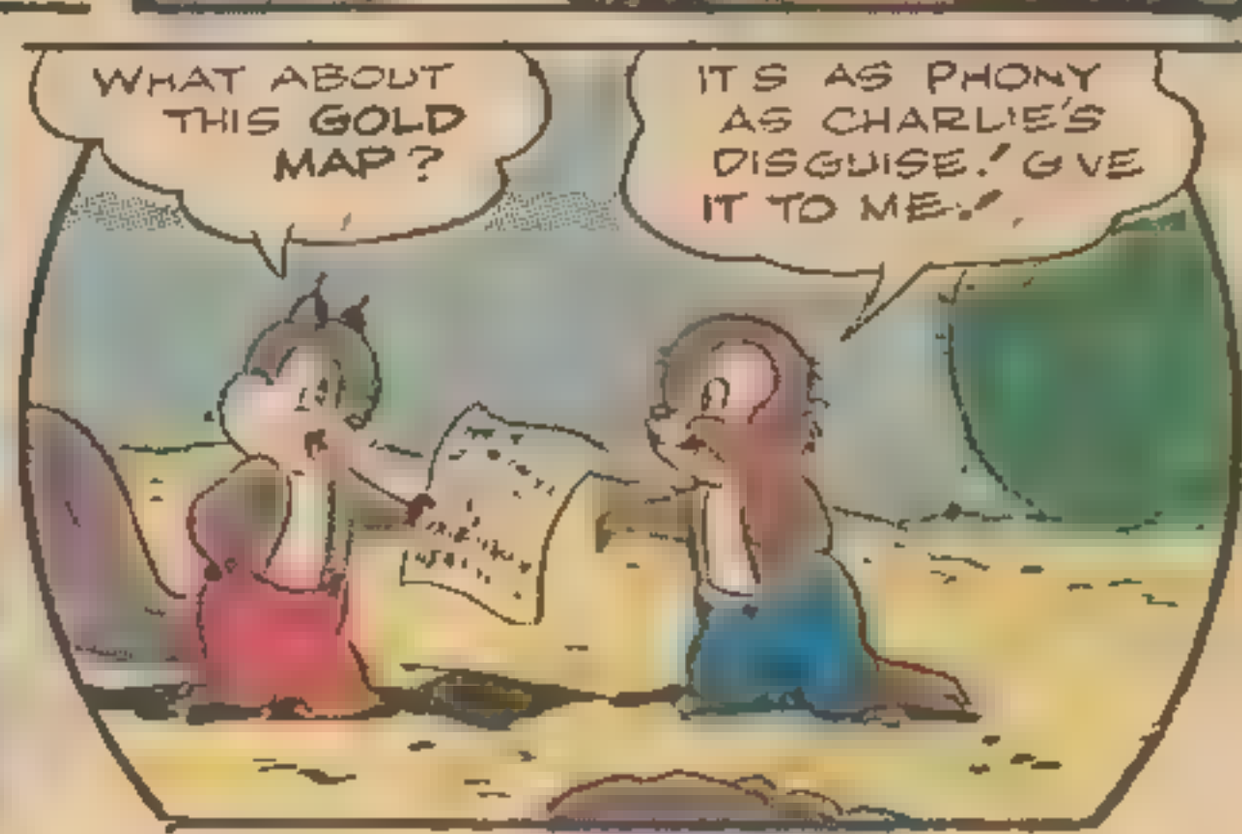

HEE HEE.! THEY FELL FER IT.! NOW TO GIT OVER TO THAT CAVE I MARKED ON TH' MAP.!

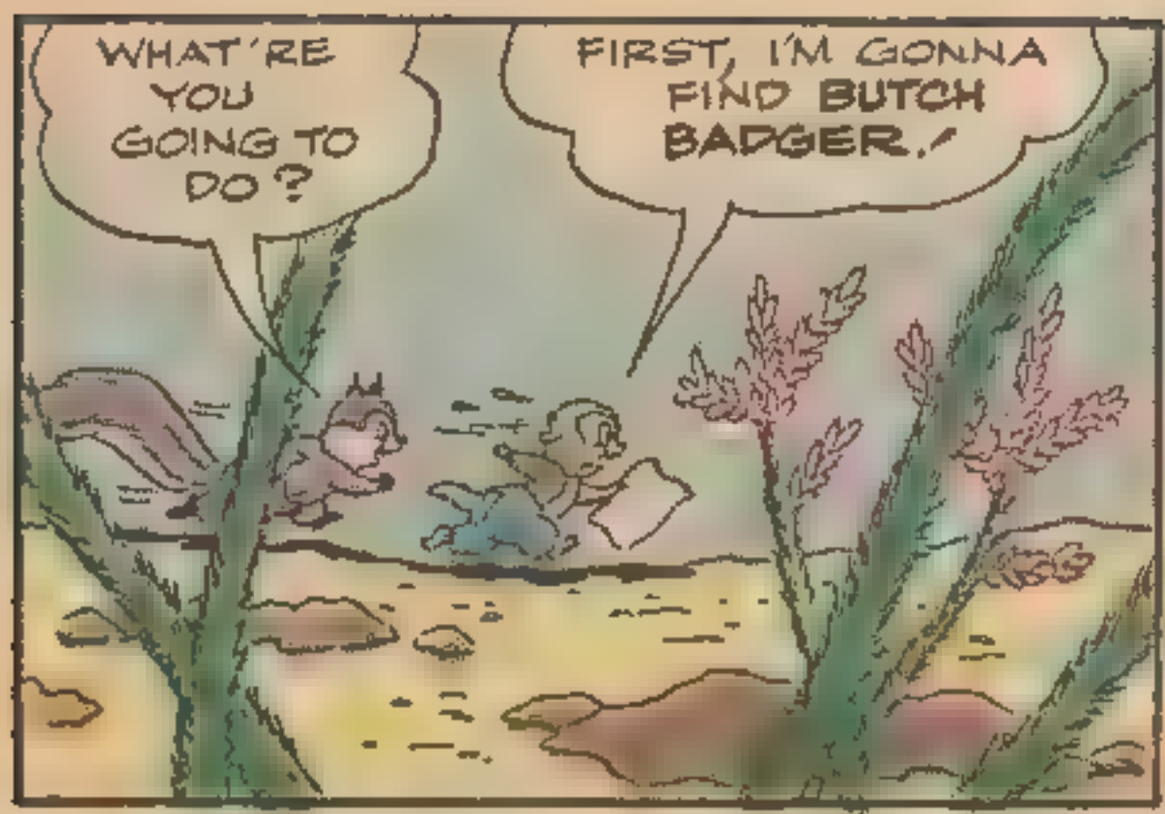

INSTEAD O' FINDIN' GOLD, THEY'LL FIND ME ... READY TO POUNCE ON 'EM AND EAT 'EM UP.!

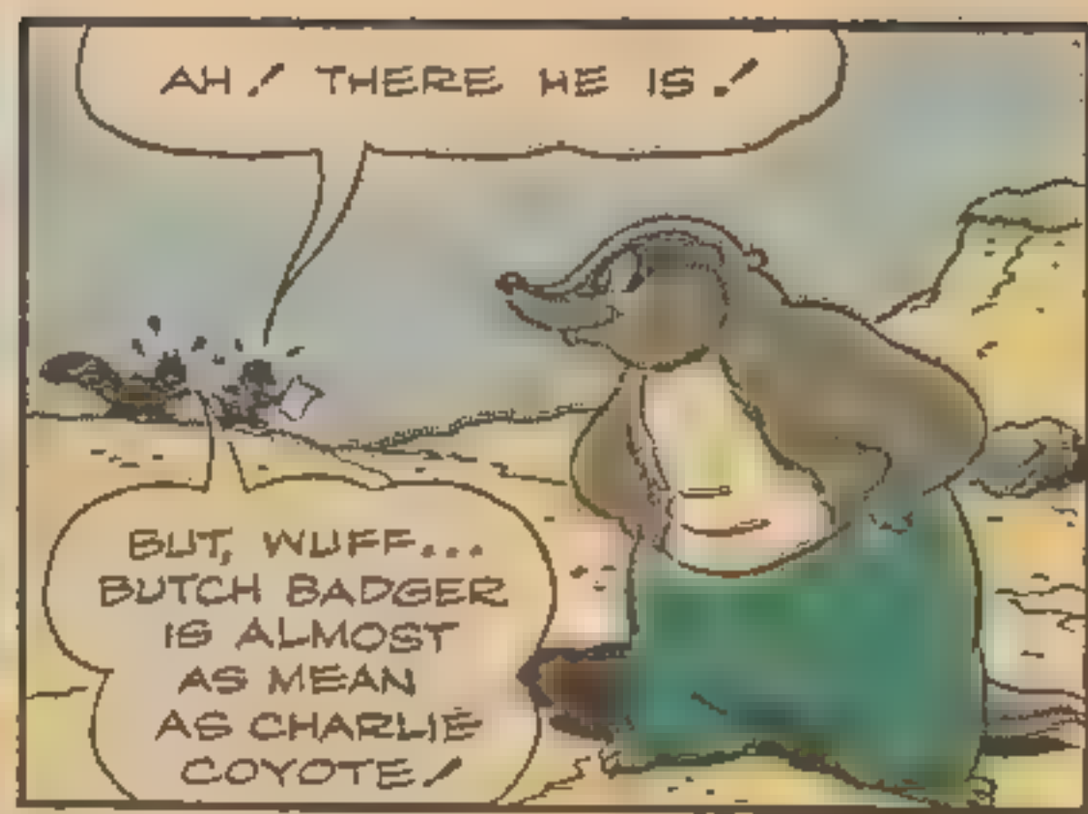

IT WAS NICE OF HIM TO GIVE US THIS VALUABLE MAP.! TOO BAD WE COULDN'T HELP THE POOR FELLOW.!

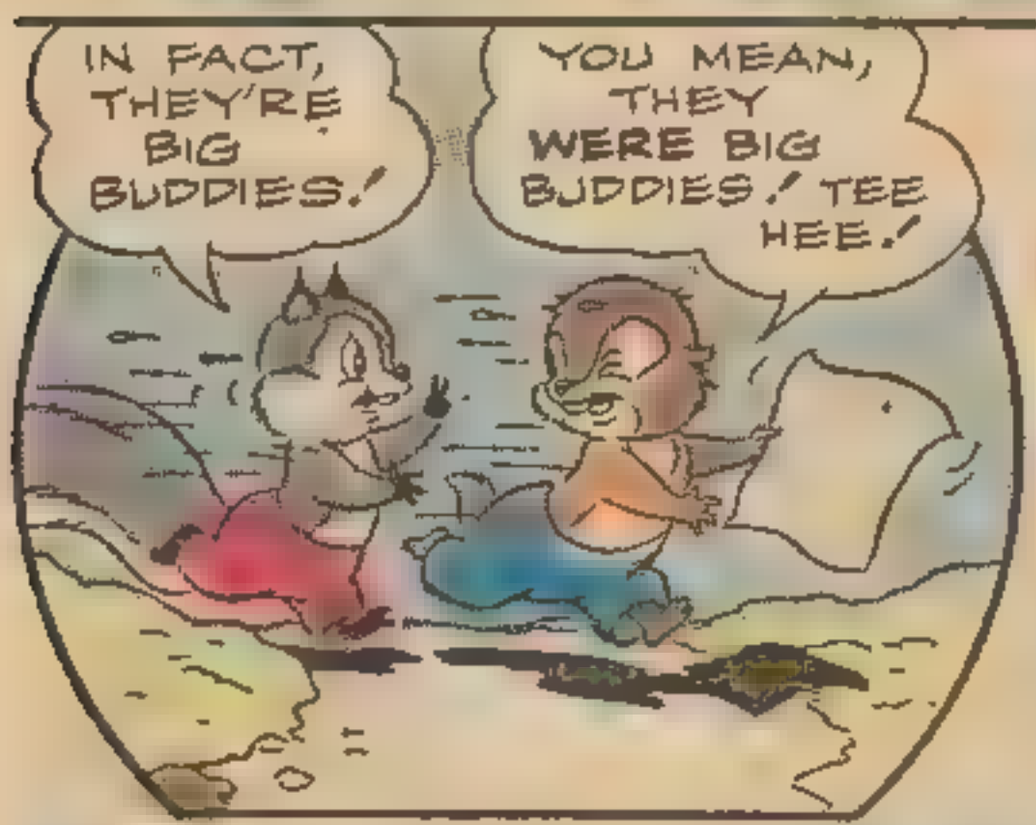

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY YOU'D WANT TO HELP CHARLIE COYOTE.!
CHARLIE COYOTE?


SURE.! I GOT SUSPICIOUS WHEN HE TRIED TO FAKE THAT INJUN TALK.! THEN I LOOKED CLOSE.! IT WAS CHARLIE, ALL RIGHT.!


WHAT ABOUT THIS GOLD MAP?
IT'S AS PHONY AS CHARLIE'S DISGUISE.! GIVE IT TO ME.!

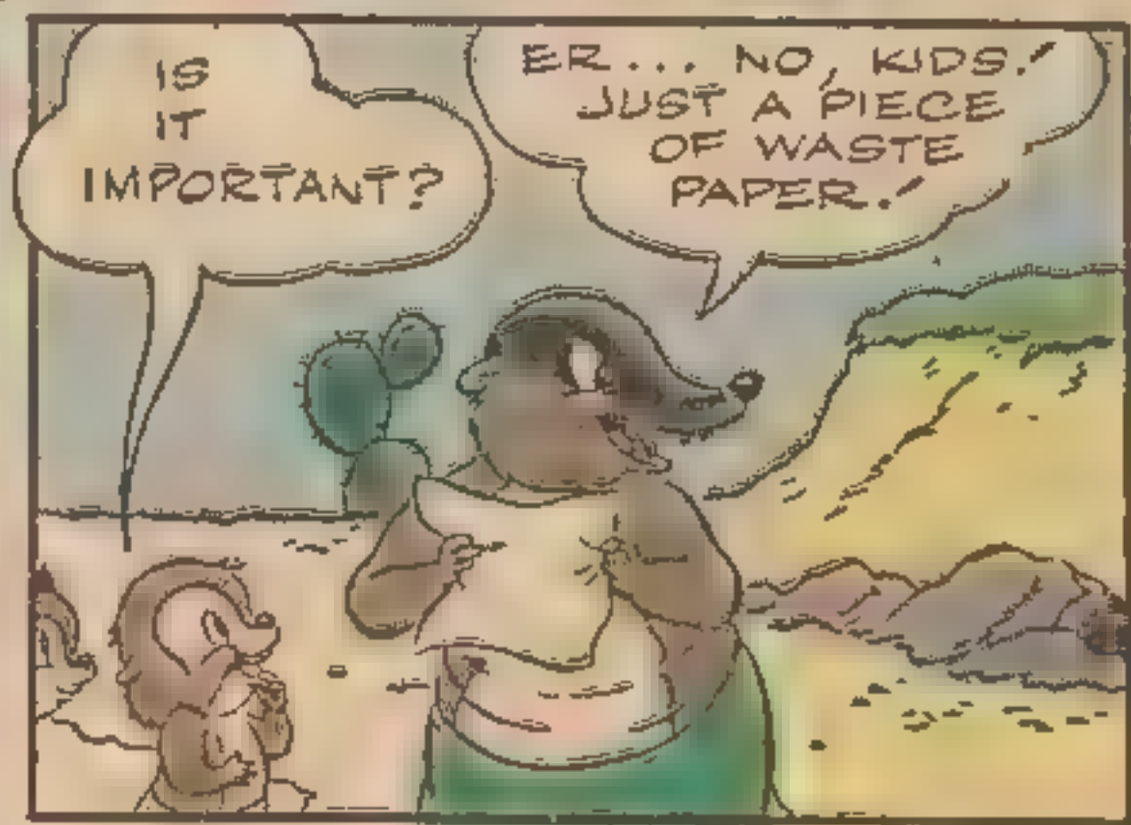

WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO?
FIRST, I'M GONNA FIND BUTCH BADGER.!


AH! THERE HE IS!
BUT, WUFF... BUTCH BADGER IS ALMOST AS MEAN AS CHARLIE COYOTE!

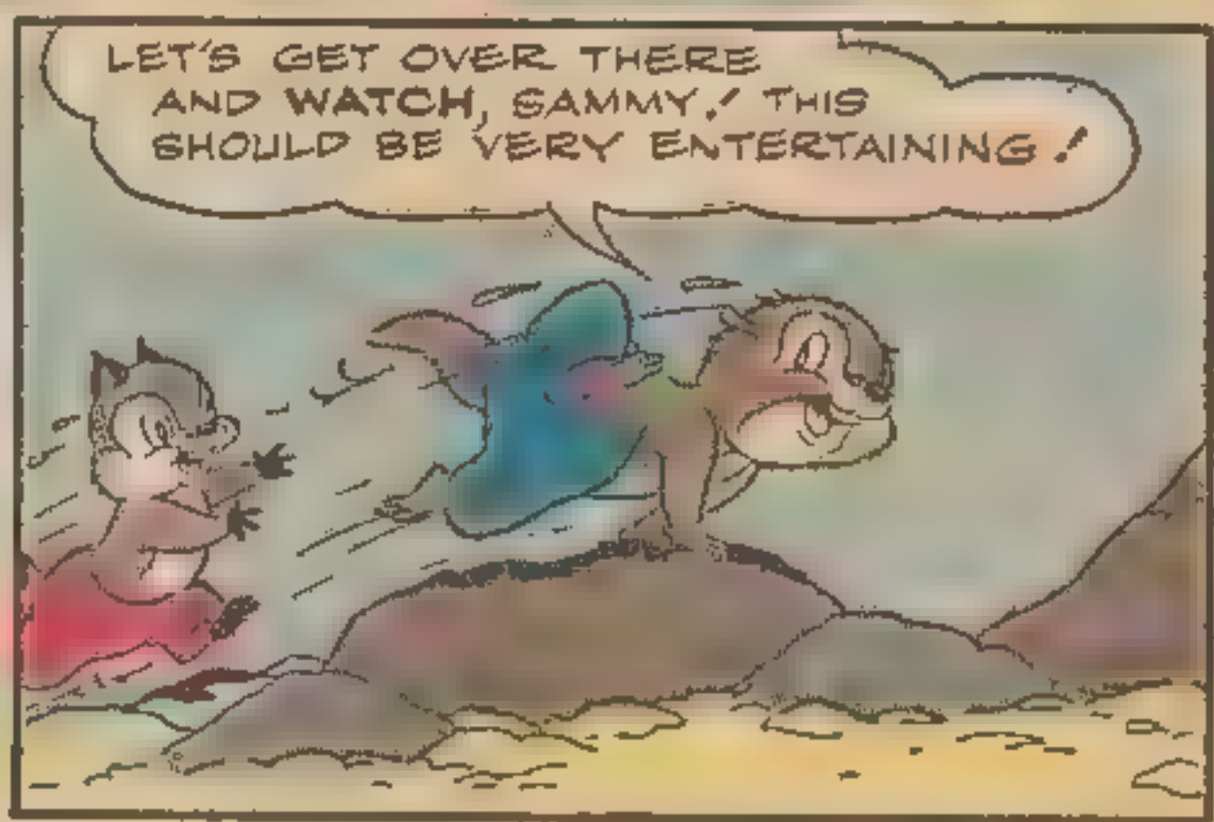

IN FACT, THEY'RE BIG BUDDIES.!
YOU MEAN, THEY WERE BIG BUDDIES! TEE HEE.!

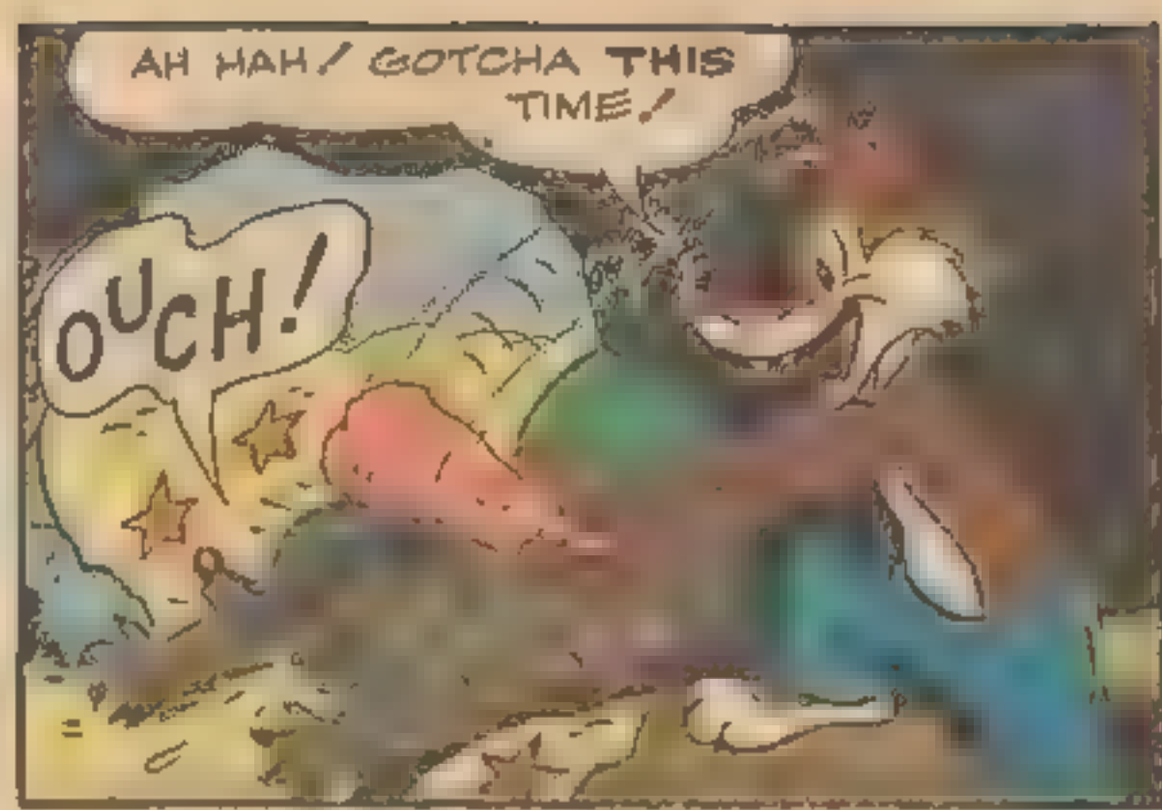
MISTER BADGER, WE FOUND THIS PAPER, AND WE WONDER IF IT'S ANYTHING IMPORTANT.!
LEMME SEE IT.!

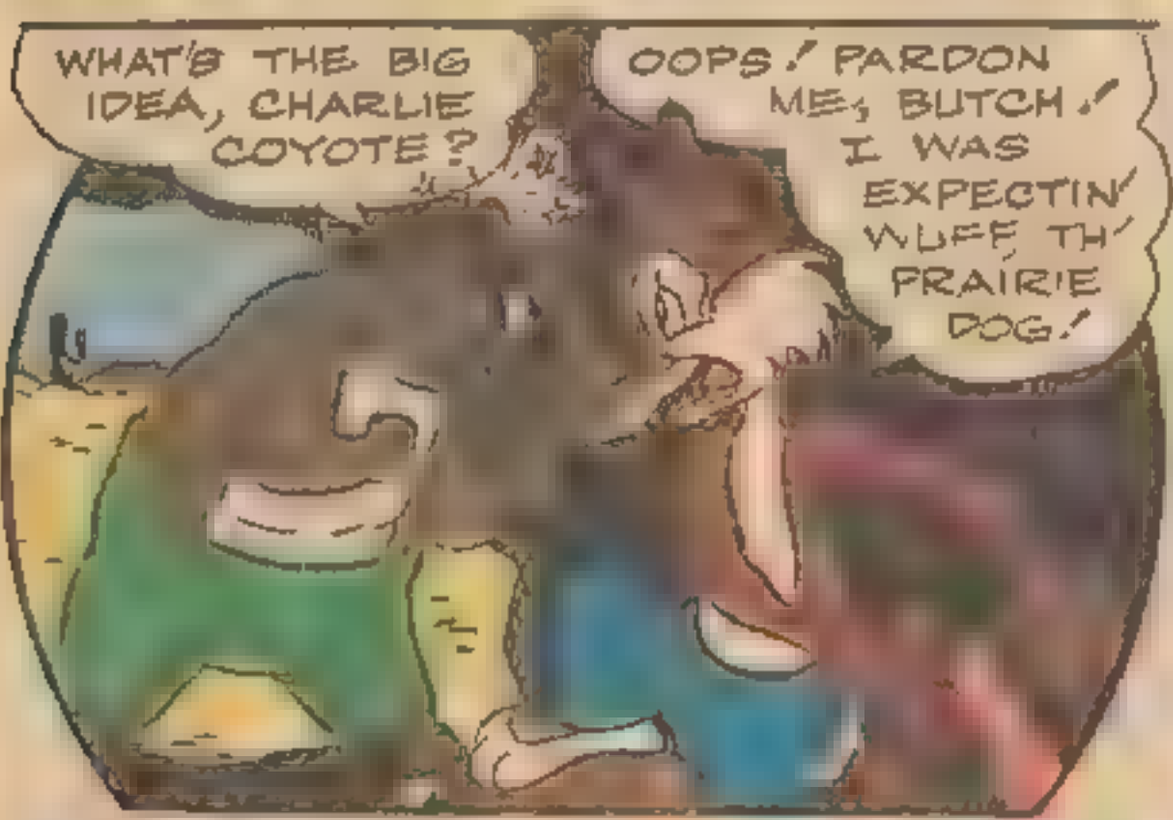
WE'RE JUST LITTLE KIDS AND DON'T KNOW HOW TO READ VERY GOOD.!
HEAP BIG INJUN HIDDEN GOLD MINE MAP!
HILL
X
CAVE WHERE IS HEAP BIG GOLD

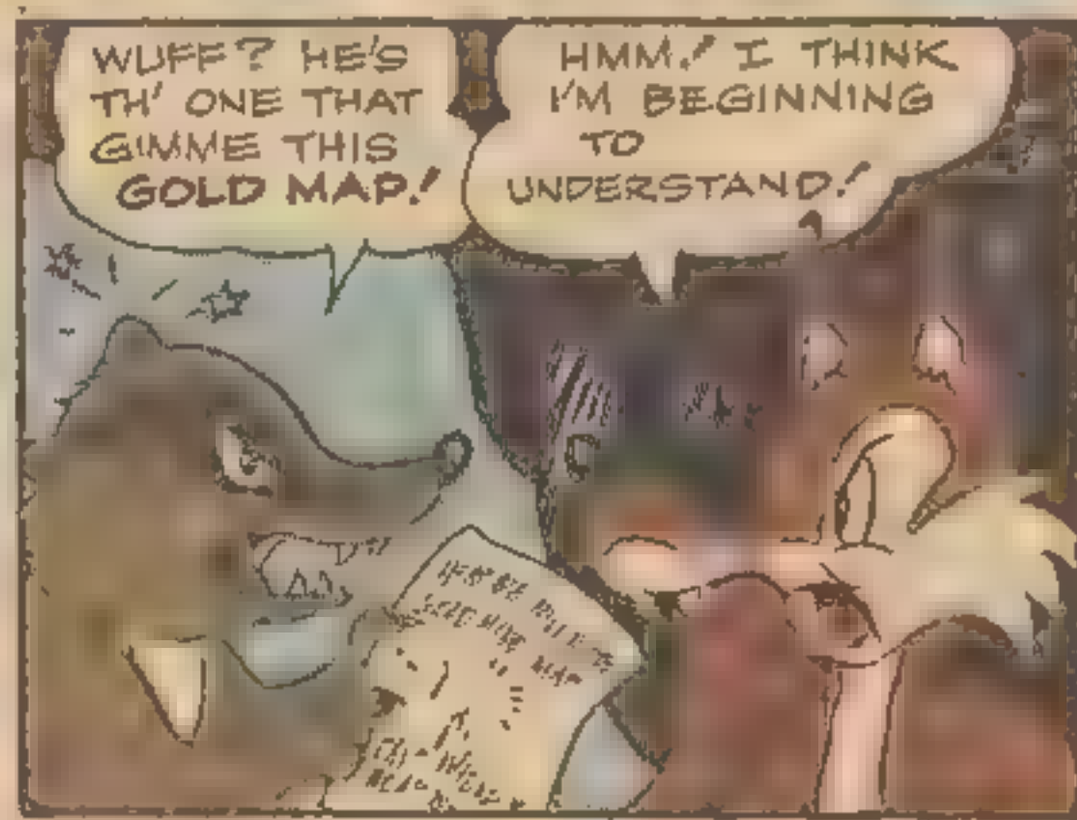

IS IT IMPORTANT?
ER... NO, KIDS.! JUST A PIECE OF WASTE PAPER.!

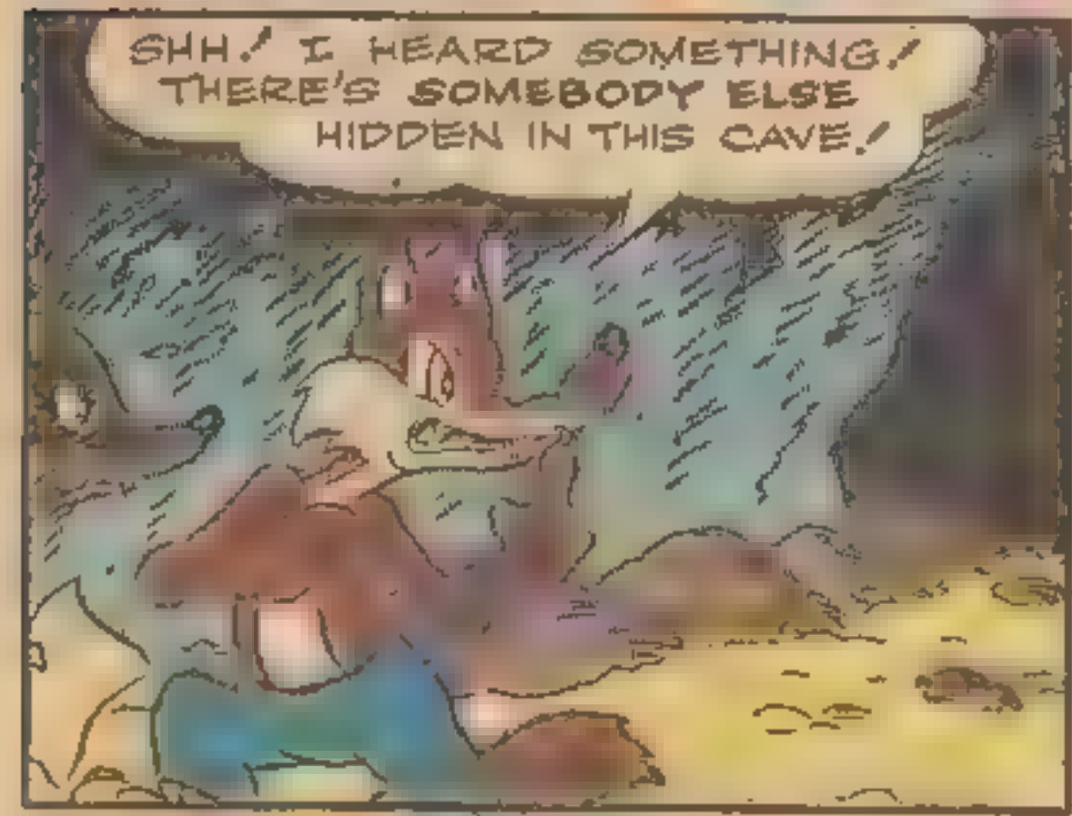
BUT I'LL KEEP IT.! WE DON'T WANT TH' PRAIRIE ALL CLUTTERED UP WITH STUFF LIKE THIS.!

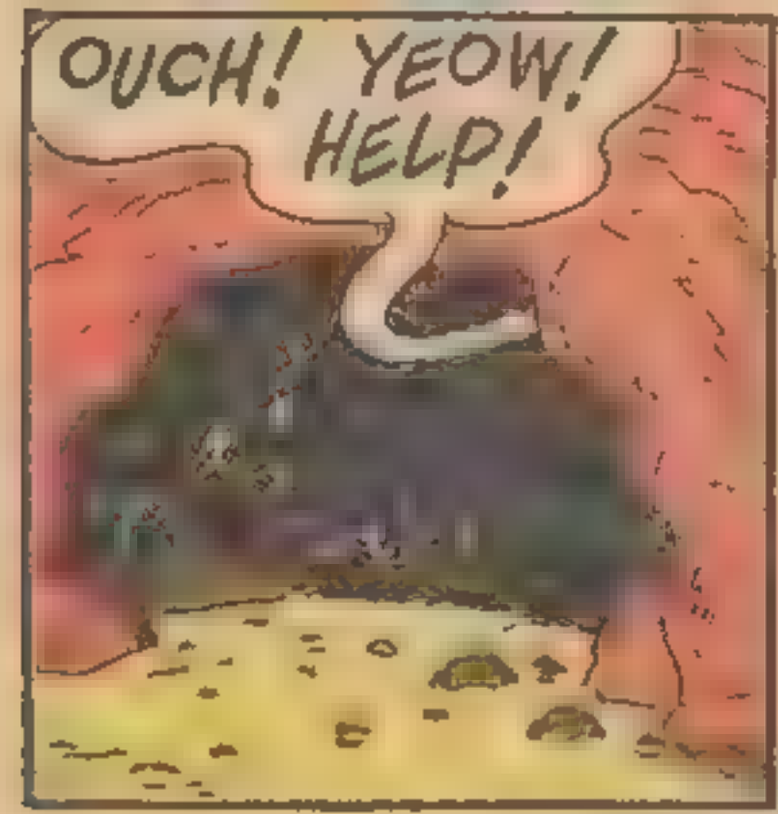

LET'S GET OVER THERE AND WATCH, SAMMY.! THIS SHOULD BE VERY ENTERTAINING.!











M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

Camping Out with Jerry

"Gosh, it's stuffy in here," said Jerry. "And hot!"

"Yeah," said Tuffy. "I have to take four deep breaths just to get one good lungful of air."

It was a warm day and except for the tiny entrance, the little mousehole apartment was without cooling ventilation.

"Maybe if we cut a hole in this side, we'd get cross-ventilation," said Tuffy, pointing to the outer wall.

"No, it would take us six months to cut through those heavy boards, and by that time the weather would be cold and we'd have to start plugging it up again," said Jerry.

"What are we going to do?" said Tuffy. "It's so hard to breath, I'm afraid to go to sleep at night for fear I'll stop."

"Well, it wouldn't be safe to sleep in any other part of the house," said Jerry, "not with Tom cat prowling around at night. He'd be sure to find us."

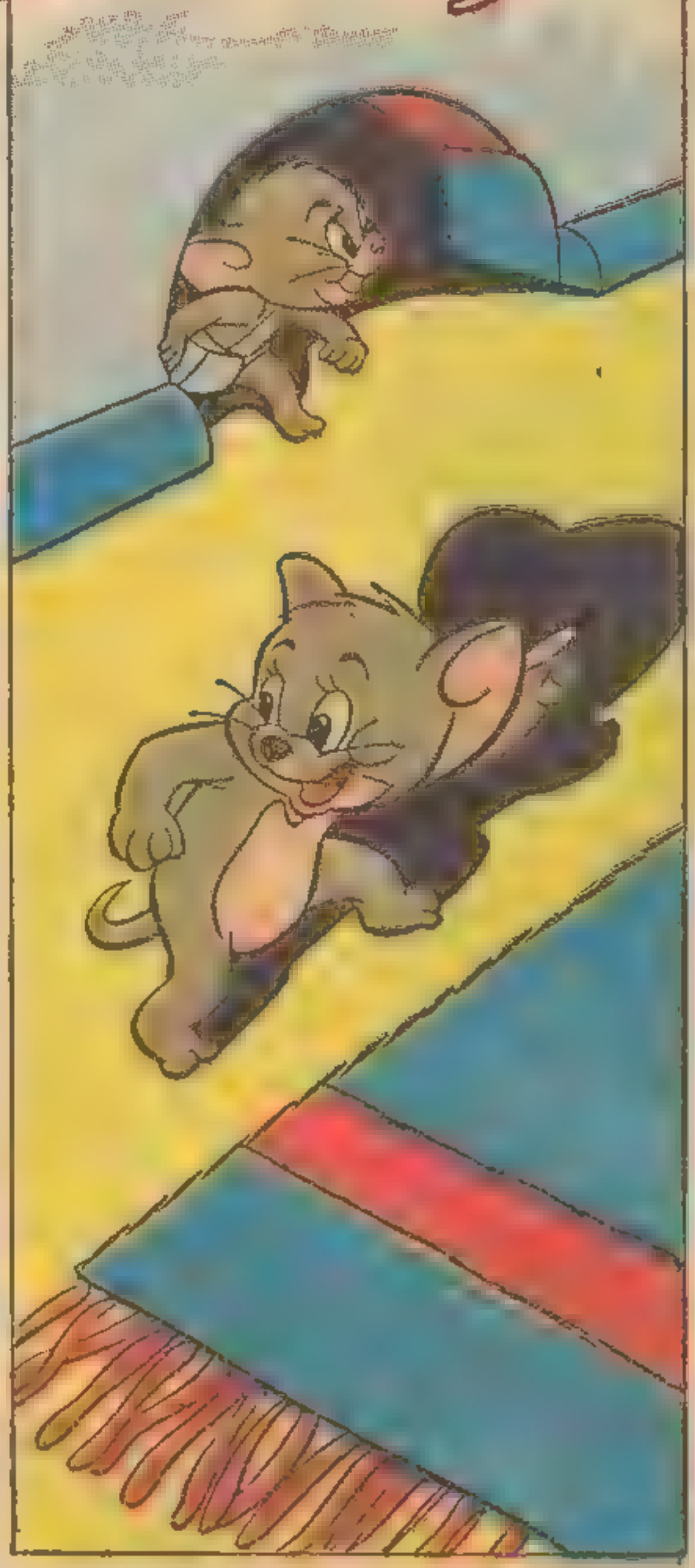
"Listen, Tuff," said Jerry excitedly, "how about camping out? Outside in the yard I mean!"

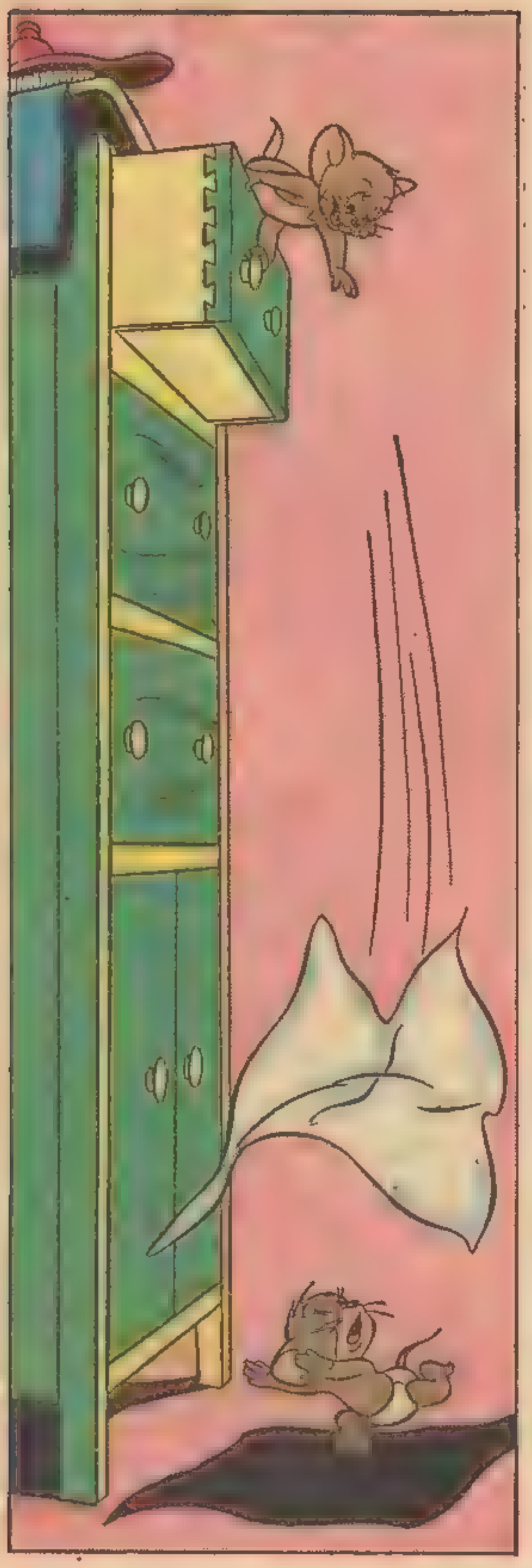
"Wow!" shouted Tuffy. "That's a wonderful idea. We've never done that before!"

"Let's get busy then," said Jerry, starting for the door. "We got to dig up a tent somewhere."

"Oh," Tuffy groaned, "we need a tent, huh? Where are we going to find a tent around here?"

"Follow me, pal," said Jerry as he quietly disappeared through the mousehole.





Making their way carefully, with an eye out for Tom, the two little mice soon found themselves in a large bedroom. Jerry scampered toward a bureau that stood in a corner and quickly climbed to the top drawer. It was open slightly and Jerry wriggled out of sight. The next moment a large square of folded cloth was shoved out of the drawer and flopped down on Tuffy who was standing below peering up.

"Look out below!" shouted Jerry gaily as he poked his head out of the drawer.

"Now he tells me," came a muffled voice from under the handkerchief.

Jerry quickly descended to the floor and dragged the handkerchief off the stunned Tuffy.

"Gosh, I thought for a moment the ceiling had fallen," said Tuffy, greatly relieved.

"C'mon, help me drag this back to our apartment," said Jerry. "We've been around here long enough."

The little mice rolled up the handkerchief like a carpet and trotted off to their mousehole.

"All right," said Jerry when they had dropped their burden. "Let's go, we've got a few more things that we will need."

A little while later they returned with a long pencil and a half-dozen or so thumbtacks.

"Well, we're all set, Tuffy," said Jerry. "Tonight you're going to fill your tired little lungs with cool night air."

"O boy, I can hardly wait," said Tuffy.

Evening came finally, and when it got sufficiently dark and the coast was clear, the little mice carried their camping equipment through the crack in the screen door and out to the back yard. A little patch of open ground was selected in the tall grass, and in the center of this Jerry stuck the pencil. Then the handkerchief was thrown over the pencil and secured by its corners to the ground with the thumbtacks.

"There, how do you like it, Tuff?" said Jerry.

"It's perfect," cried Tuffy, after carefully examining the tent. "Boy, this sure is gonna be fun."

In a little while it was pitch dark outdoors and except for the whispering of the grass and the leaves above when the breeze touched them, all was silence.

Inside the little handkerchief tent Jerry and Tuffy lay sprawled on the ground. This was the first time they had ever spent the night away from their little apartment inside the big house.

"This is the life," said Tuffy dreamily. "We should have thought of this before."

"We'll just have to do it more often, that's all," said Jerry, thinking of future summer nights that they could spend out-of-doors.

"Quiet, isn't it?" said Tuffy.

"Yeah," said Jerry.

Suddenly there was a loud "who-o-o-o-o!" that seemed to come from right over the tent.

"Wh-what was that?" cried Tuffy, jumping to his feet.

"Sh-h-h-h, I-I don't know," whispered Jerry.

"Who-o-o-o-o!"

"There it is again!" chattered Tuffy. He was very frightened.

"It's nothing, Tuff,—probably the wind through the trees—or—something," said Jerry.

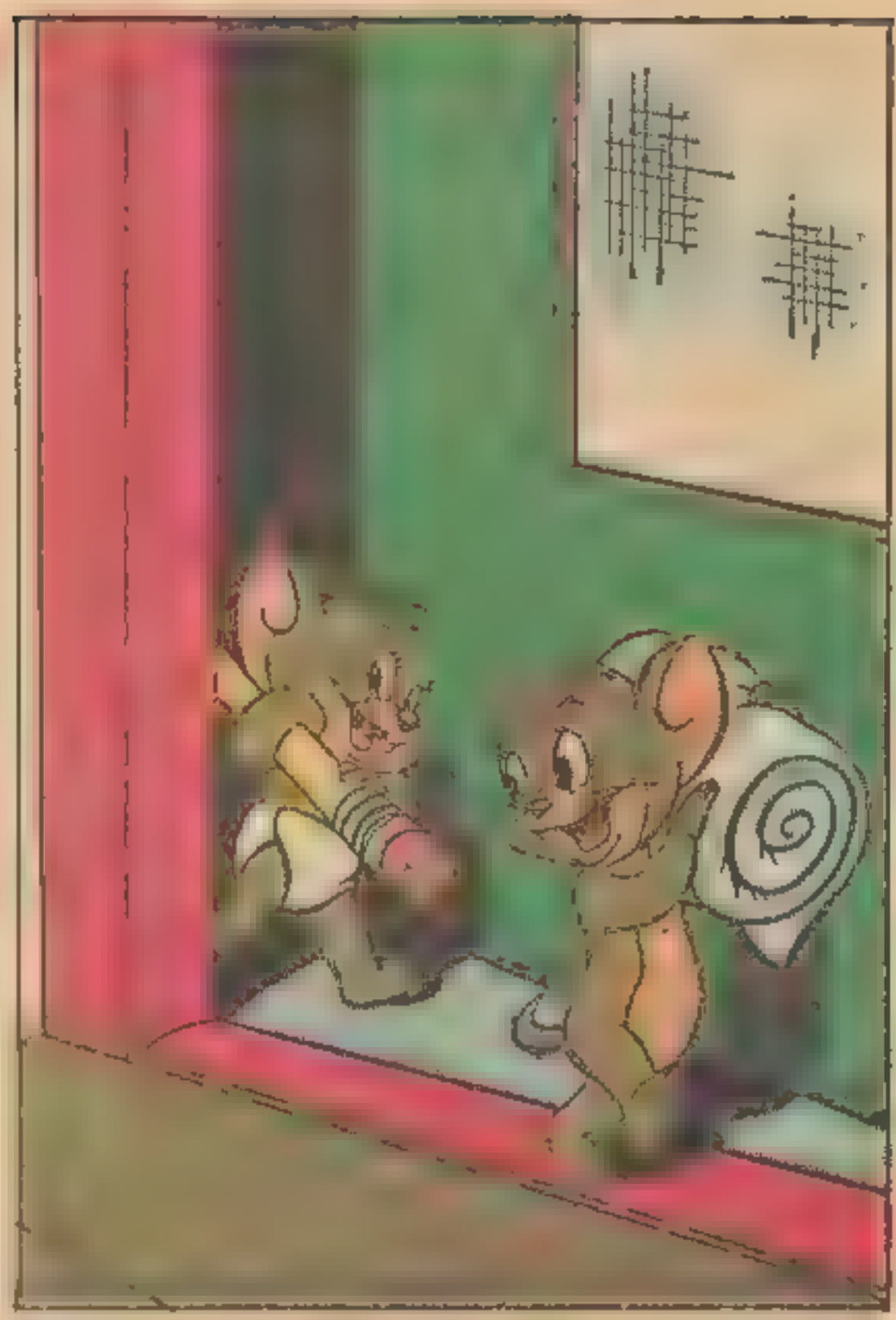
Tuffy cautiously stuck his head out the opening in the tent and peered around. There was a whoosh and a huge dark shape with two round flaming eyes dove straight down at Tuffy's head. With a scream of fright Tuffy fell back into the tent.

"It—it came out of the sky, Jerry! It was Tom cat—with wings! It tried to grab me!" Tuffy was almost hysterical.

"Pull yourself together, Tuffy," cried Jerry. "It's only your imagination."

"It's not my imagination," cried Tuffy. "I saw it, I tell you!"

"Wait, I'll look," said Jerry. He then stuck his head out of the tent and looked around.



There was a louder whoosh this time and Jerry barely pulled in his head as the terrible black thing dove out of the sky. The little tent suddenly closed around the thoroughly frightened little mice and they felt themselves gathered up as though in a sack.

Then, tumbling this way and that, they seemed to rise into the air; the mice and the pencil inside the handkerchief.

"What's going on anyway?" screamed Tuffy.

"Somebody's got us trapped in this handkerchief," cried Jerry.

Cowering together in the darkness, the mice felt themselves being lifted up and up. Suddenly the sack was dropped, but it fell only a few inches. The handkerchief settled down over the frightened mice and they could feel something moving around above them.

Then the handkerchief was pulled away and the little mice sat up. They were sitting in a bowl made of sticks and leaves. There was something else in the bowl too—the giant black thing with the fiery eyes. The great round head with cat's ears came closer and closer until they could see a terrible hooked beak.

Then, with a wild shriek, Tuffy grabbed the pencil and thrust it forward into the big face. With a cry of pain the monster leaped into the air, cracked his head on a branch overhead, and tumbled down through the branches below.

"Quick, Tuffy," cried Jerry, "grab those two corners of the handkerchief!"

Then, with Jerry holding the opposite corners, the mice leaped out into space. Down, down, down they floated on their make-shift parachute till they landed as lightly as a feather on the grass far below.

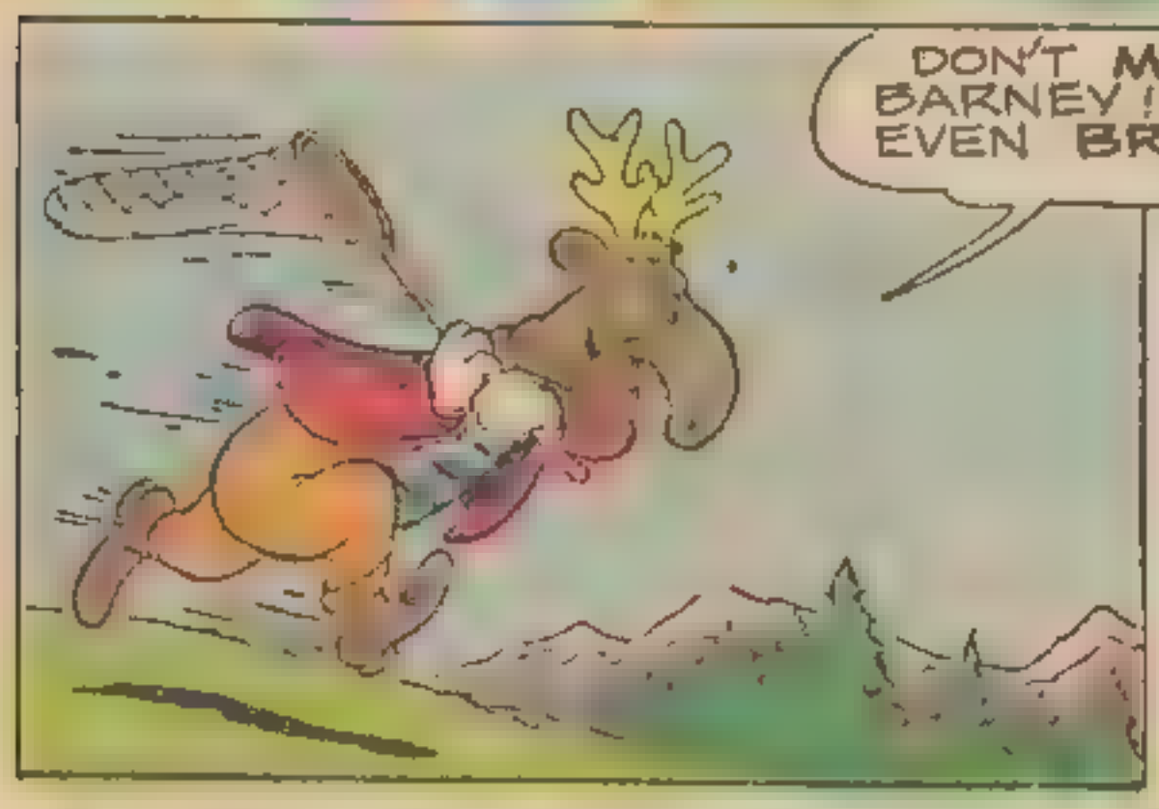
Without looking around, the little mice streaked for the crack in the screen door and then to their own safe little mousehole apartment.

"Whew," said Jerry, once they were safe inside their home, "never again—at least Tom cat can't fly!"

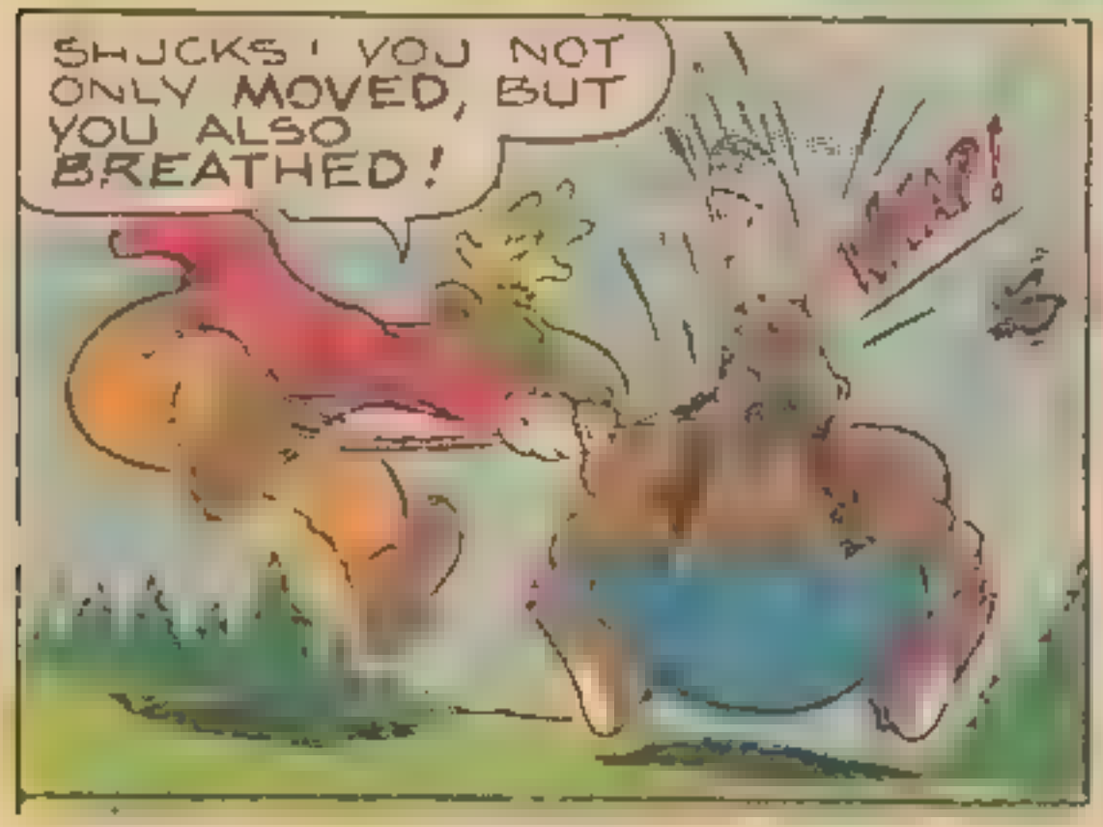
M-G-M CARTOONS
present
BARNEY BEAR
and
BENNY BURRO

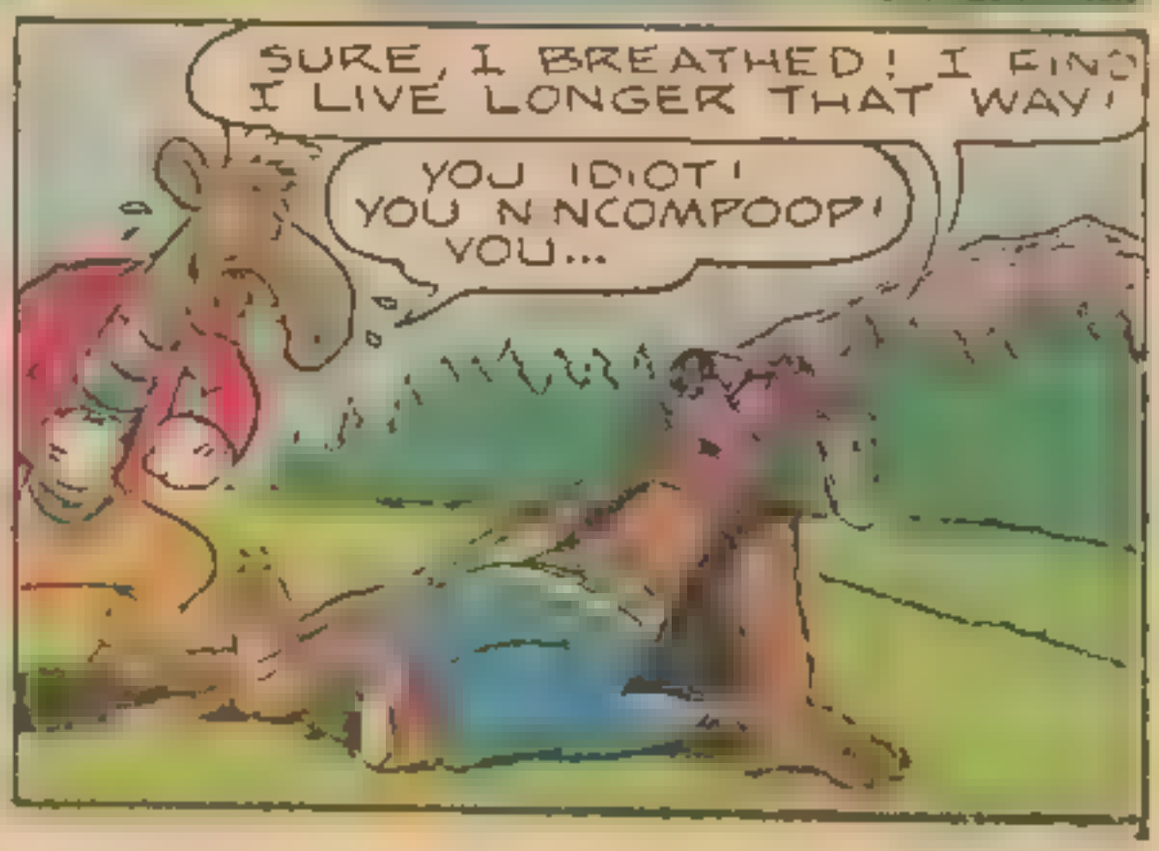
MY! WHAT A PRETTY BUTTERFLY!

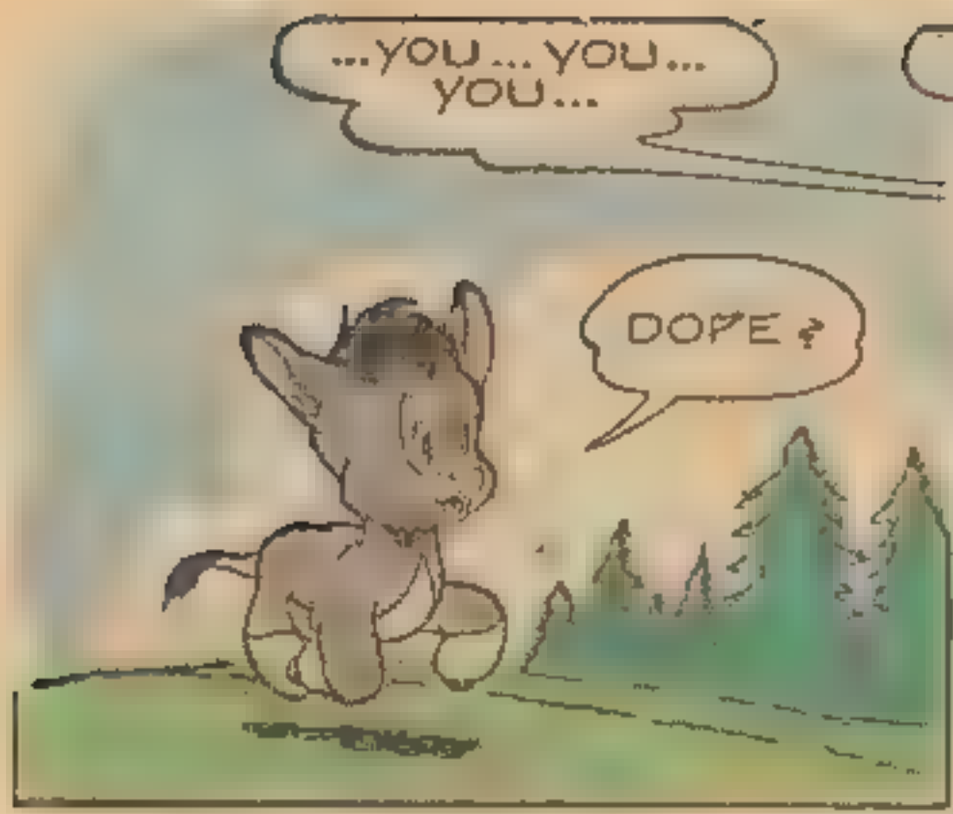
FRIENDLY LI'L CRITTER, TOO!

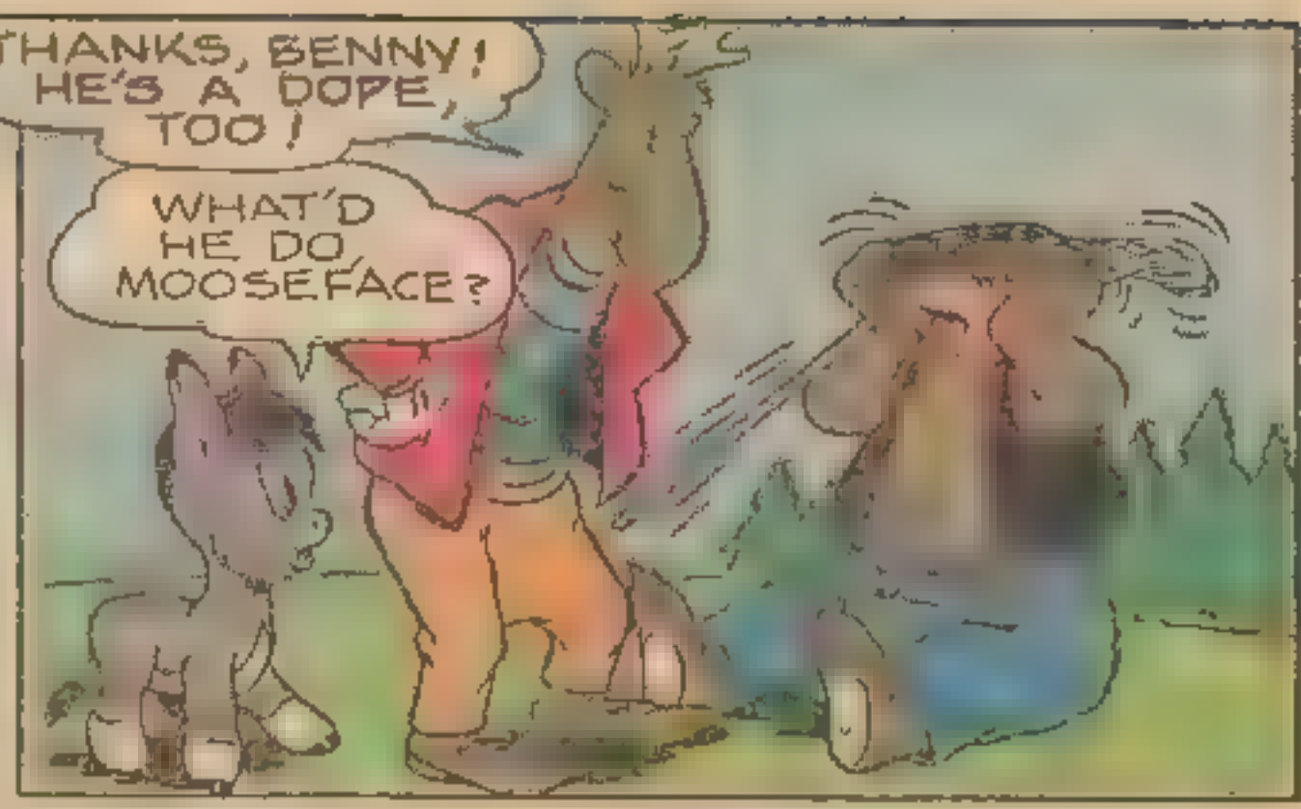

DON'T MOVE, BARNEY! DON'T EVEN BREATHE!

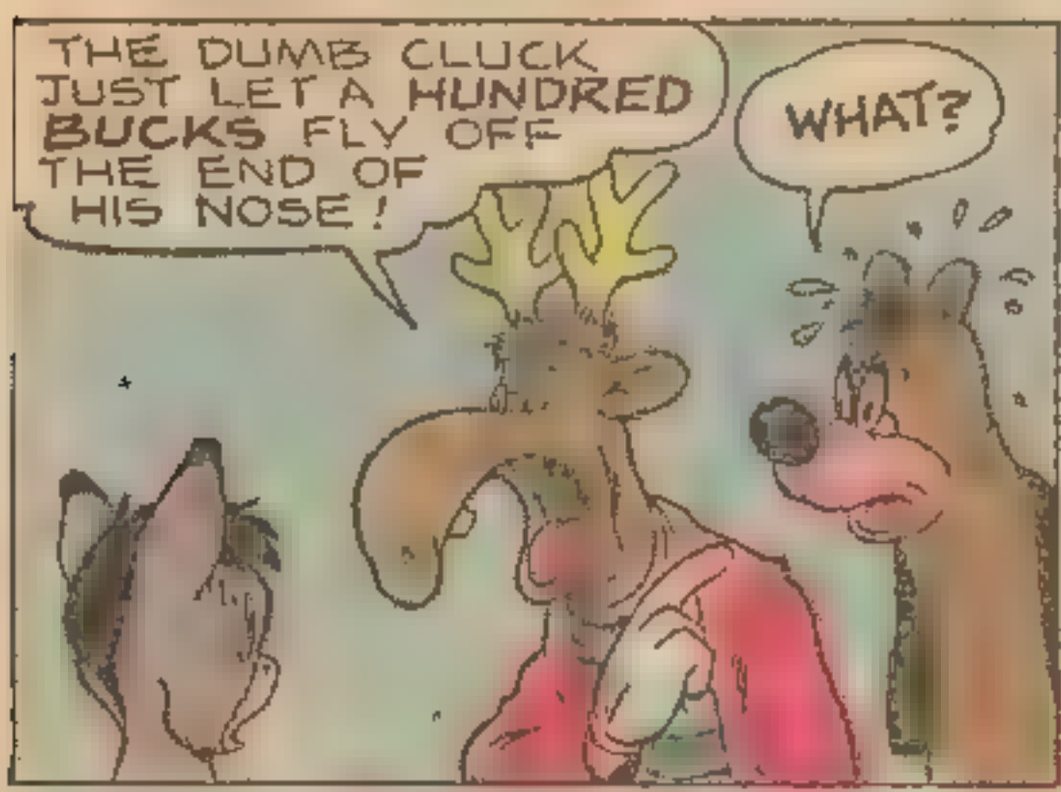
HUH?

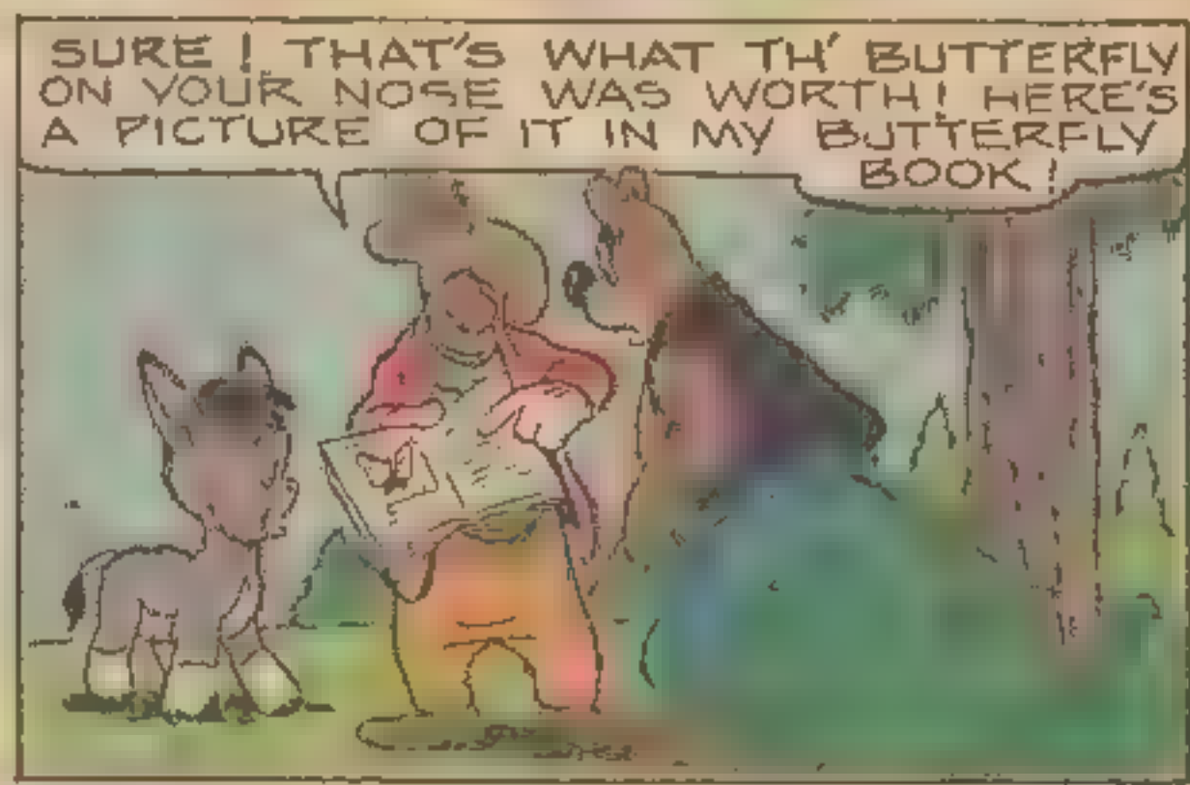

SHUCKS! YOU NOT ONLY MOVED, BUT YOU ALSO BREATHED!


SURE, I BREATHED! I FIND I LIVE LONGER THAT WAY!
YOU IDIOT! YOU NINCOMPOOP! YOU...

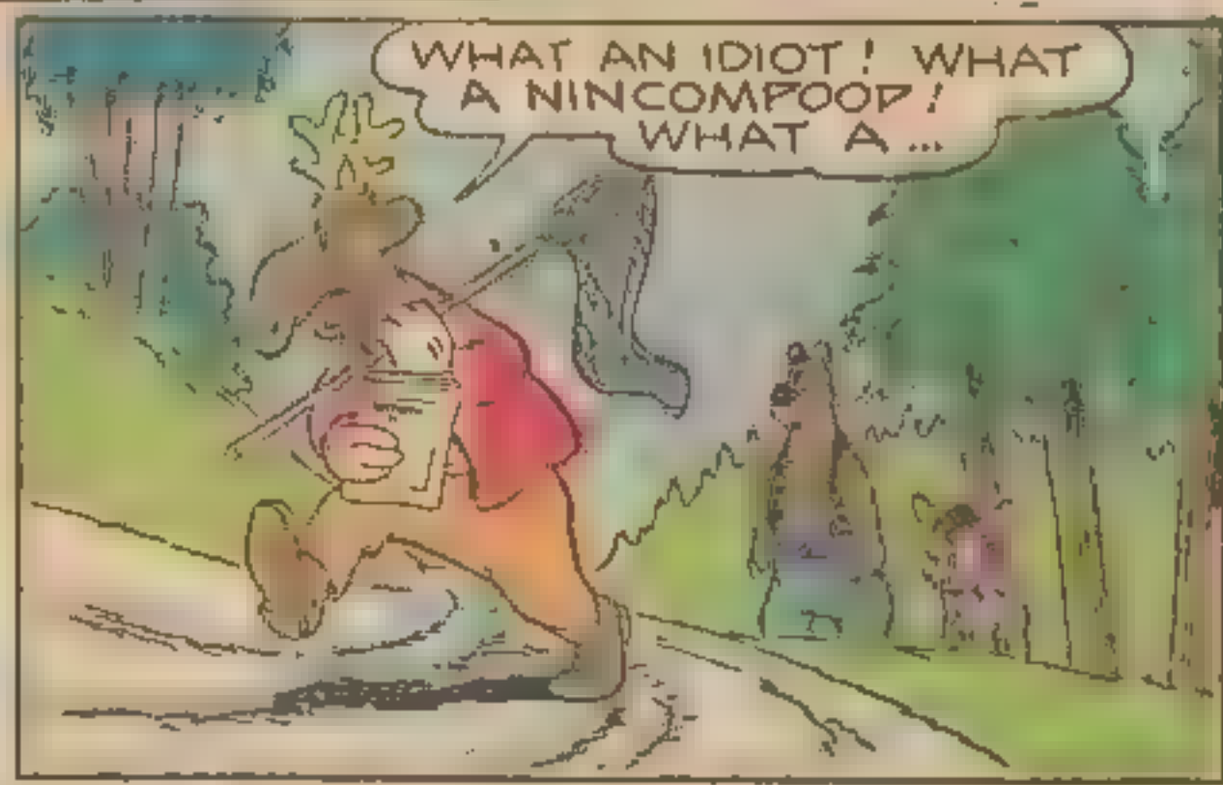

...YOU...YOU...
YOU...
DOPE?

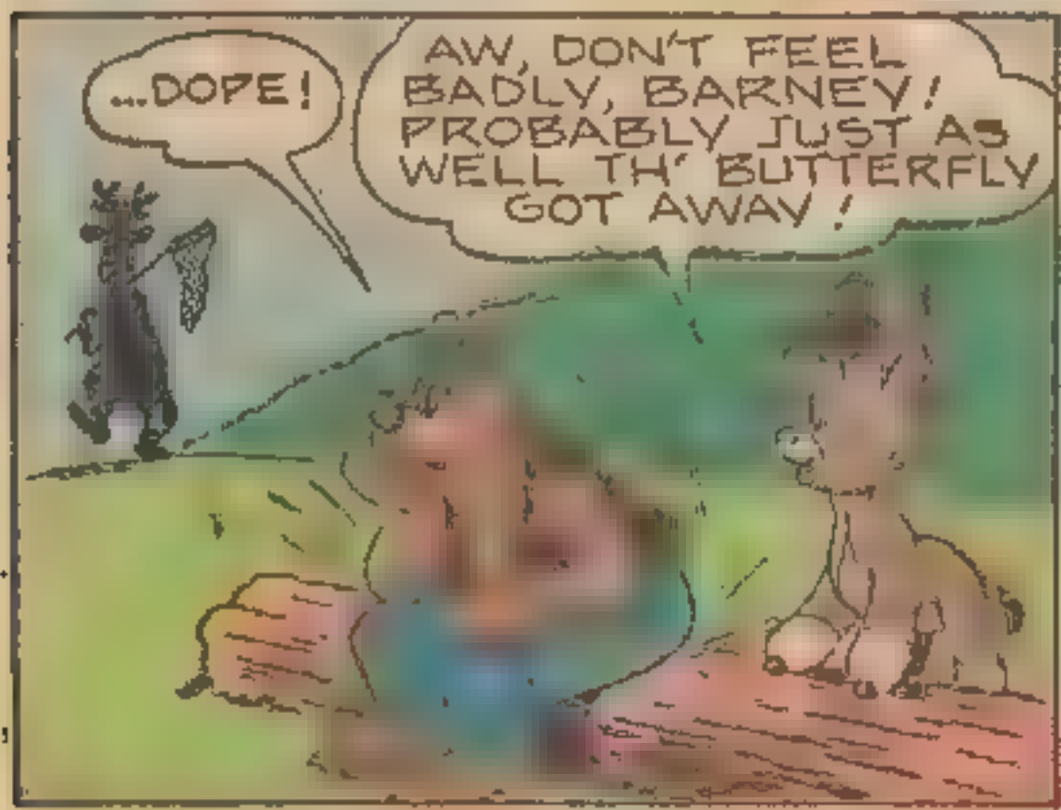

THANKS, BENNY! HE'S A DOPE, TOO!
WHAT'D HE DO, MOOSEFACE?

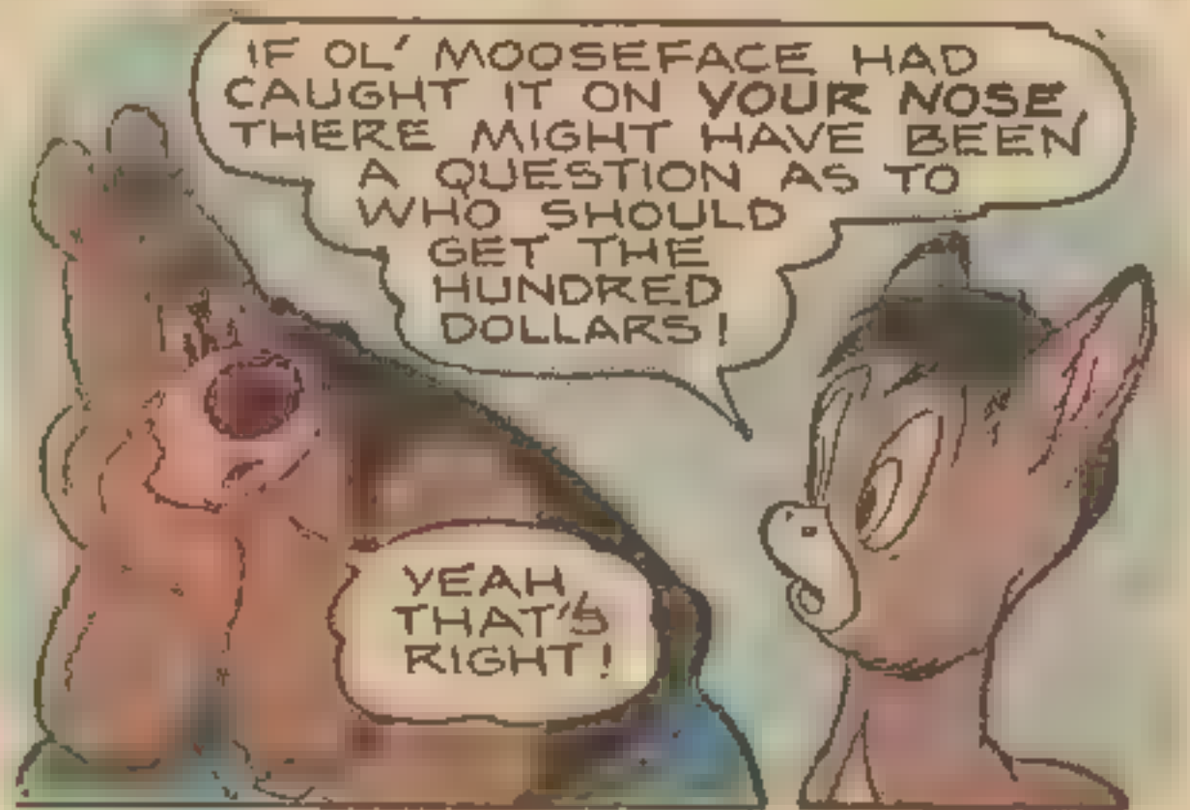

THE DUMB CLUCK JUST LET A HUNDRED BUCKS FLY OFF THE END OF HIS NOSE!
WHAT?

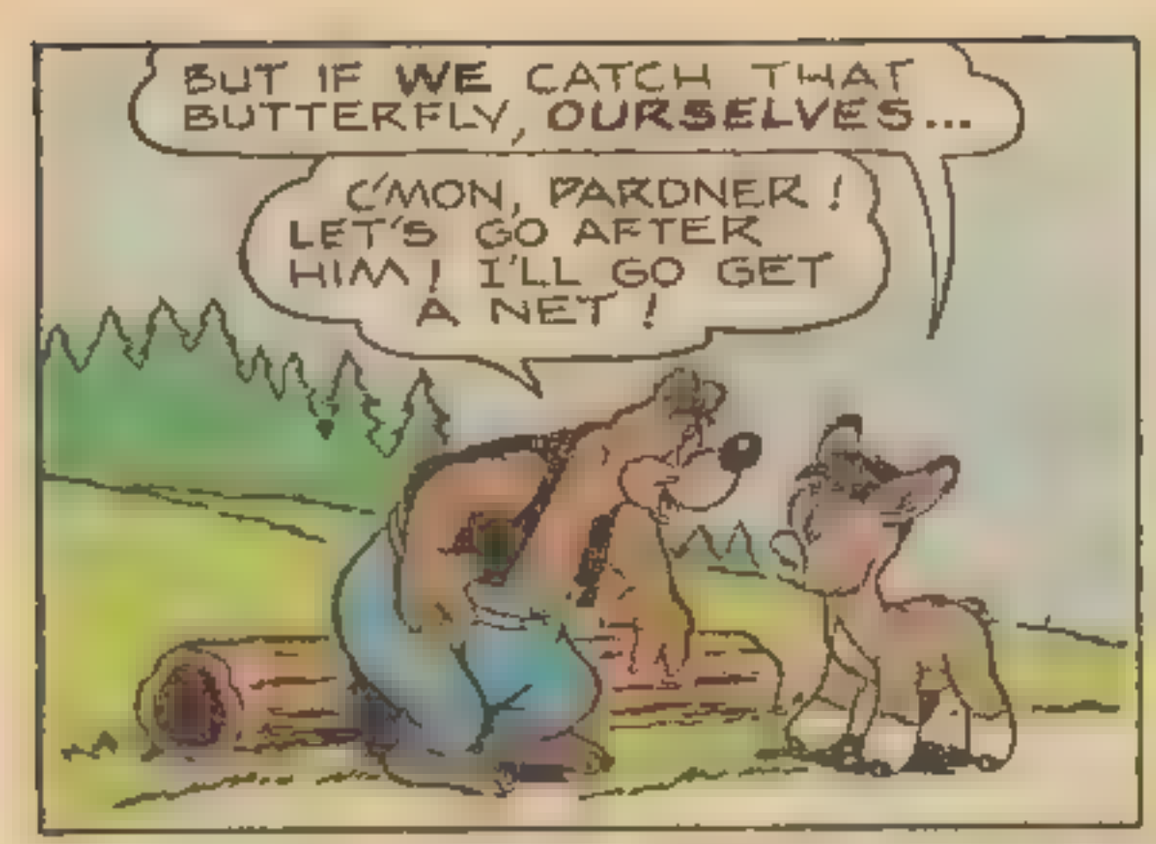

SURE! THAT'S WHAT TH' BUTTERFLY ON YOUR NOSE WAS WORTH! HERE'S A PICTURE OF IT IN MY BUTTERFLY BOOK!

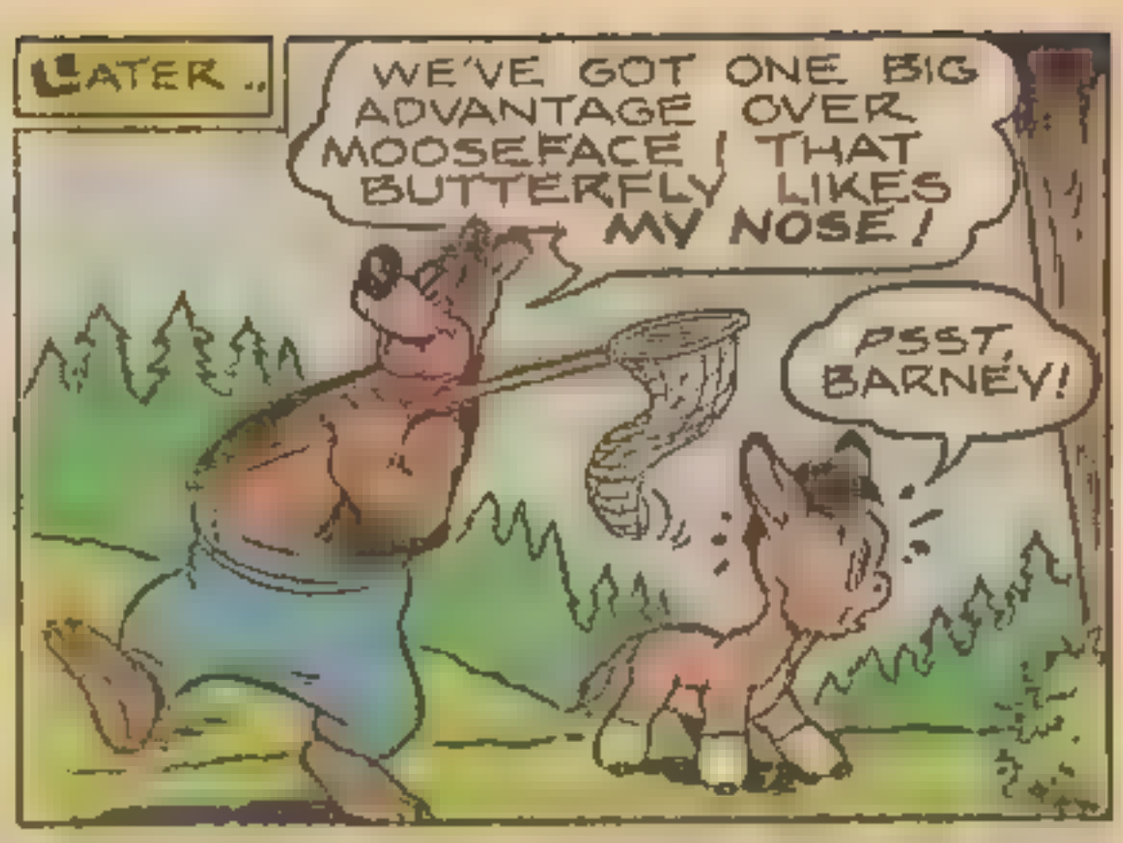
GIANT PYBONA BUTTERFLY VALUE... $100

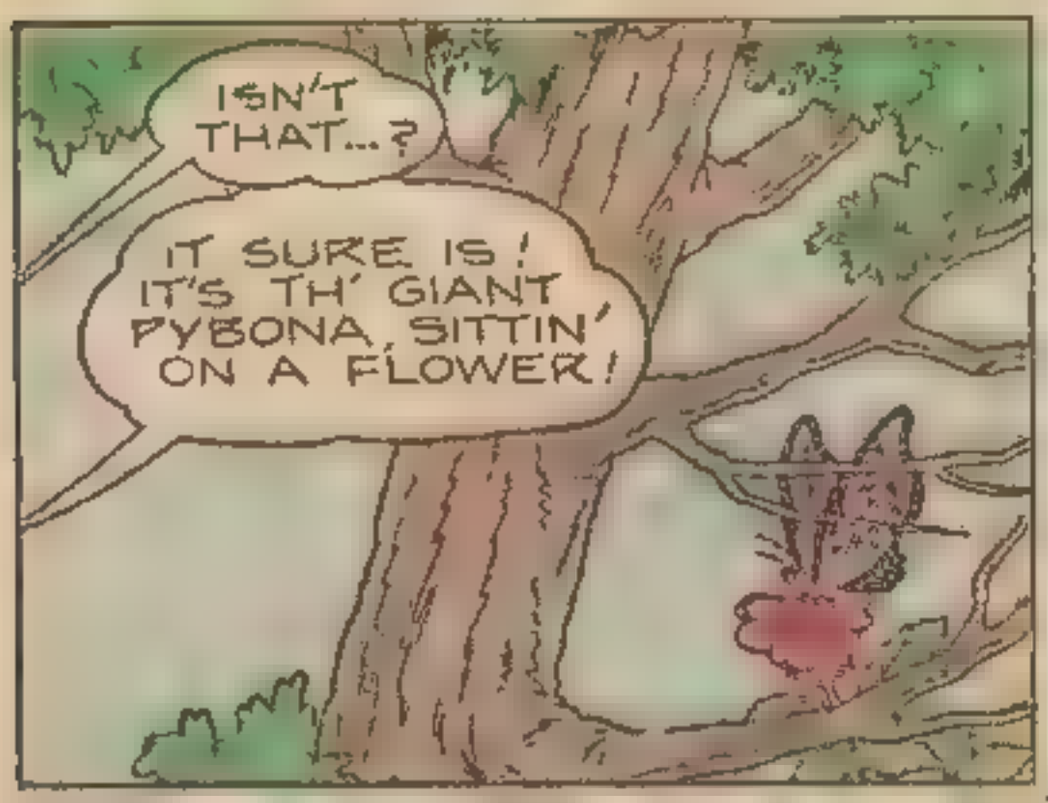

WHAT AN IDIOT! WHAT A NINCOMPOOP! WHAT A...

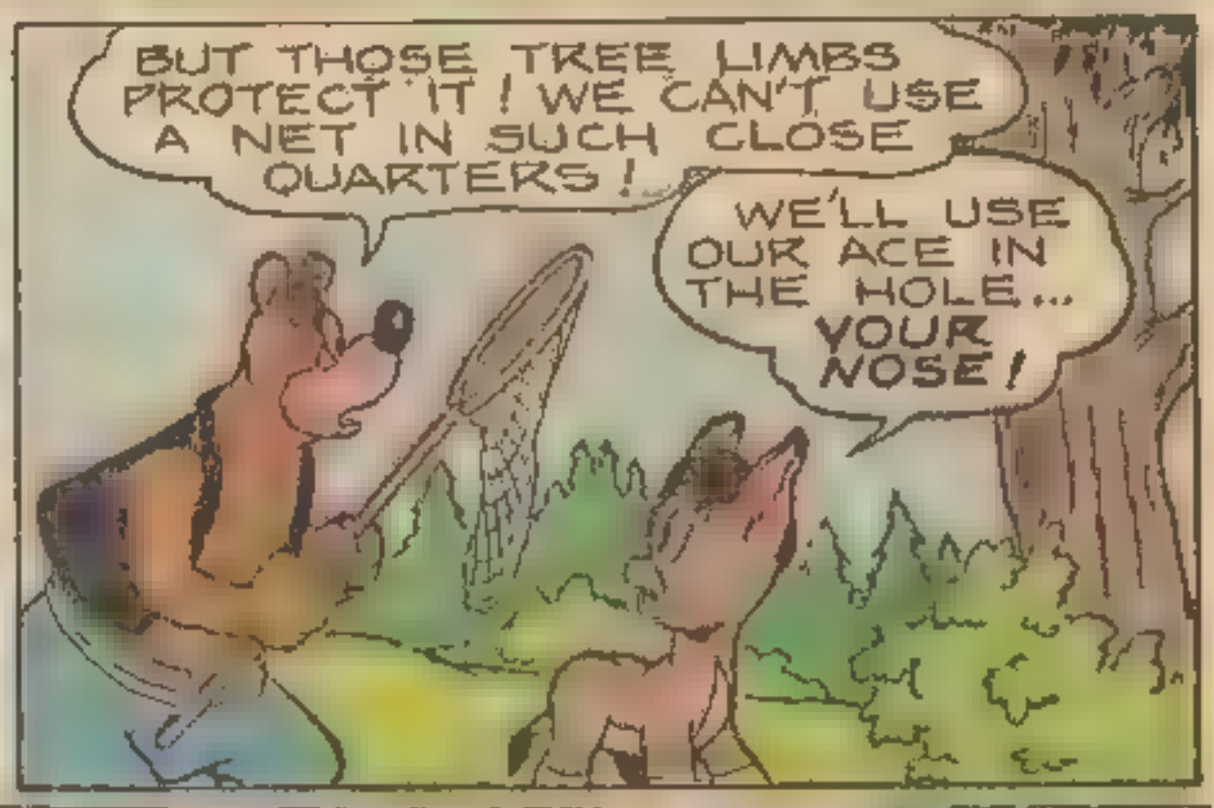

...DOPE!
AW, DON'T FEEL BADLY, BARNEY! PROBABLY JUST AS WELL TH' BUTTERFLY GOT AWAY!

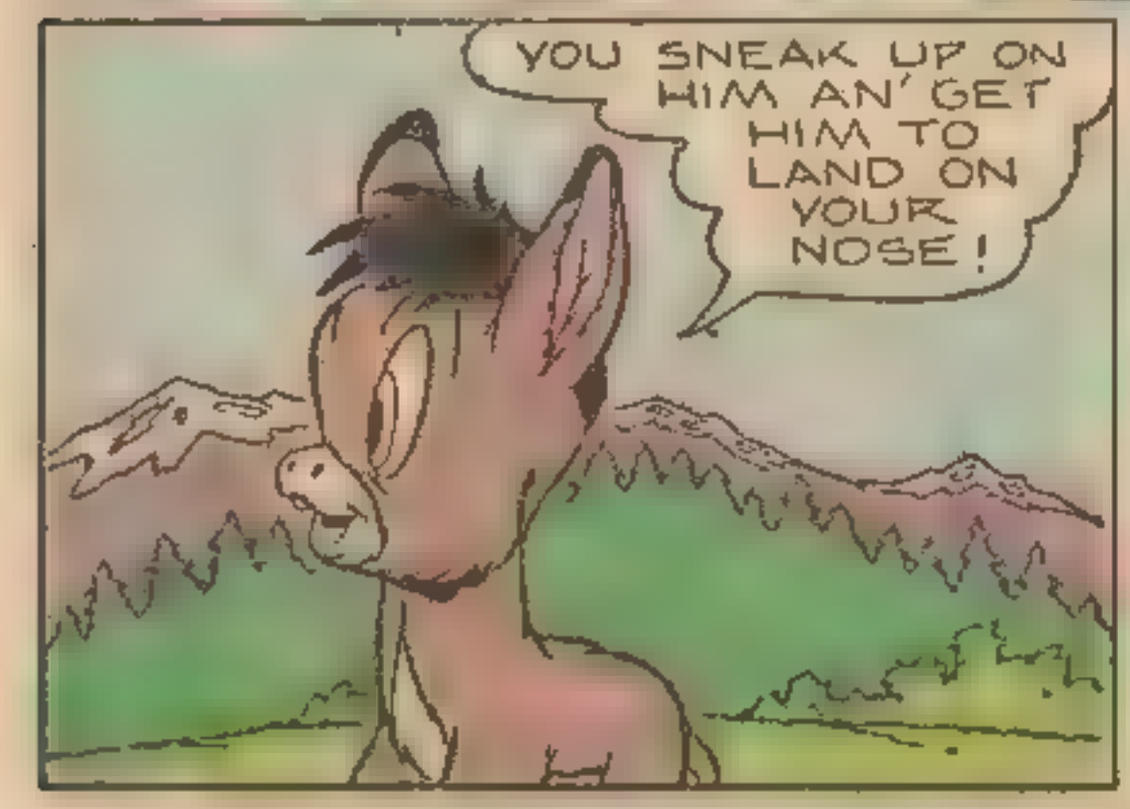

IF OL' MOOSEFACE HAD CAUGHT IT ON YOUR NOSE, THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A QUESTION AS TO WHO SHOULD GET THE HUNDRED DOLLARS!
YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT!

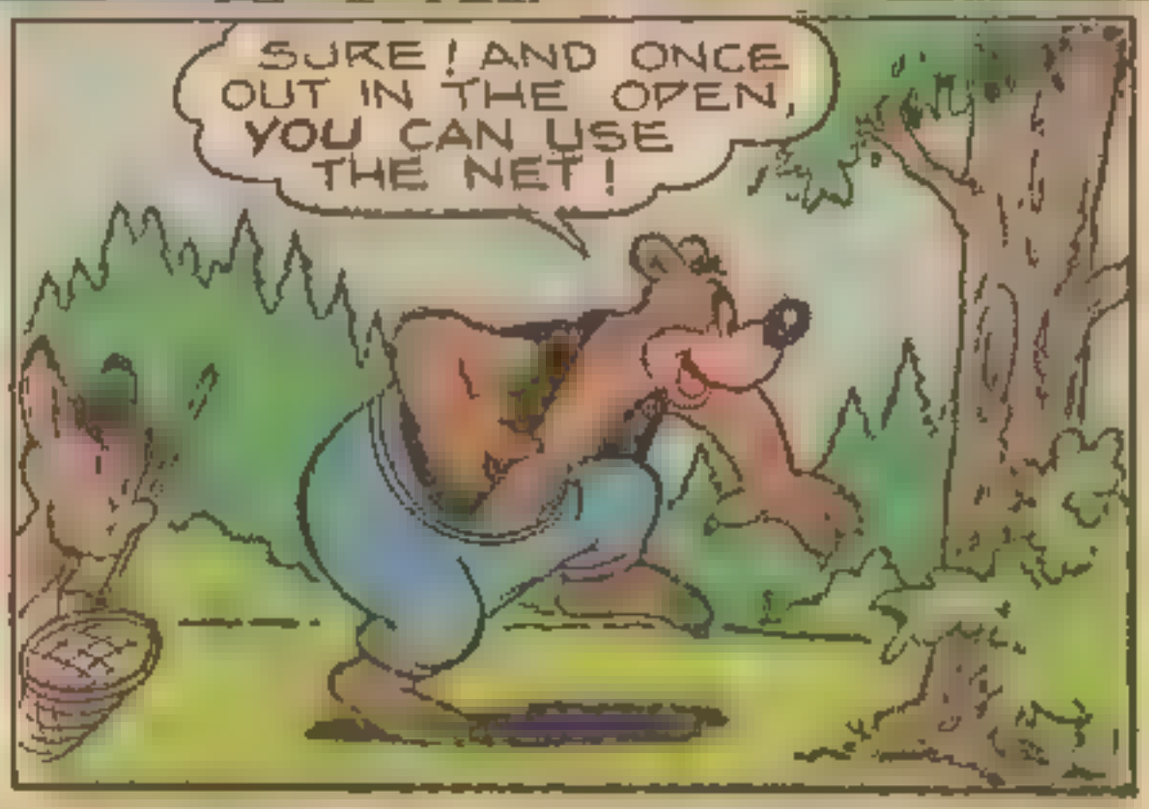

BUT IF WE CATCH THAT BUTTERFLY, OURSELVES...
C'MON, PARDNER! LET'S GO AFTER HIM! I'LL GO GET A NET!

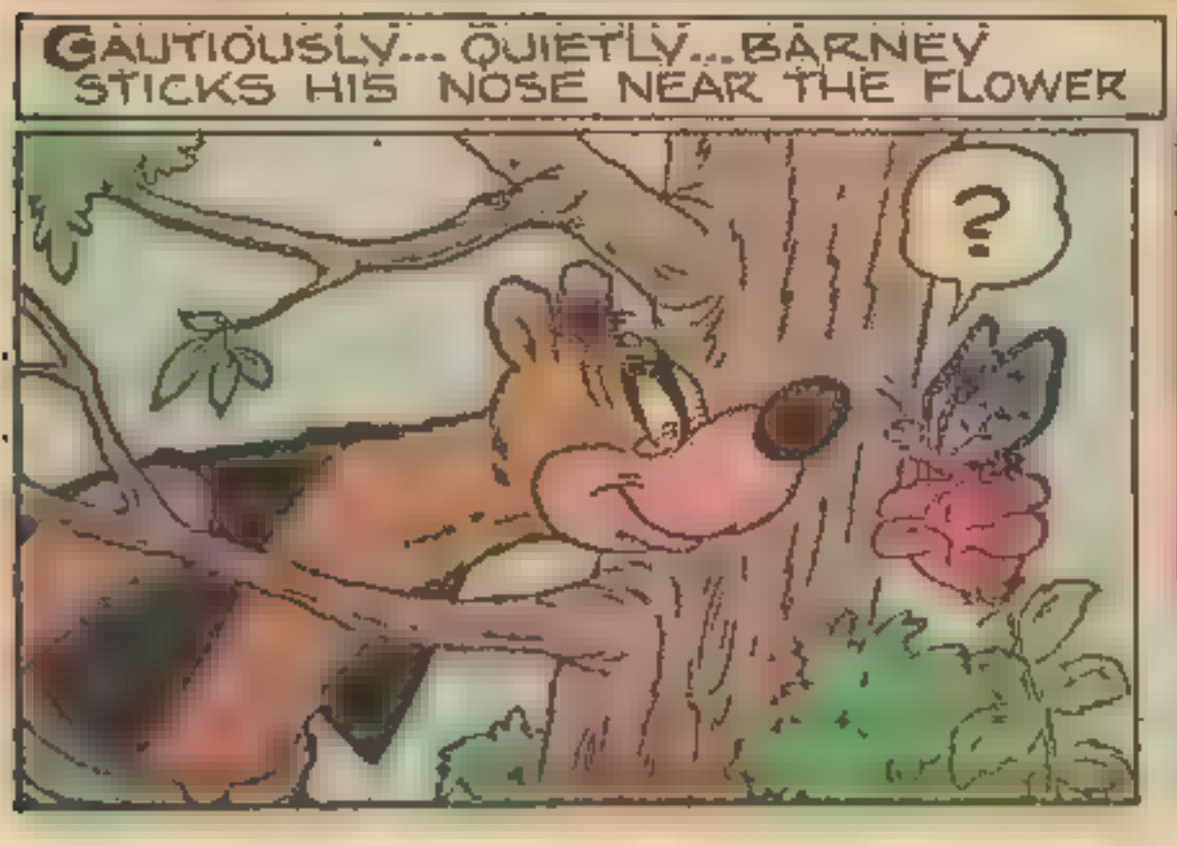

LATER..
WE'VE GOT ONE BIG ADVANTAGE OVER MOOSEFACE! THAT BUTTERFLY LIKES MY NOSE!
PSST, BARNEY!

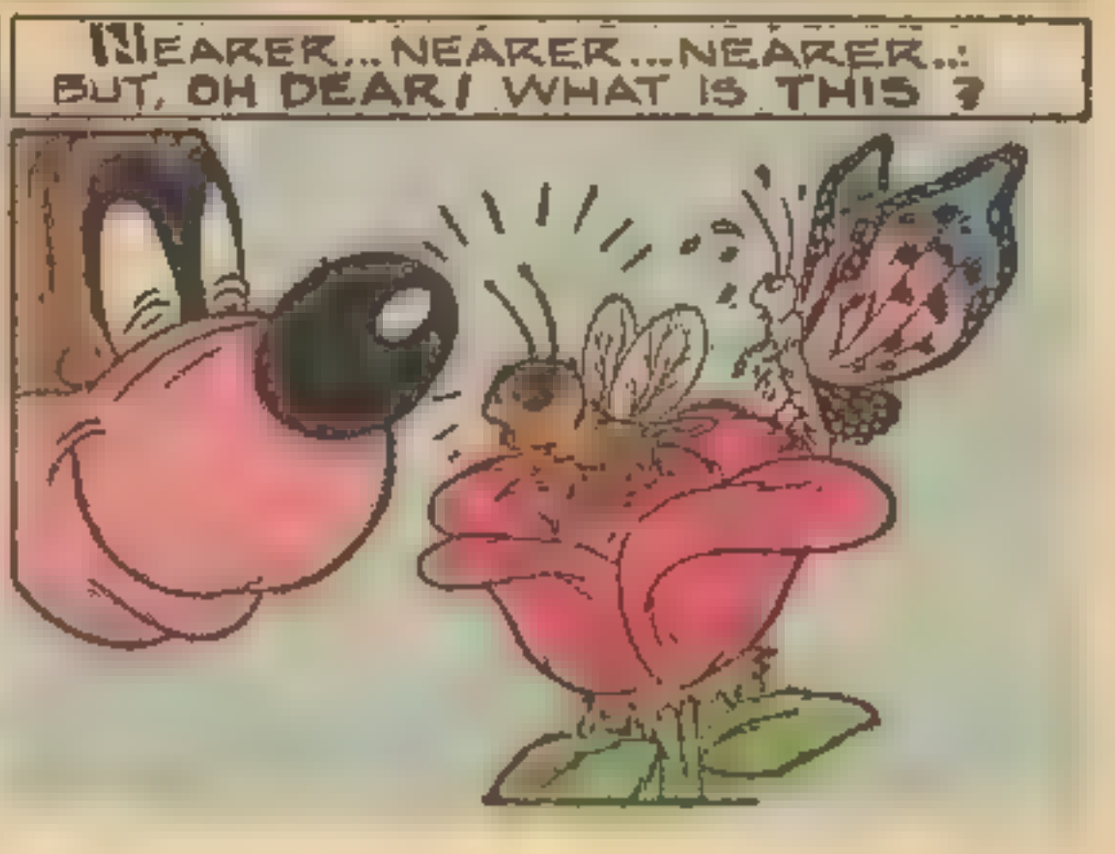

ISN'T THAT...?
IT SURE IS! IT'S TH' GIANT PYBONA, SITTIN' ON A FLOWER!

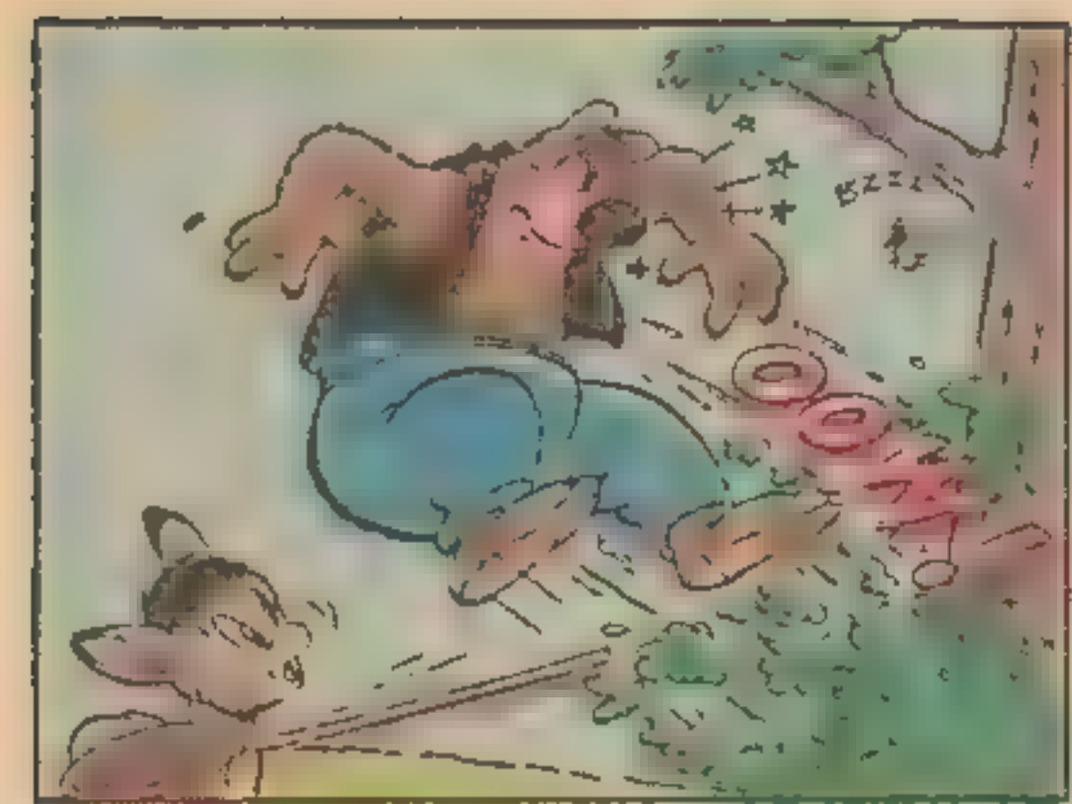

BUT THOSE TREE LIMBS PROTECT IT! WE CAN'T USE A NET IN SUCH CLOSE QUARTERS!
WE'LL USE OUR ACE IN THE HOLE... YOUR NOSE!

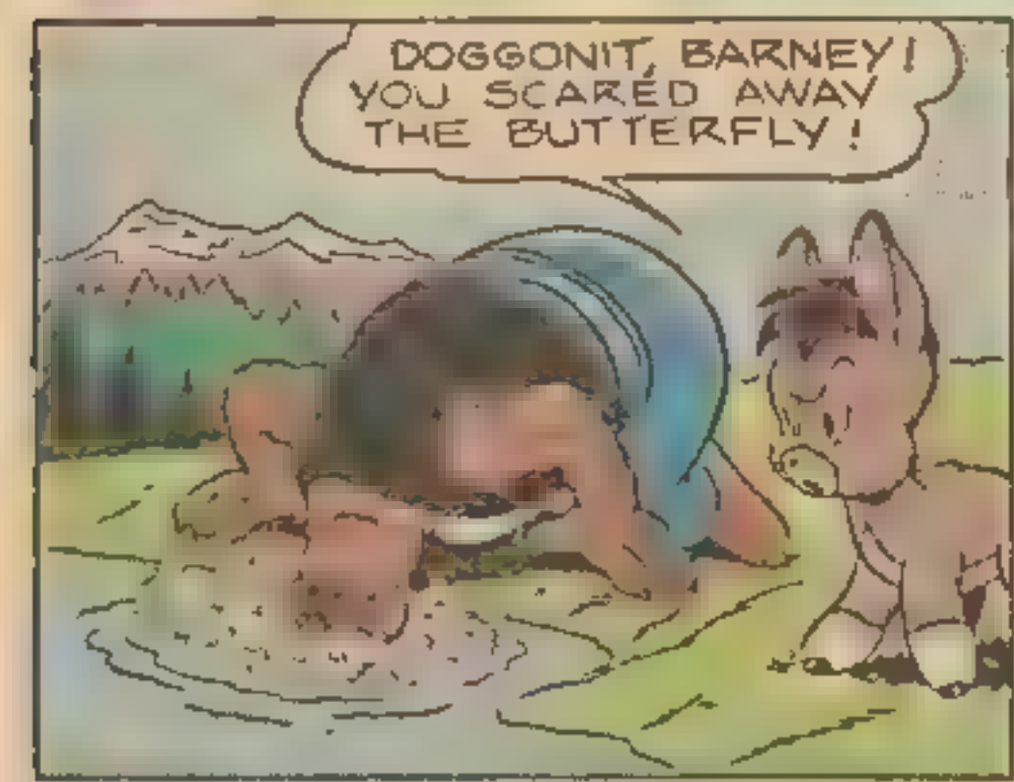

YOU SNEAK UP ON HIM AN' GET HIM TO LAND ON YOUR NOSE!


SURE! AND ONCE OUT IN THE OPEN, YOU CAN USE THE NET!

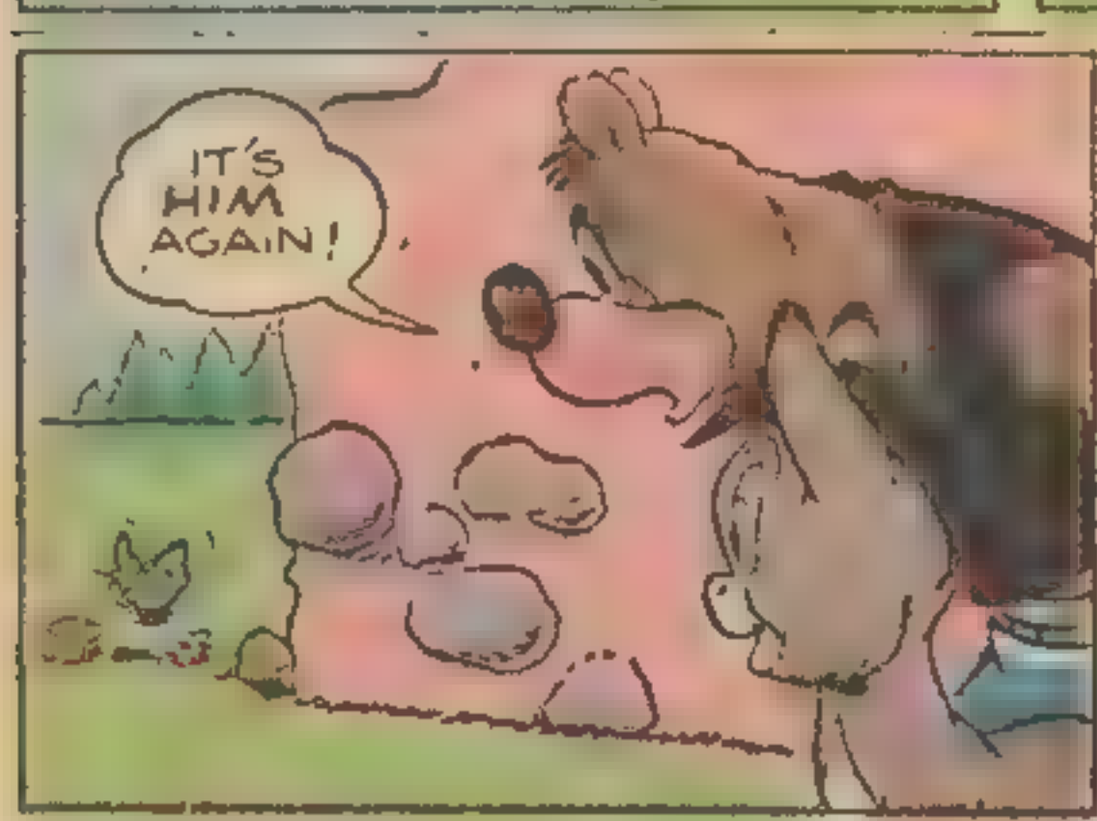

CAUTIOUSLY... QUIETLY... BARNEY STICKS HIS NOSE NEAR THE FLOWER
?

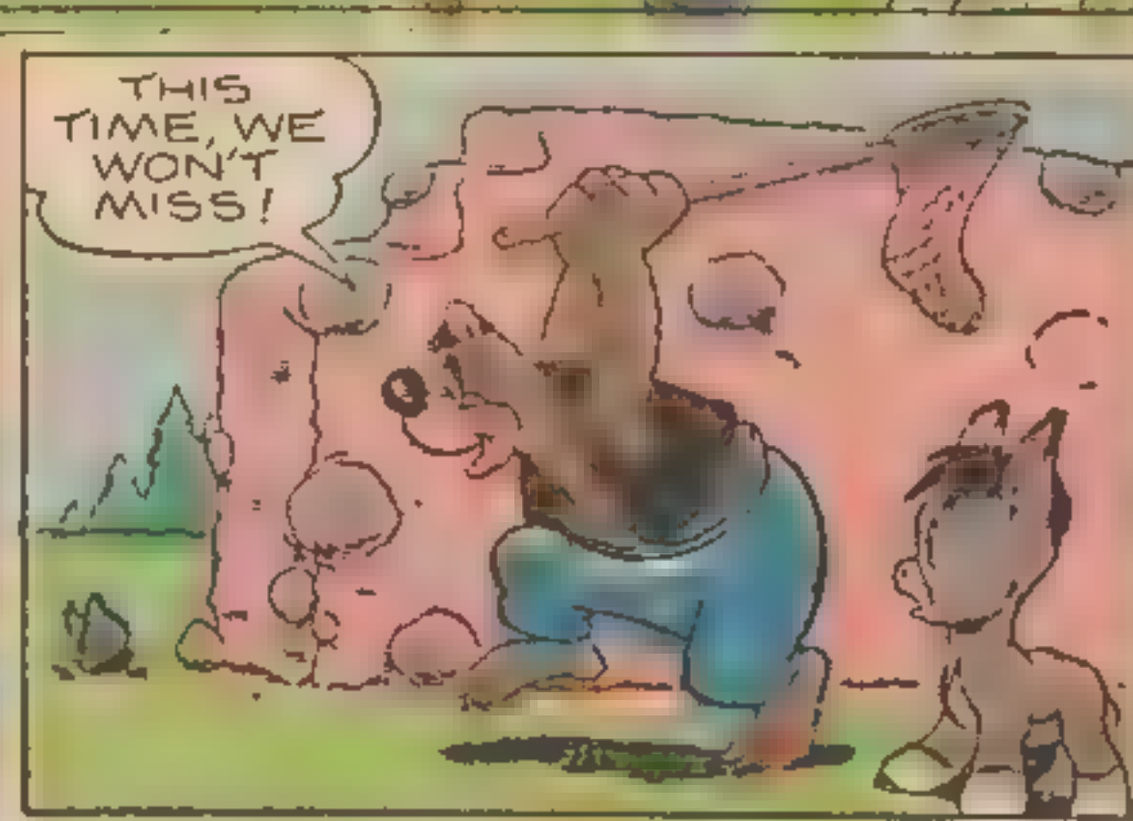

NEARER... NEARER... NEARER... BUT, OH DEAR! WHAT IS THIS?

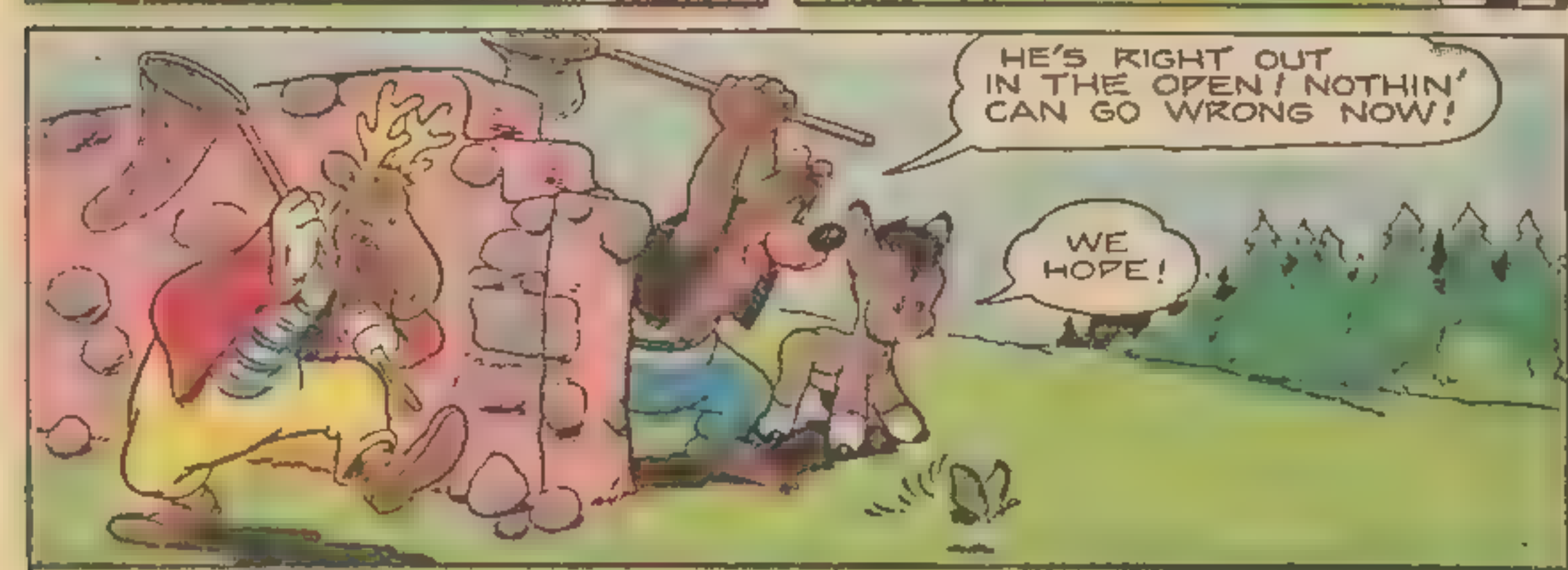

BZZZ

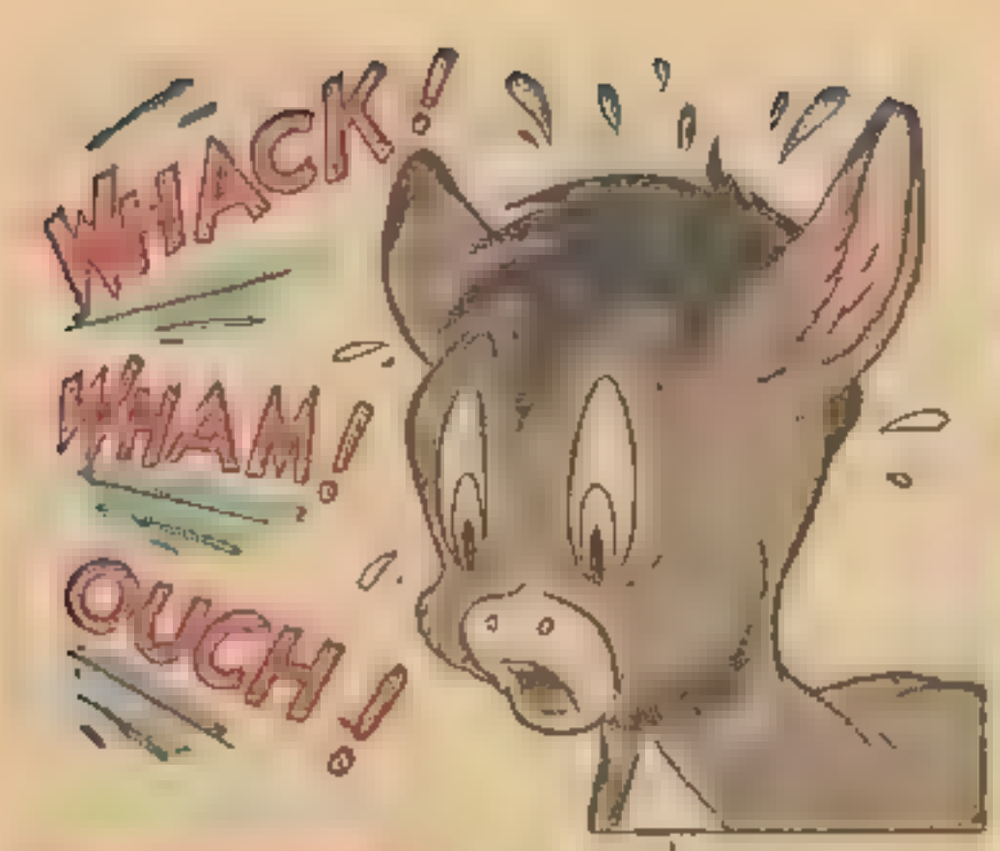

DOGGONIT, BARNEY! YOU SCARED AWAY THE BUTTERFLY!

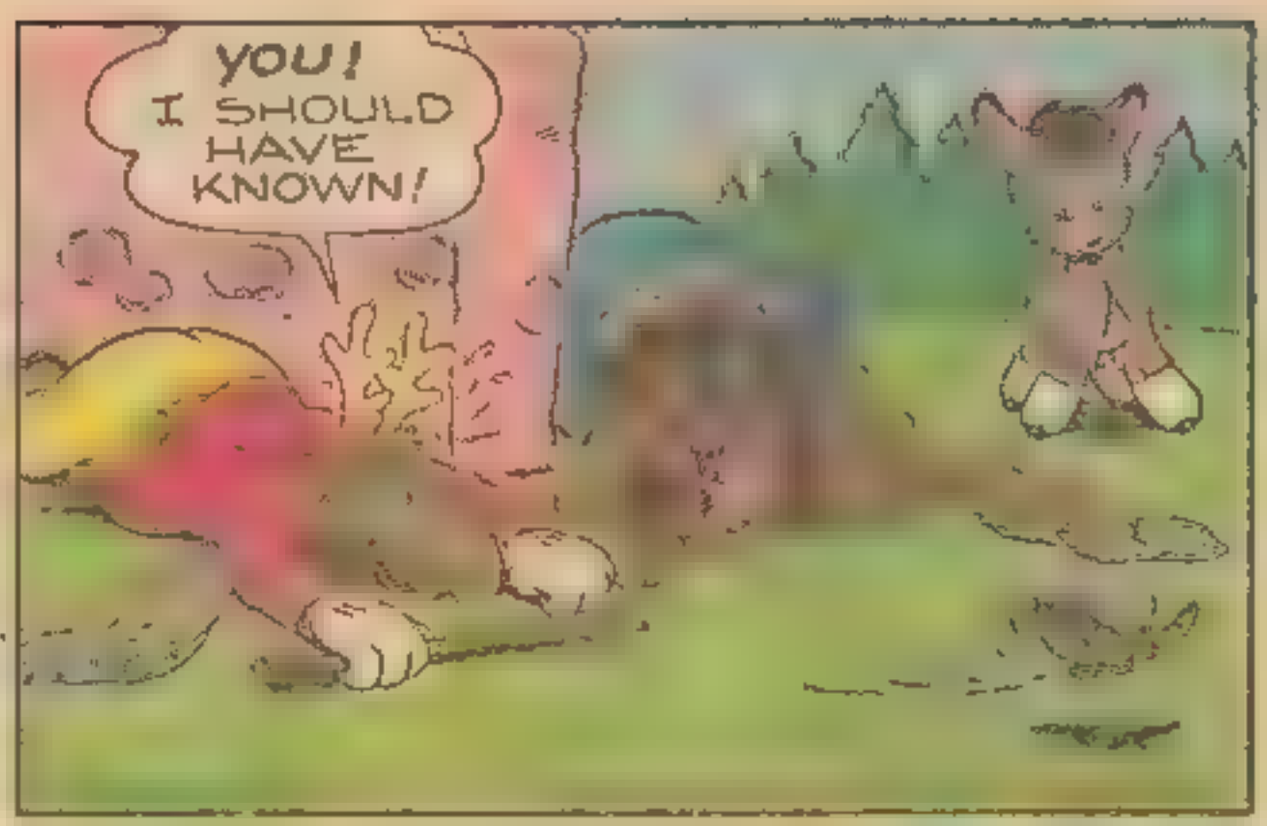
THERE MUST BE AN EASIER WAY TO GET A HUNDRED BUCKS! WE'VE BEEN LOOKIN' FOR HOURS, AN'...
PSST, BARNEY!

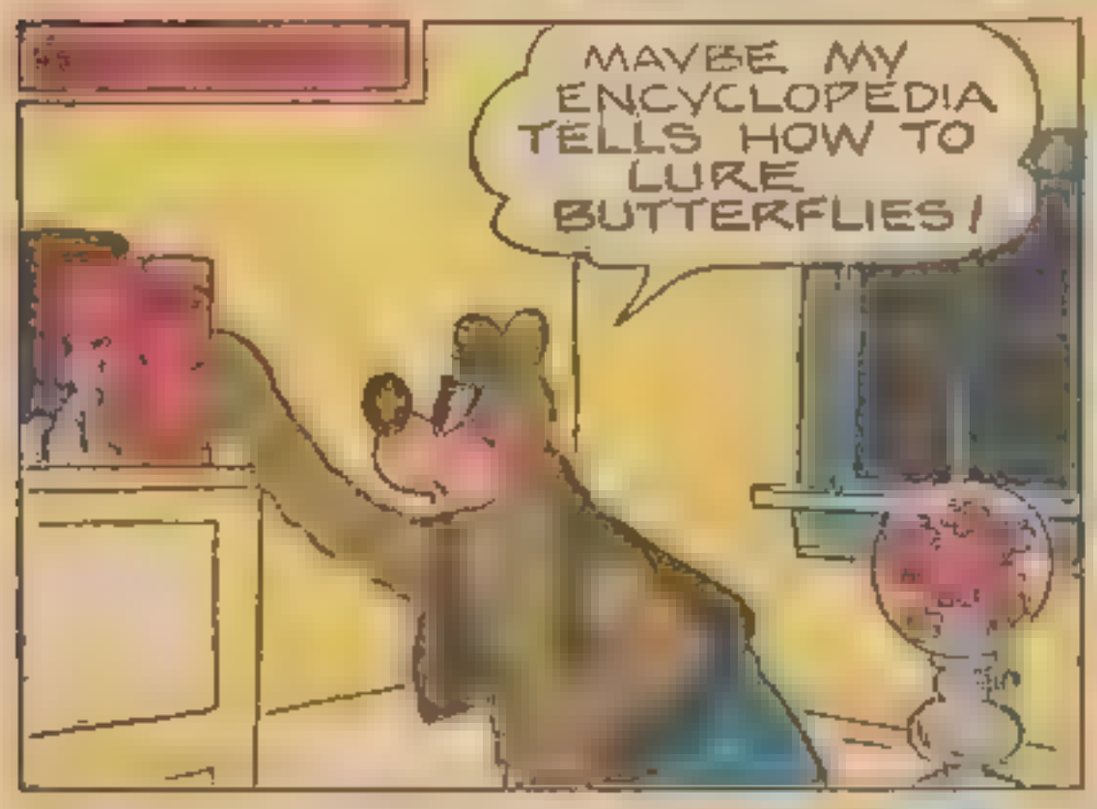

IT'S HIM AGAIN!


THIS TIME, WE WON'T MISS!

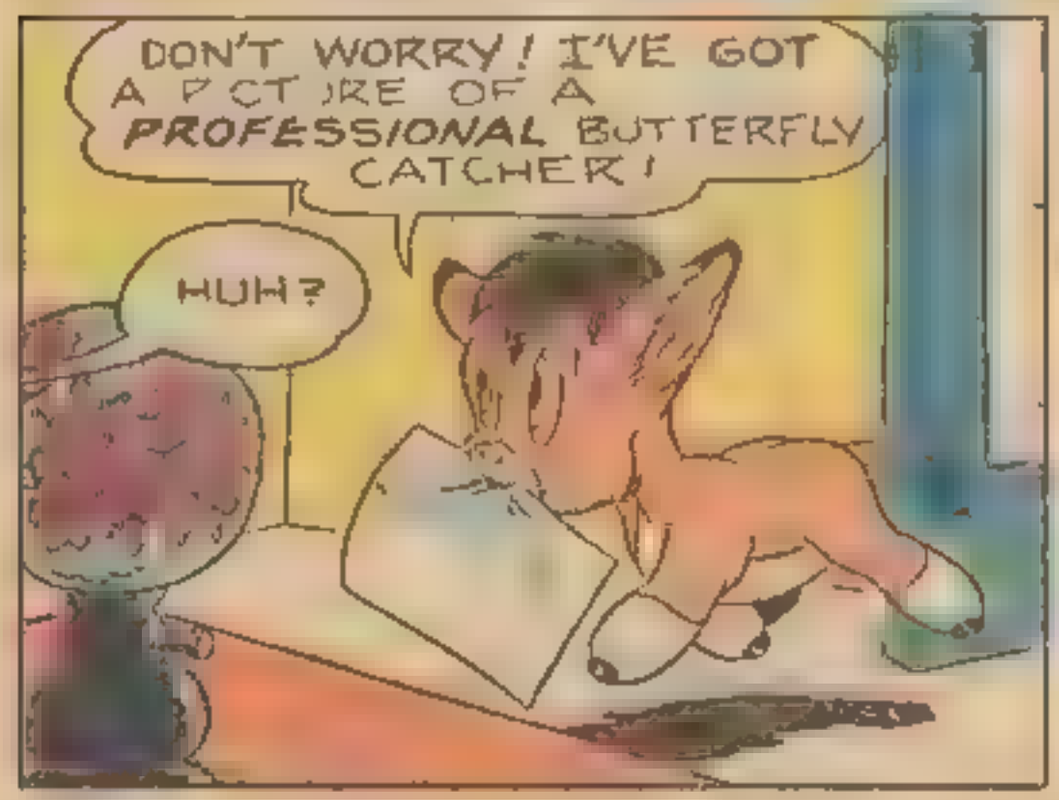

HE'S RIGHT OUT IN THE OPEN! NOTHIN' CAN GO WRONG NOW!
WE HOPE!

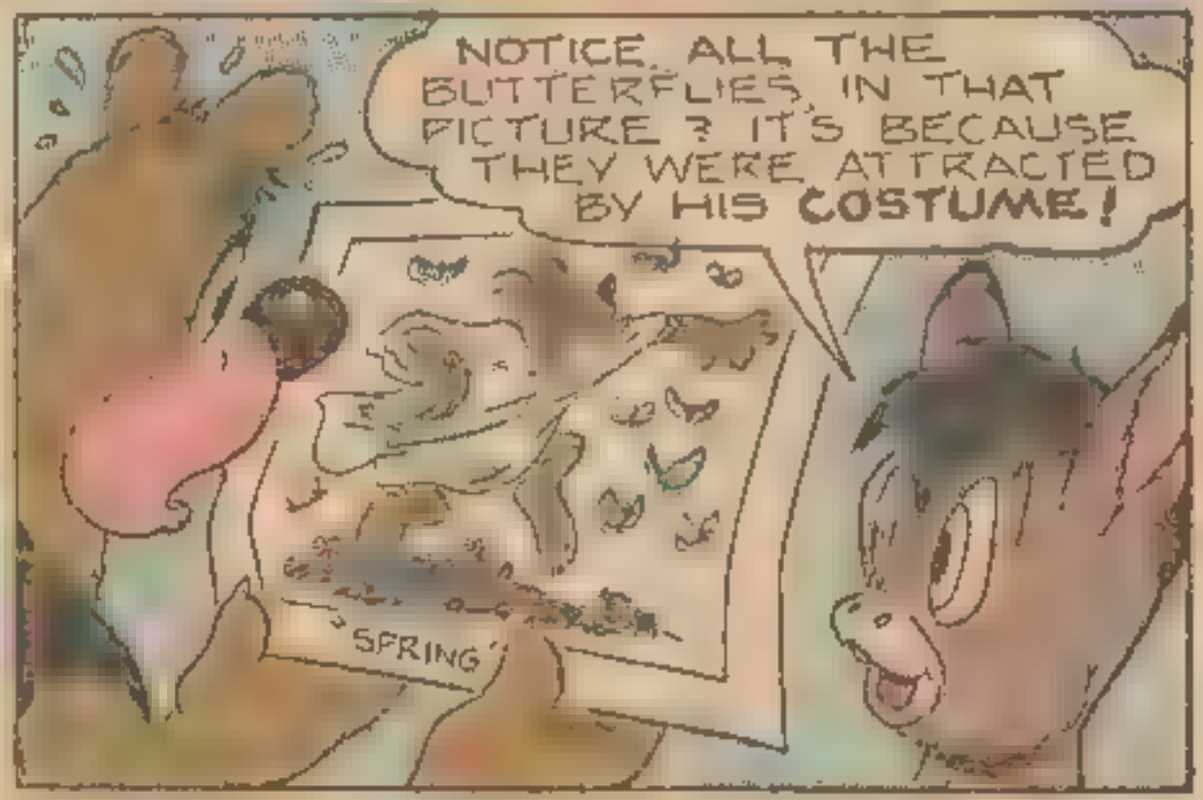

WHACK!
WHAM!
OUCH!

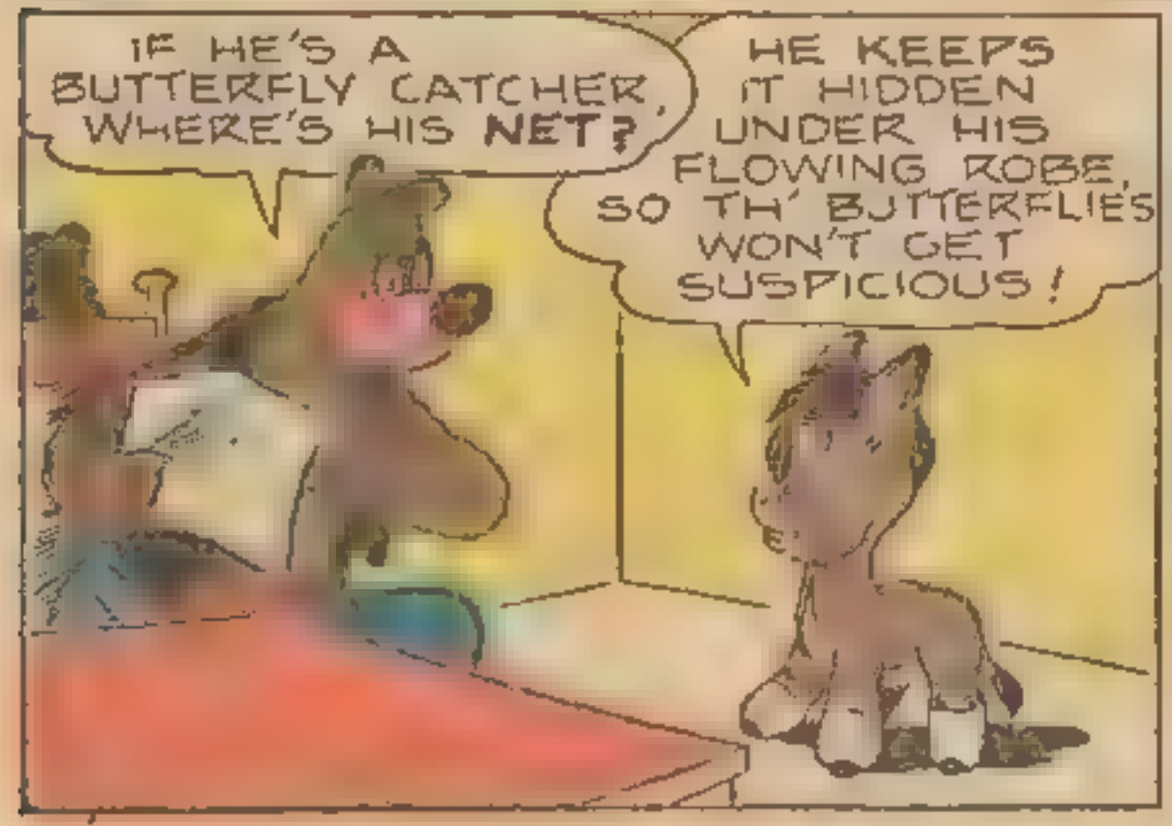

YOU! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!

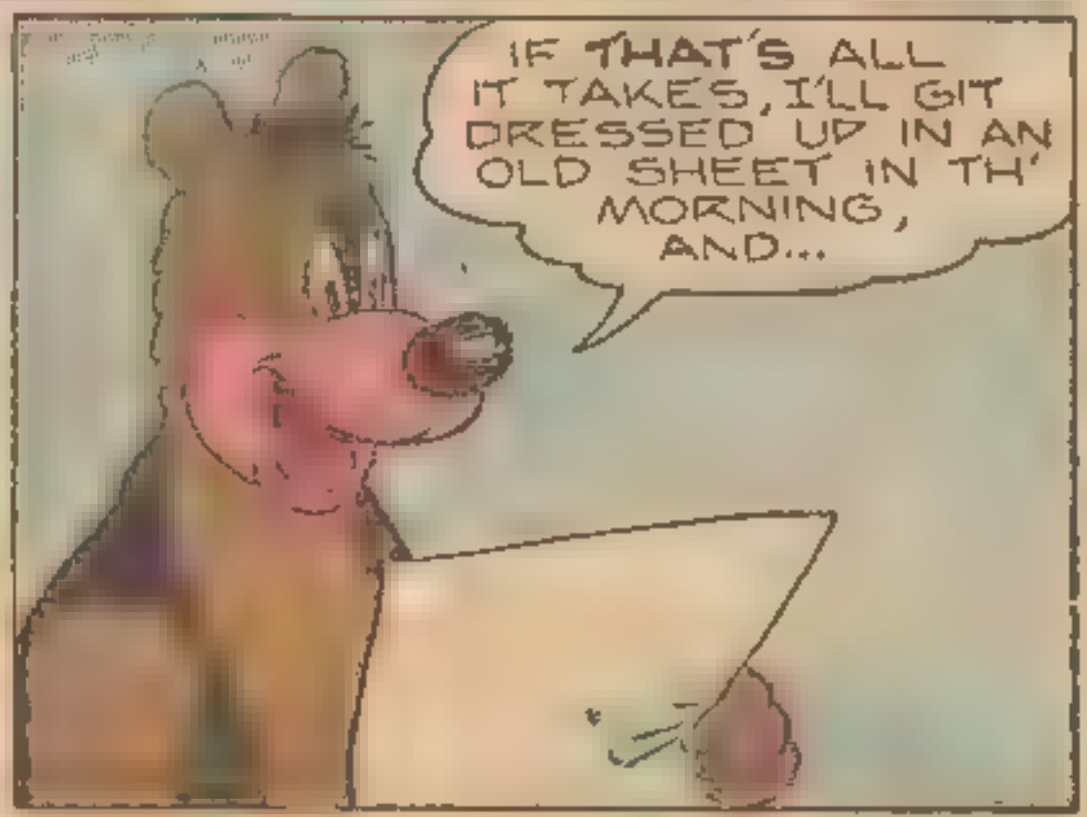

MAYBE MY ENCYCLOPEDIA TELLS HOW TO LURE BUTTERFLIES!

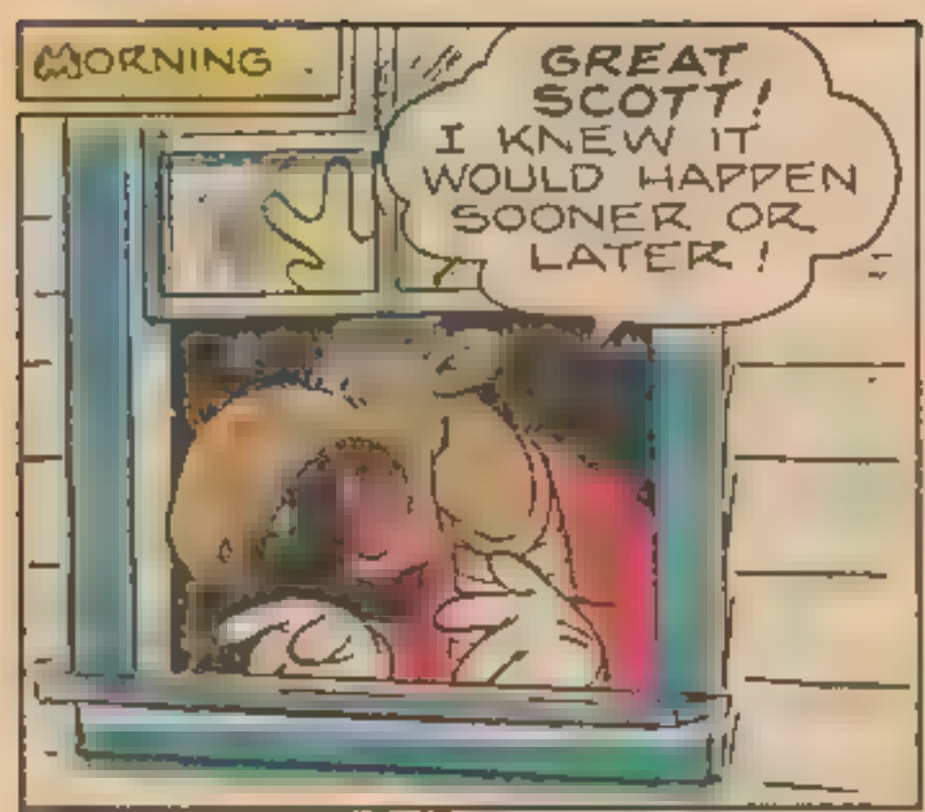
HI, BARNEY! FIGURED OUT A WAY TO CATCH THAT BUTTERFLY?
NOPE! THERE'S NOTHIN' N HERE ABOUT IT!

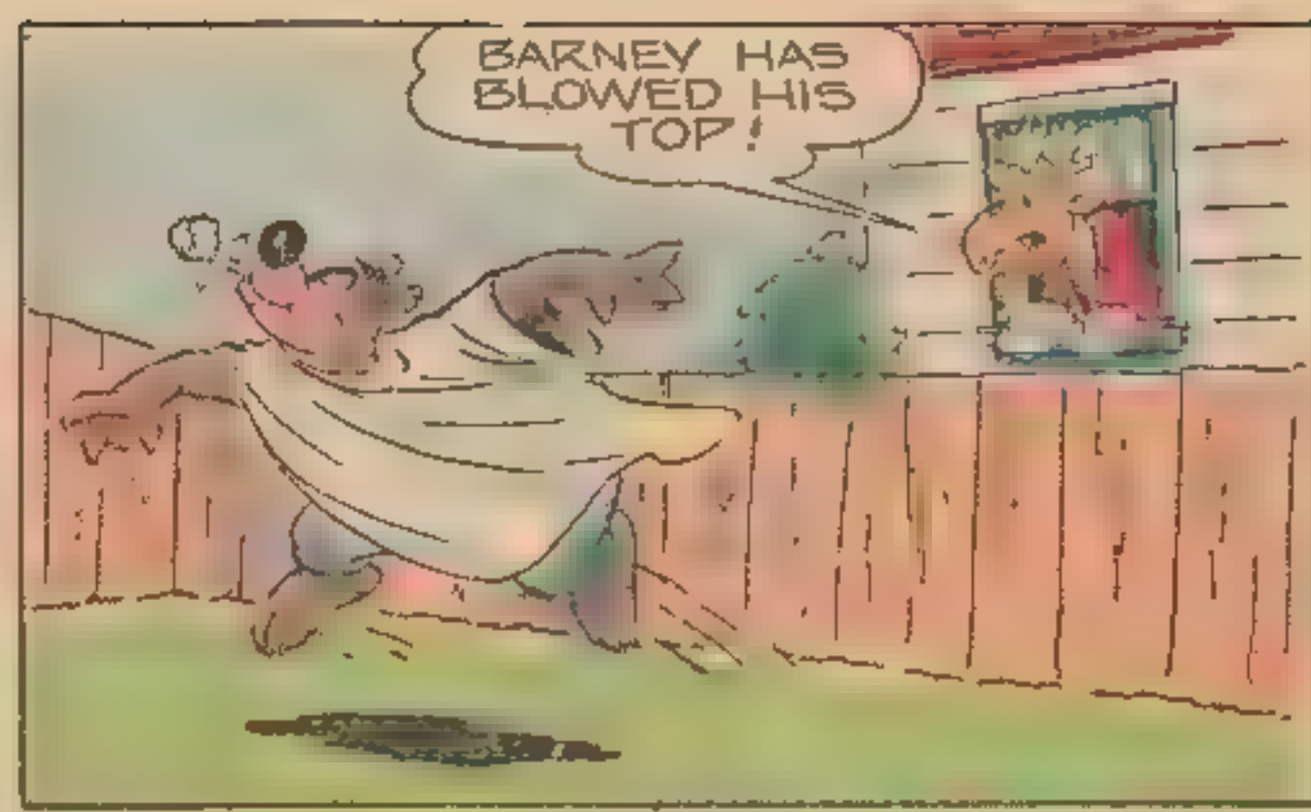

DON'T WORRY! I'VE GOT A PICTURE OF A PROFESSIONAL BUTTERFLY CATCHER!
HUH?

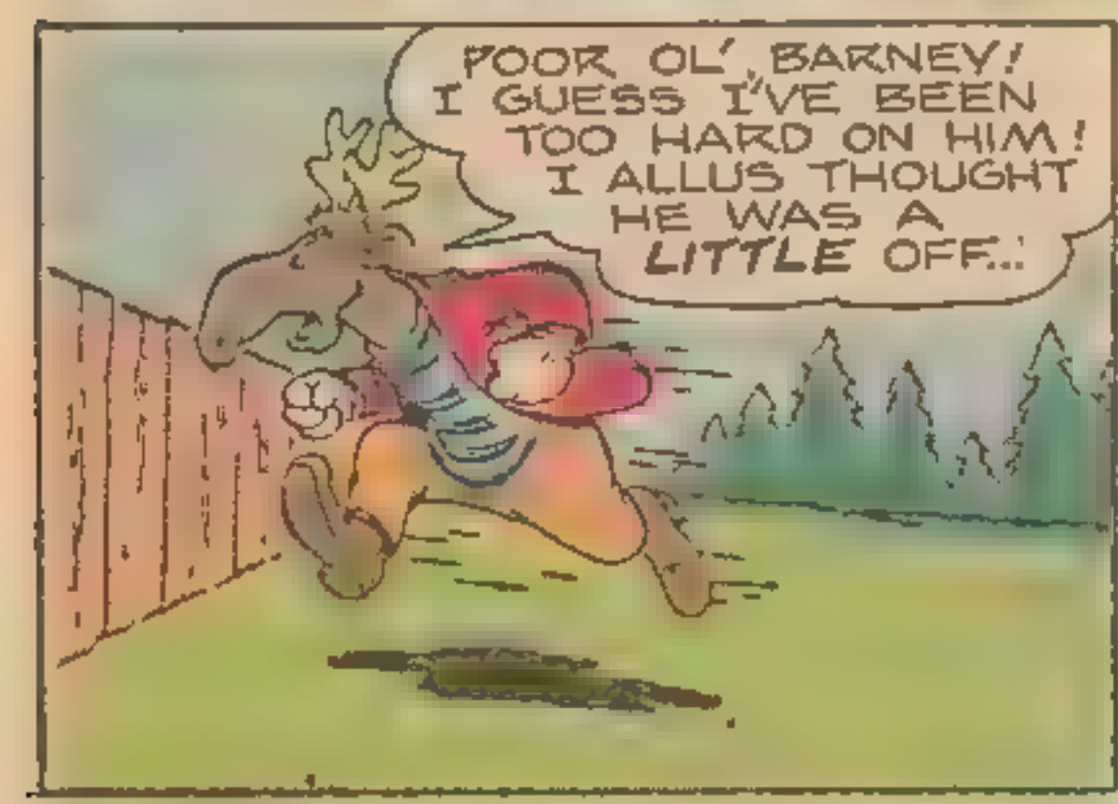

NOTICE ALL THE BUTTERFLIES IN THAT PICTURE? IT'S BECAUSE THEY WERE ATTRACTED BY HIS COSTUME!
SPRING

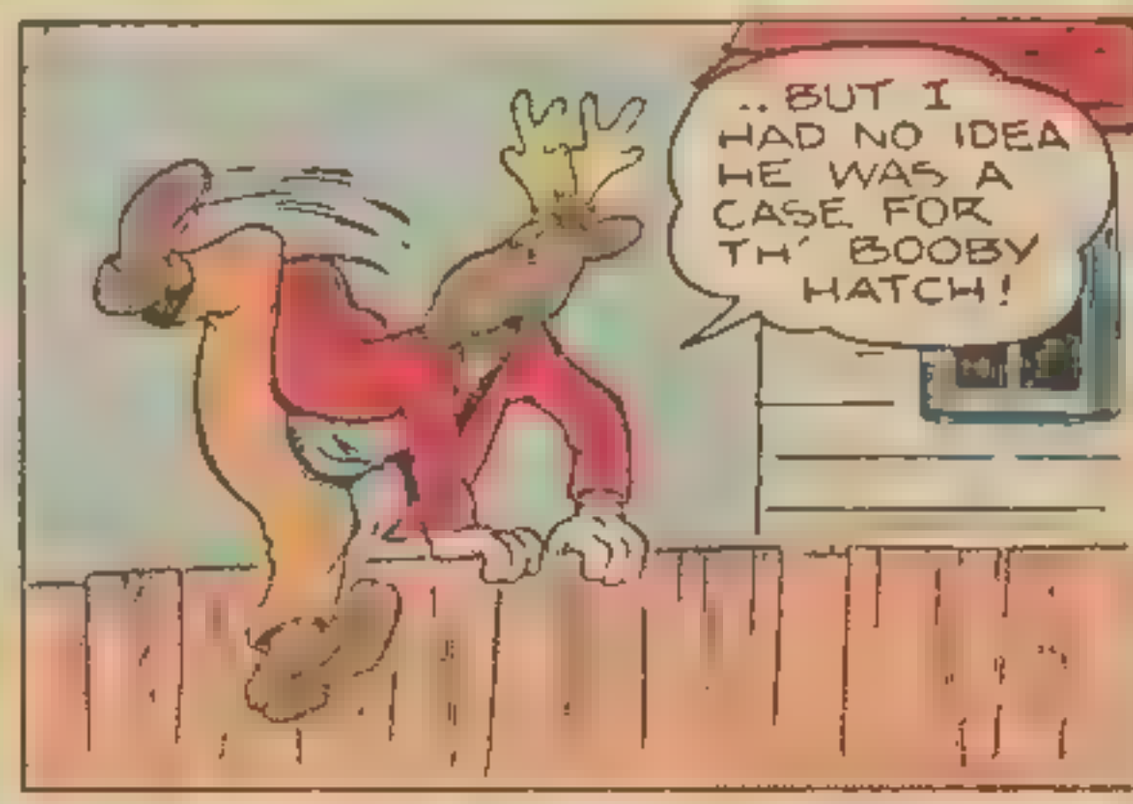

IF HE'S A BUTTERFLY CATCHER, WHERE'S HIS NET?
HE KEEPS IT HIDDEN UNDER HIS FLOWING ROBE, SO TH' BUTTERFLIES WON'T GET SUSPICIOUS!

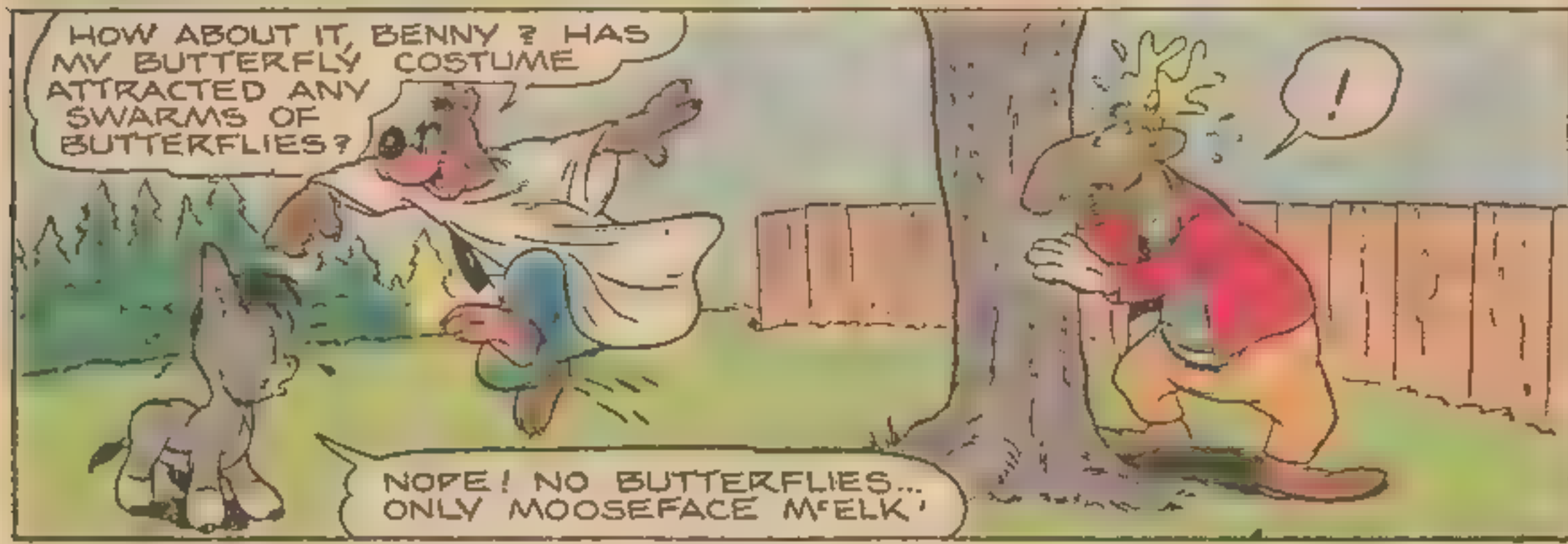

IF THAT'S ALL IT TAKES, I'LL GIT DRESSED UP IN AN OLD SHEET IN TH' MORNING, AND...


MORNING .
GREAT SCOTT! I KNEW IT WOULD HAPPEN SOONER OR LATER!

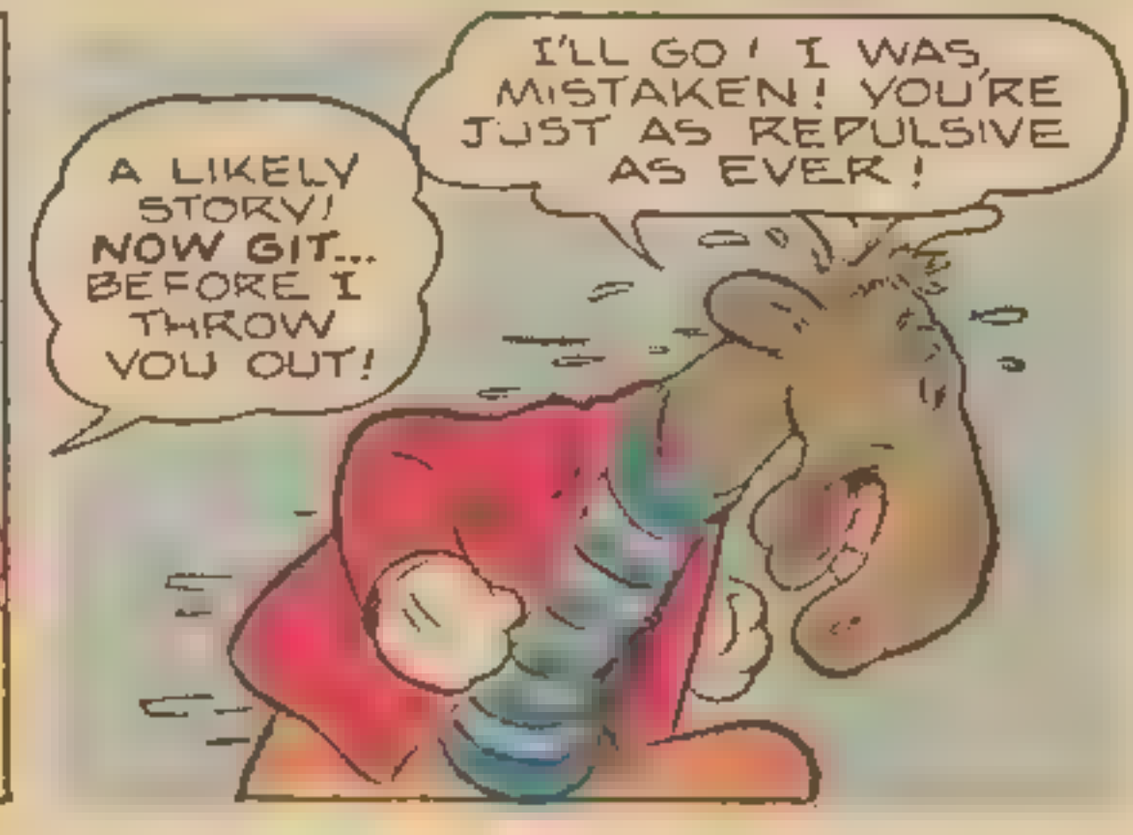

BARNEY HAS BLOWED HIS TOP!

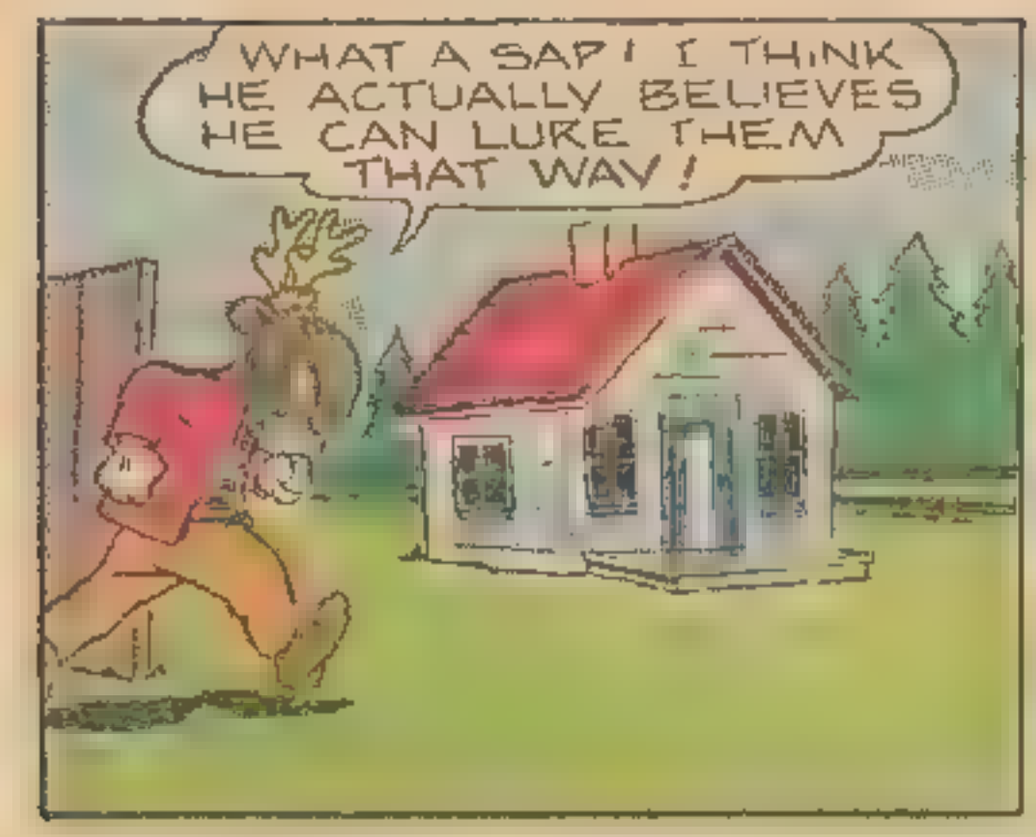

POOR OL' BARNEY! I GUESS I'VE BEEN TOO HARD ON HIM! I ALLUS THOUGHT HE WAS A LITTLE OFF...

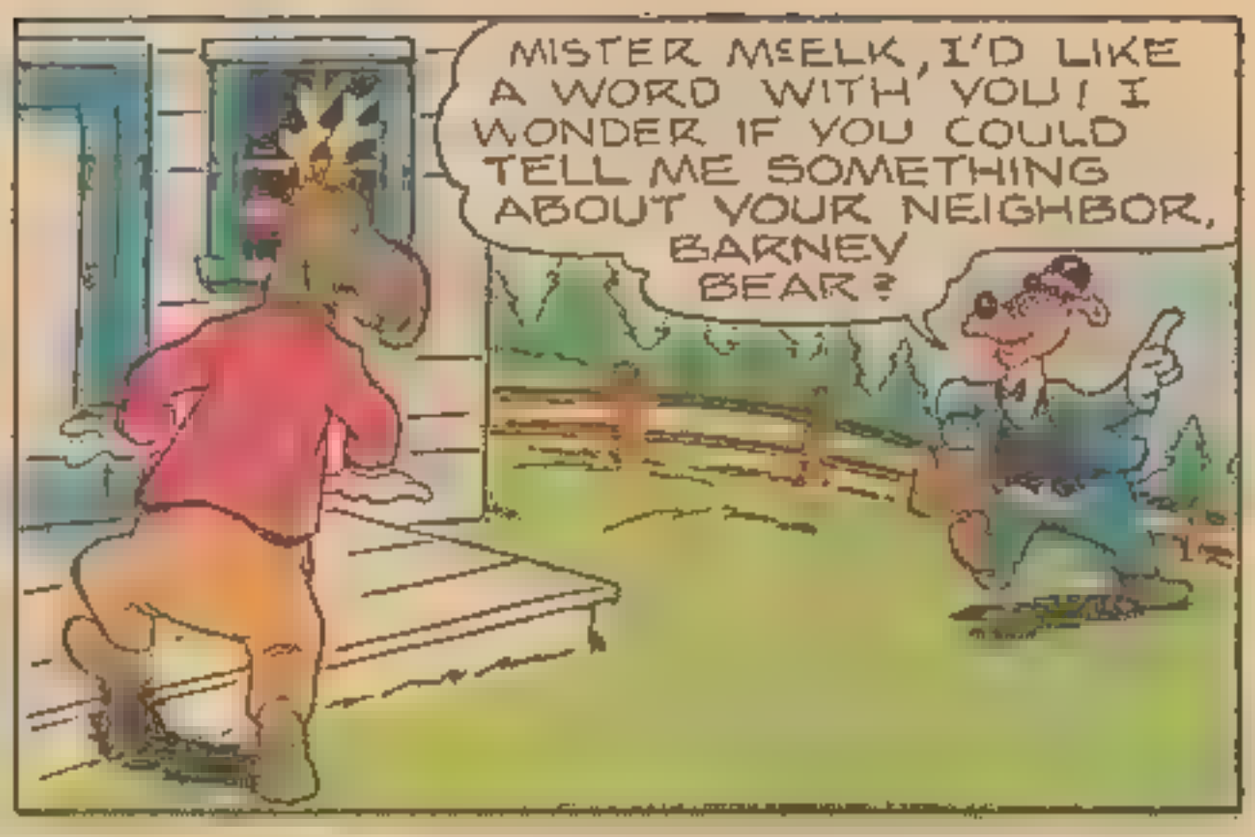

..BUT I HAD NO IDEA HE WAS A CASE FOR TH' BOOBY HATCH!


HOW ABOUT IT, BENNY? HAS MY BUTTERFLY COSTUME ATTRACTED ANY SWARMS OF BUTTERFLIES?
NOPE! NO BUTTERFLIES... ONLY MOOSEFACE McELK!
!

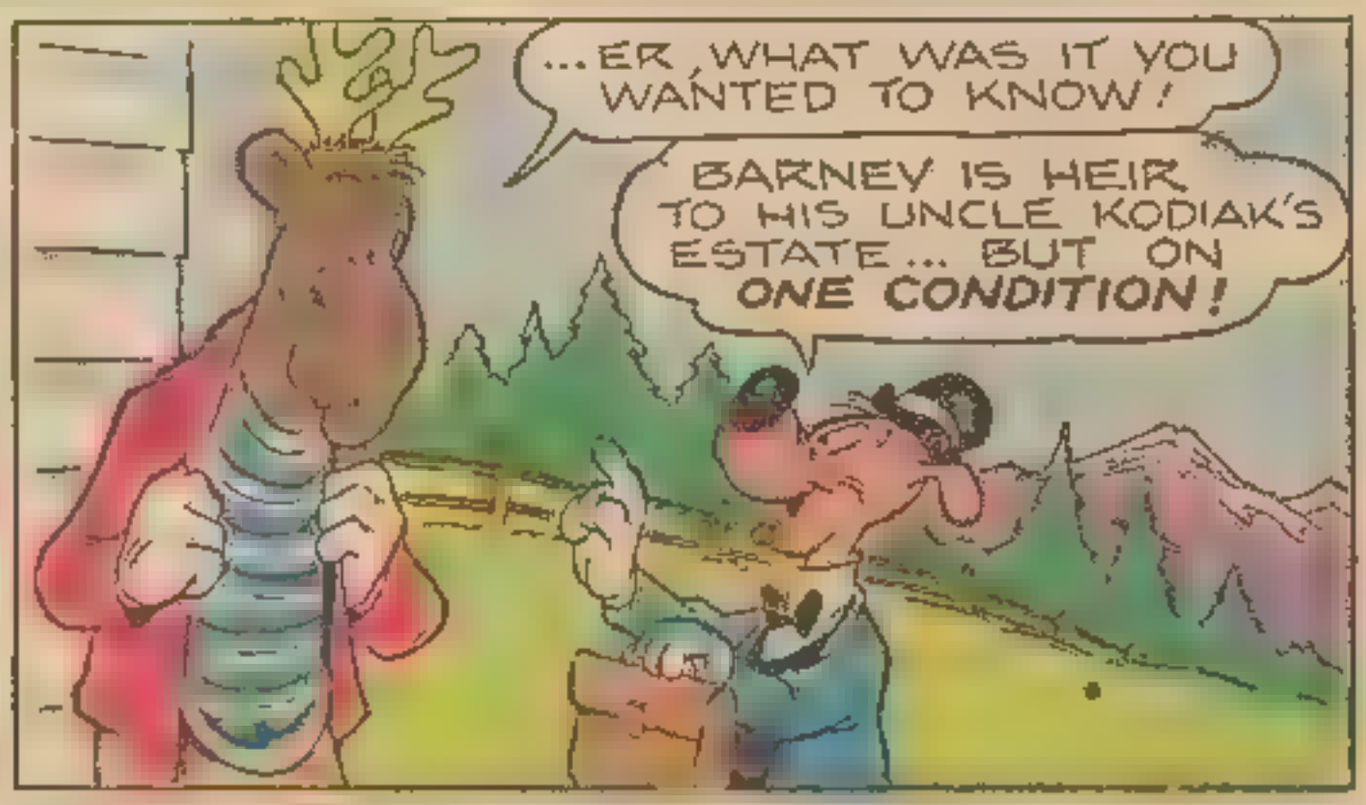
MOOSEFACE! GIT OUTA MY YARD! I WON'T HAVE YOU CATCHIN' ANY BUTTERFLIES THAT I'M GONNA LURE!
B-BUT.. I CAME TO HELP! I THOUGHT YOU HAD GONE NUTTY!

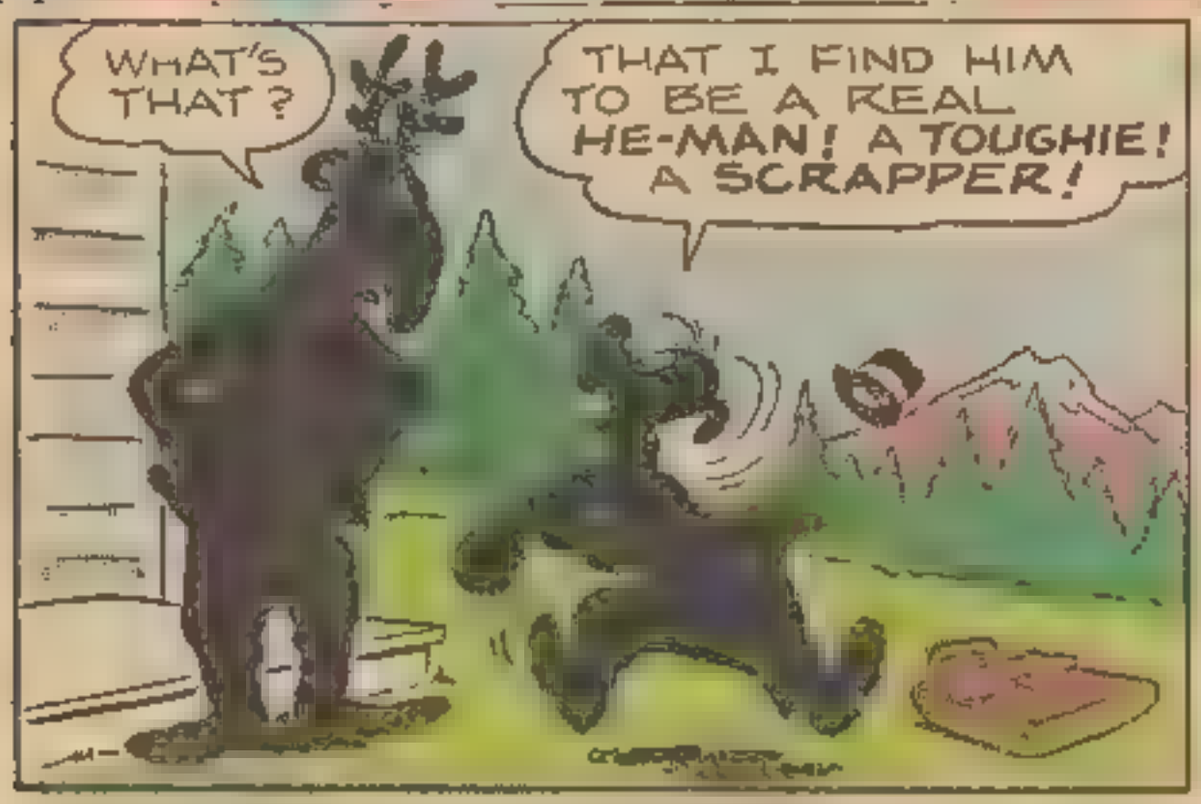

A LIKELY STORY! NOW GIT... BEFORE I THROW YOU OUT!
I'LL GO! I WAS MISTAKEN! YOU'RE JUST AS REPULSIVE AS EVER!

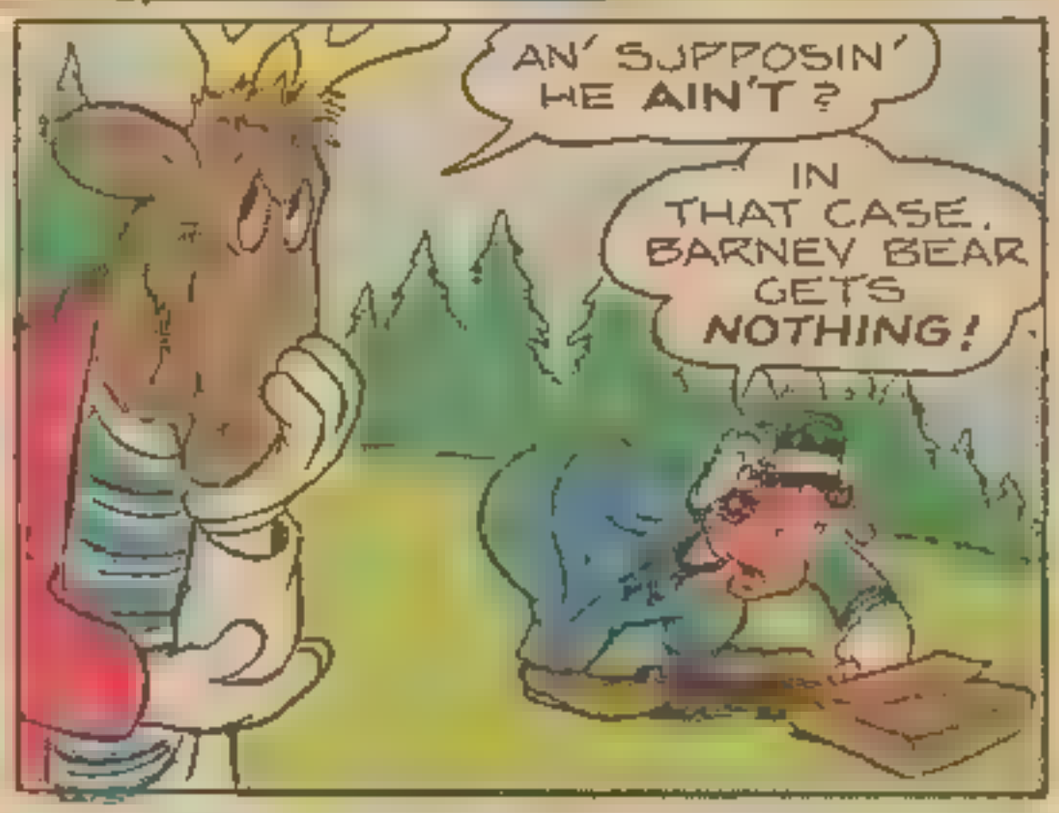

WHAT A SAP! I THINK HE ACTUALLY BELIEVES HE CAN LURE THEM THAT WAY!

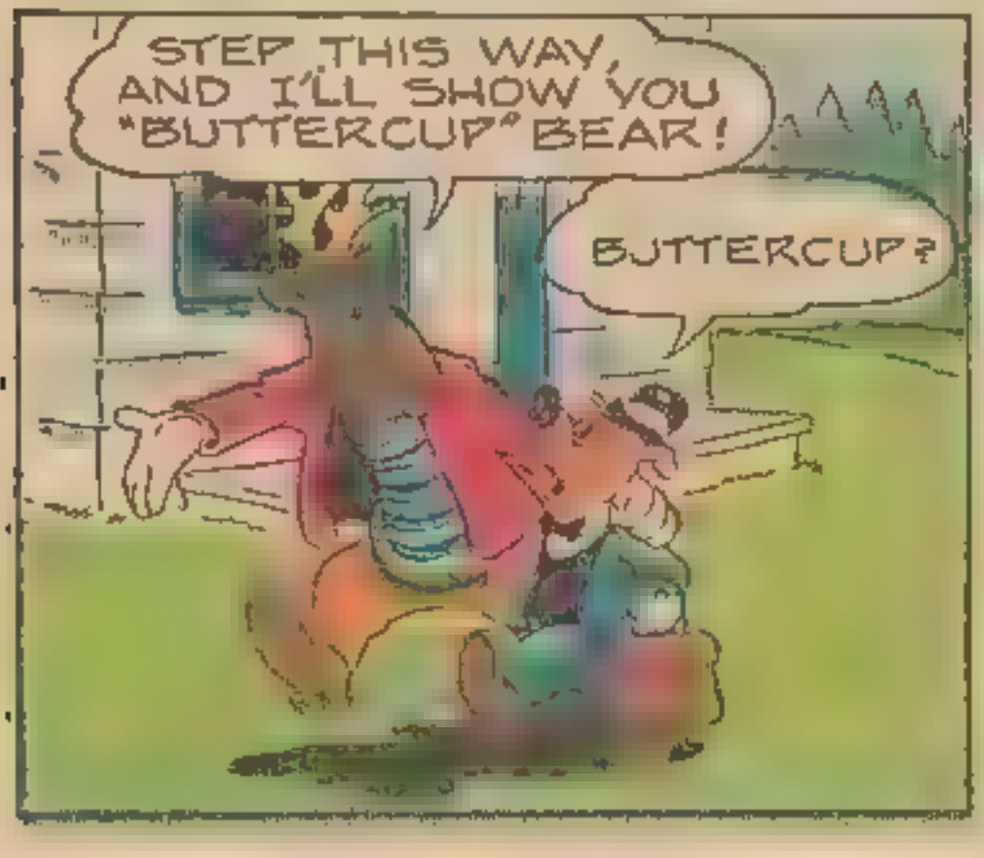

MISTER McELK, I'D LIKE A WORD WITH YOU! I WONDER IF YOU COULD TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR NEIGHBOR, BARNEY BEAR?

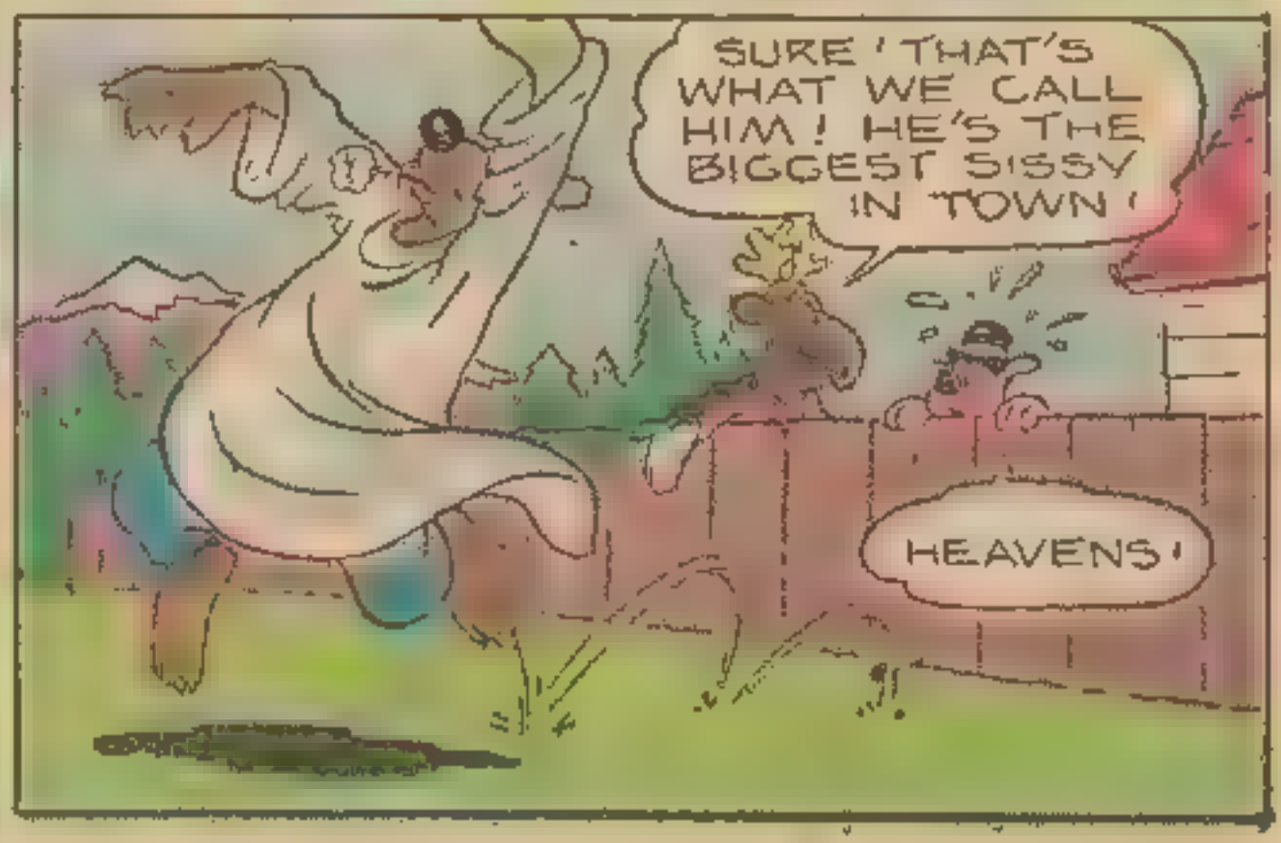
I'LL SAY I CAN! I CAN TELL YOU PLENTY ABOUT THAT BIG..

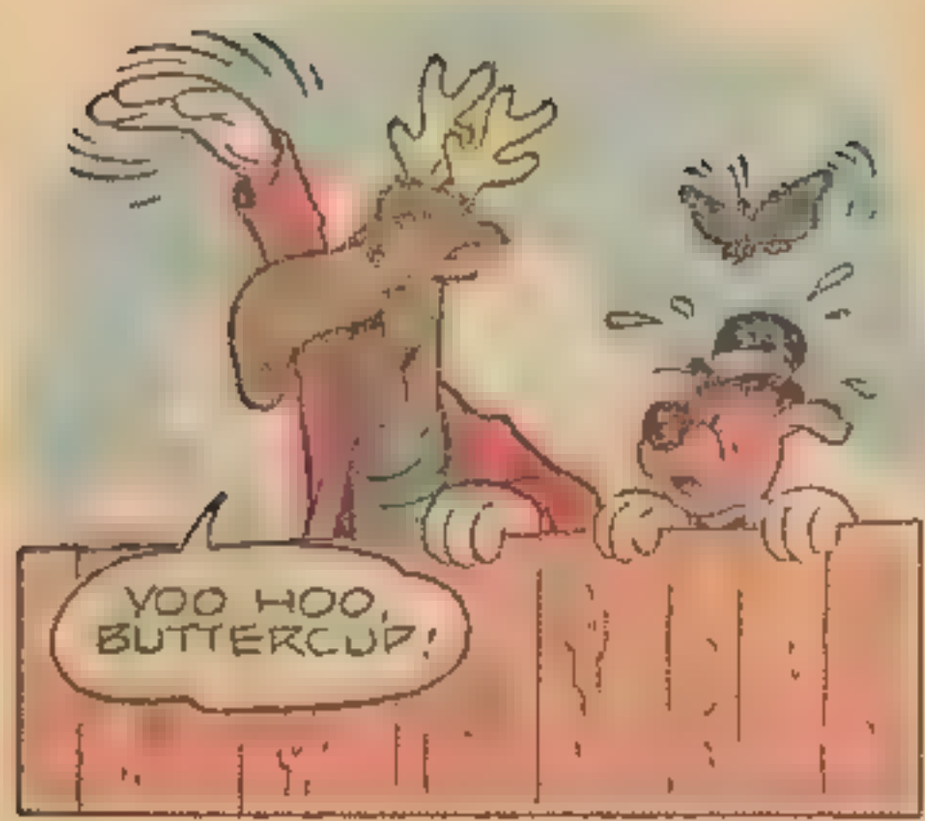

...ER, WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED TO KNOW!
BARNEY IS HEIR TO HIS UNCLE KODIAK'S ESTATE... BUT ON ONE CONDITION!

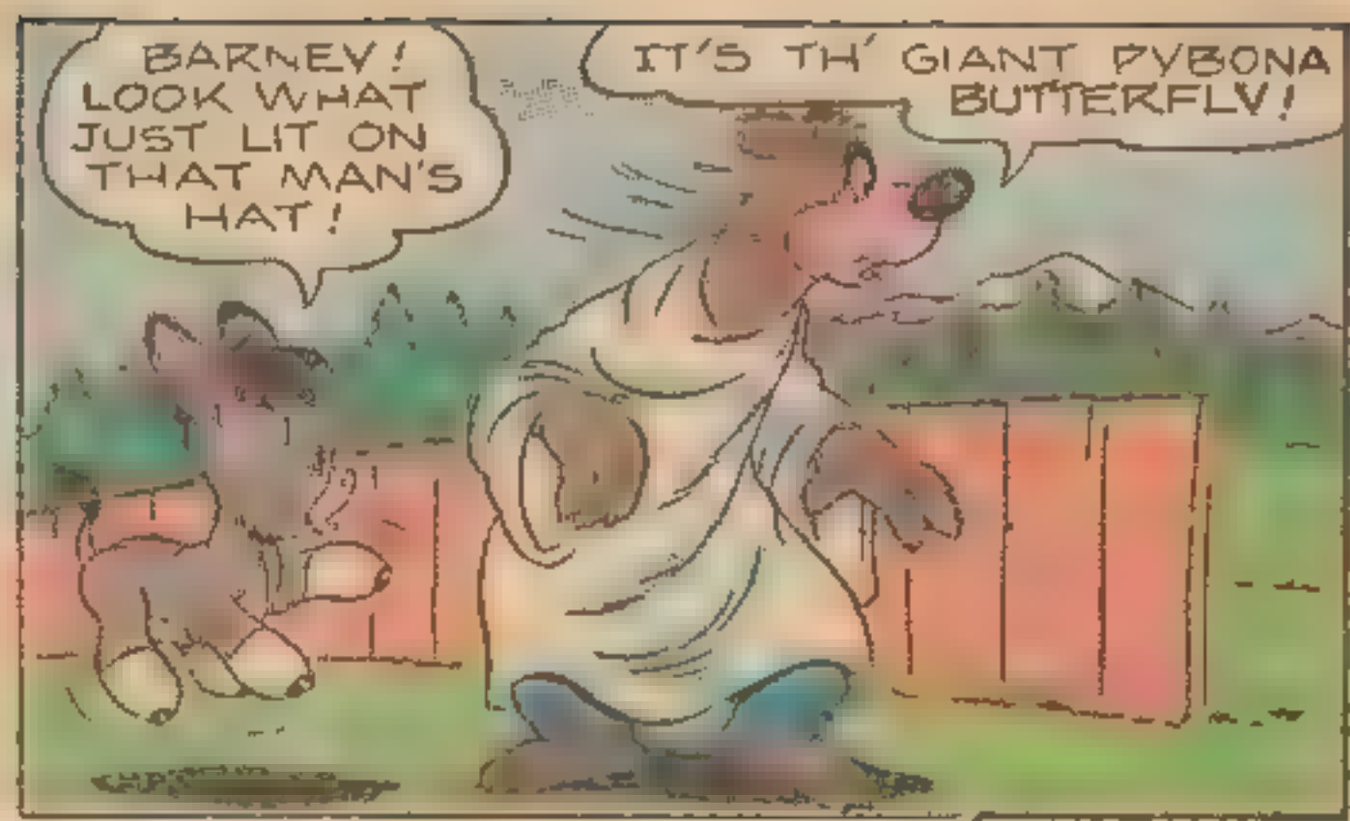

WHAT'S THAT?
THAT I FIND HIM TO BE A REAL HE-MAN! A TOUGHIE! A SCRAPPER!

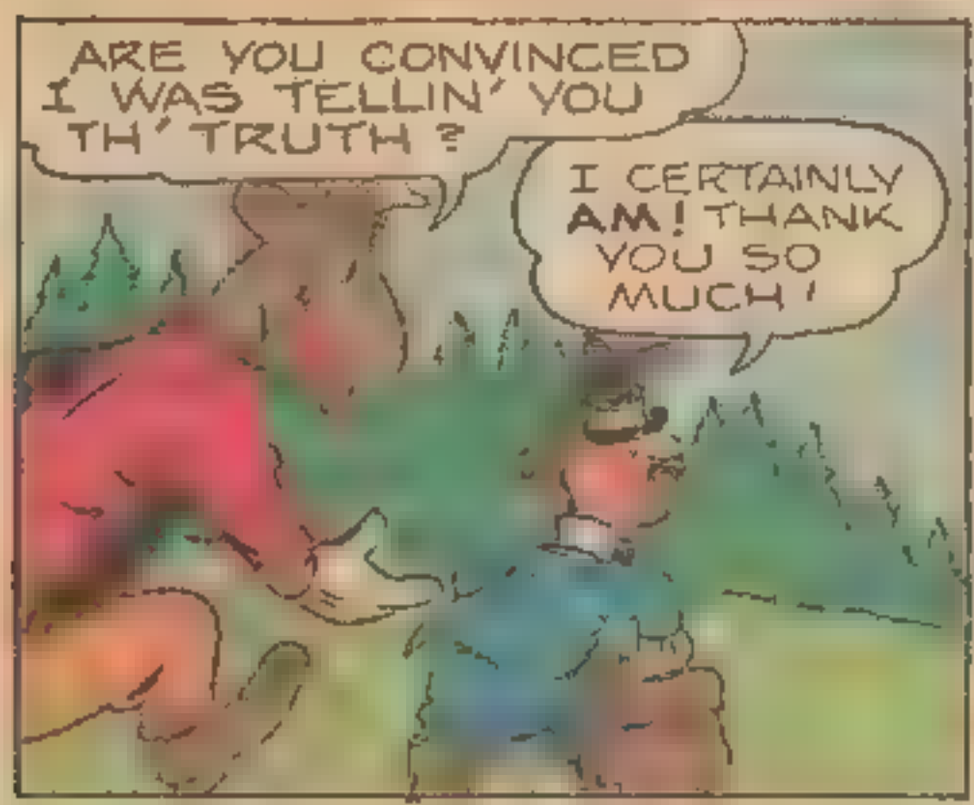

AN' SUPPOSIN' HE AIN'T?
IN THAT CASE, BARNEY BEAR GETS NOTHING!

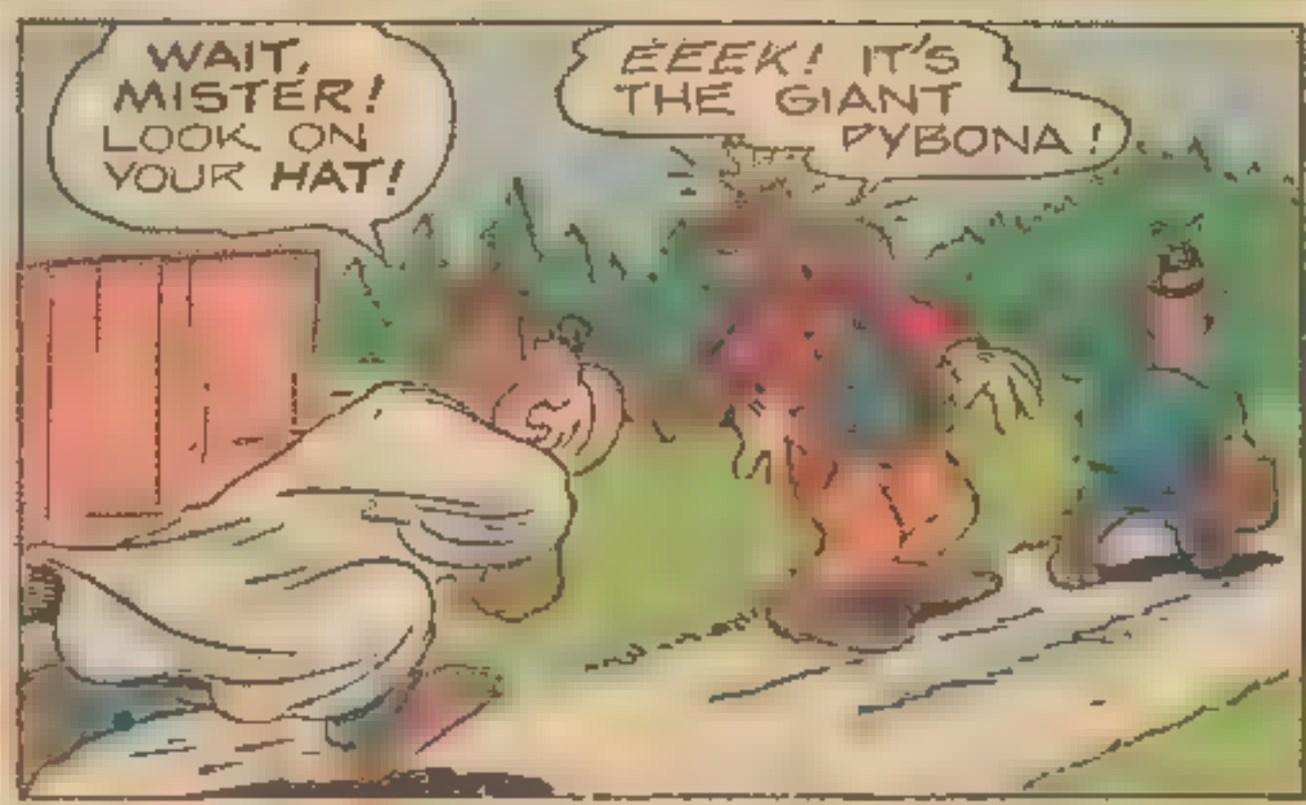

STEP THIS WAY, AND I'LL SHOW YOU "BUTTERCUP" BEAR!
BUTTERCUP?

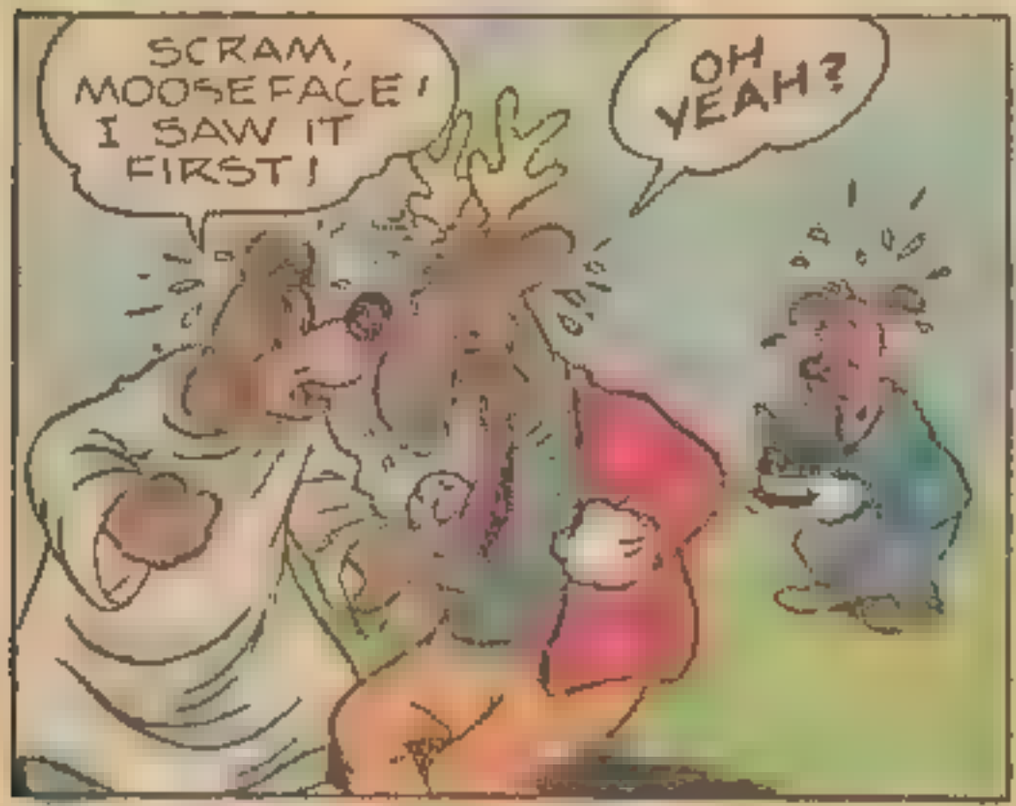

SURE! THAT'S WHAT WE CALL HIM! HE'S THE BIGGEST SISSY IN TOWN!
HEAVENS!

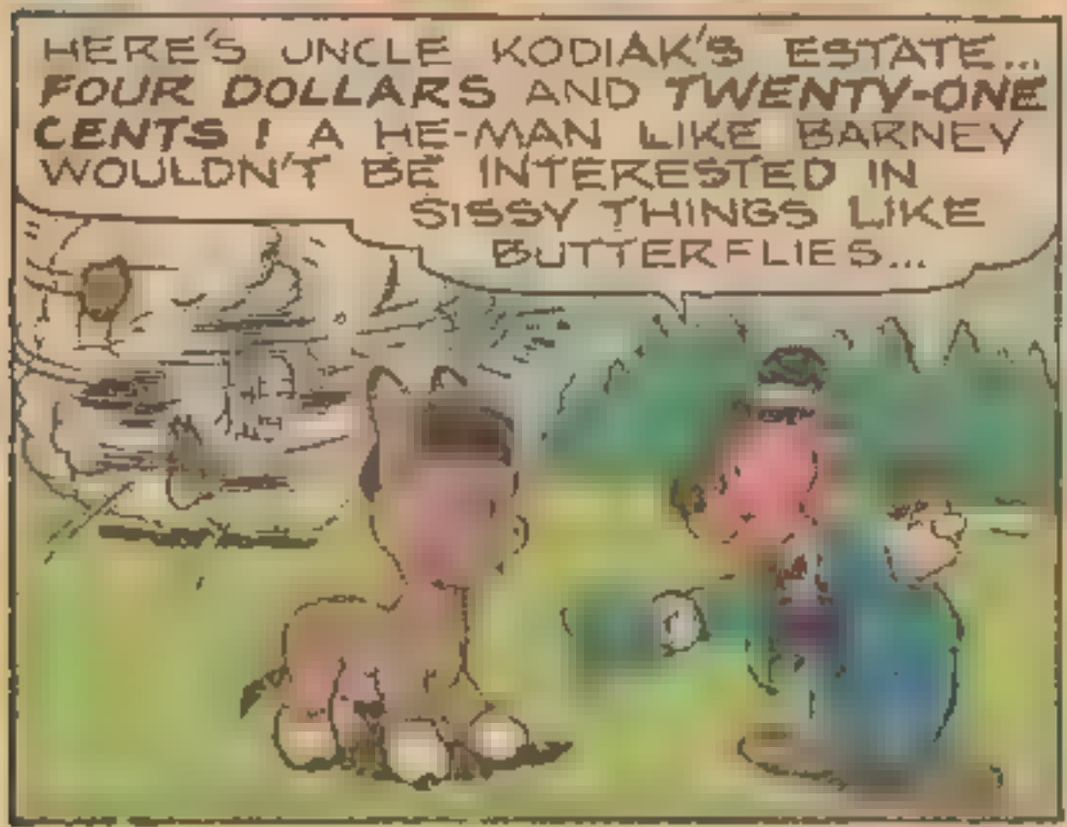


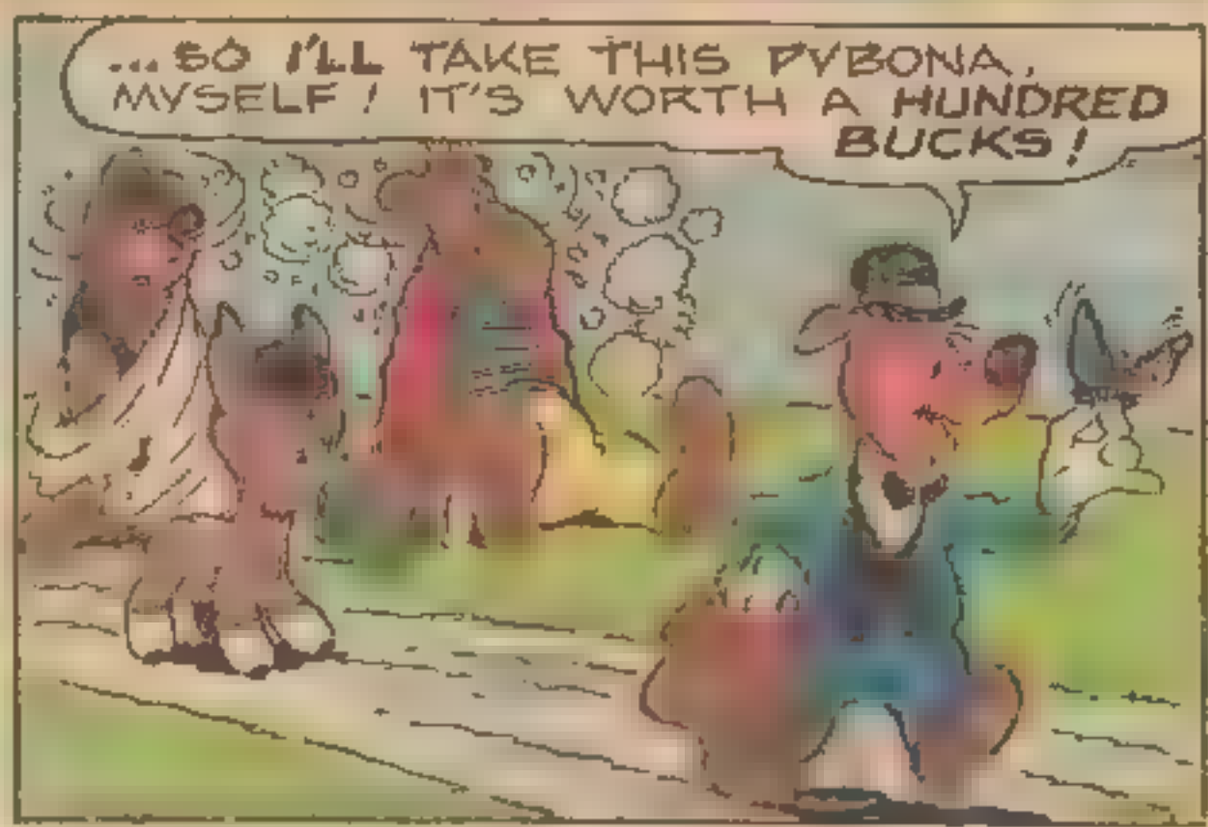








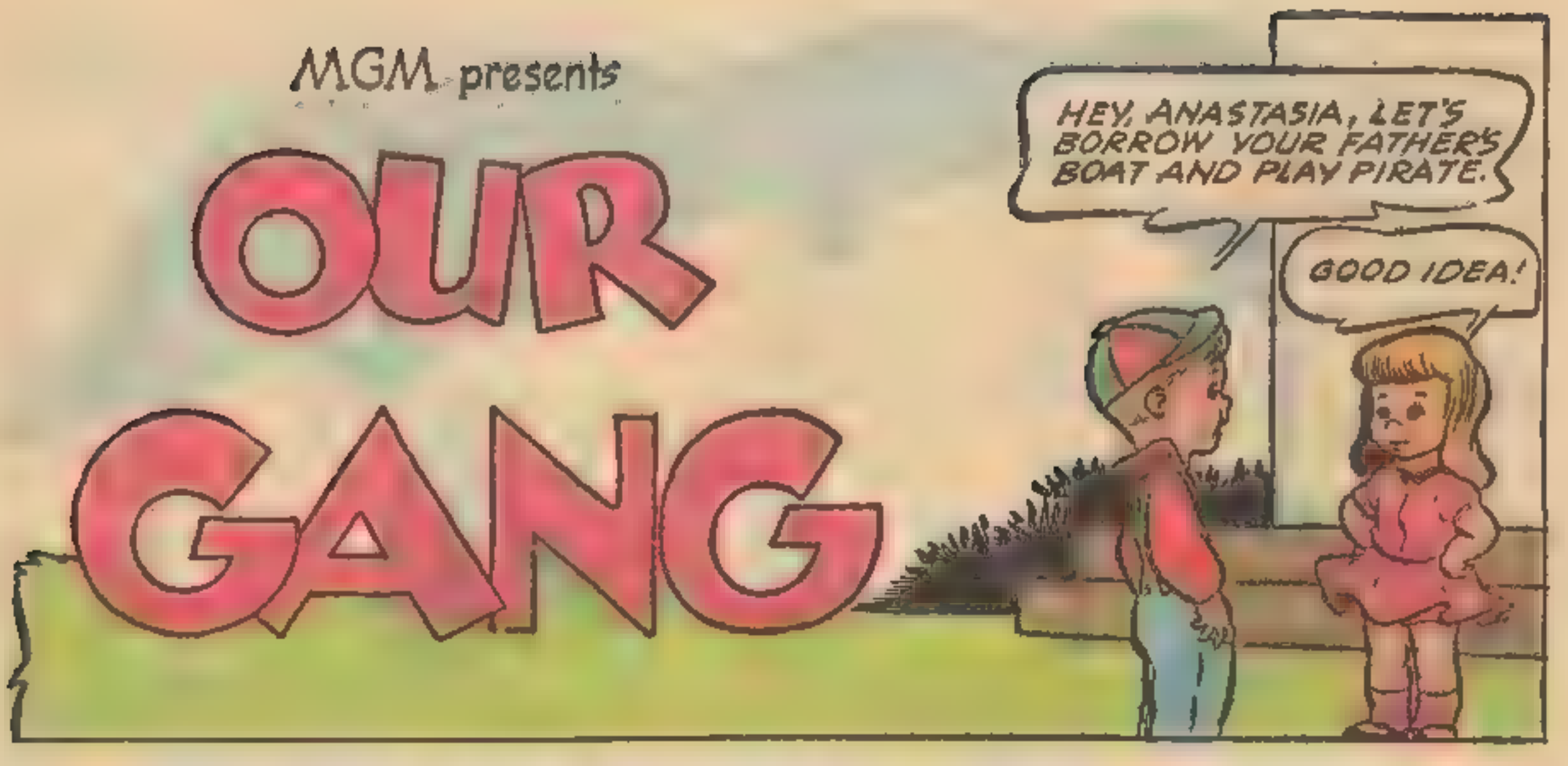


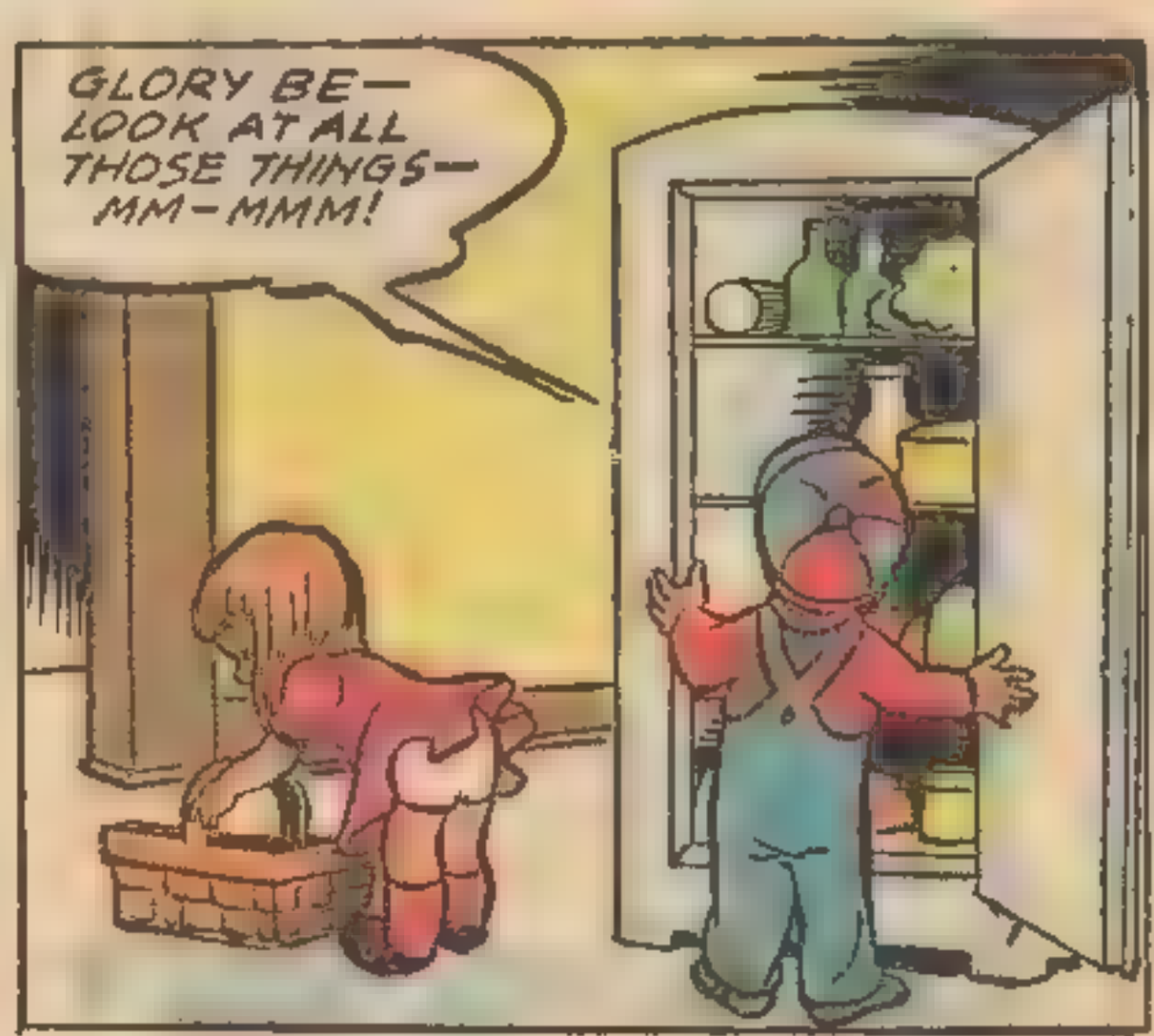


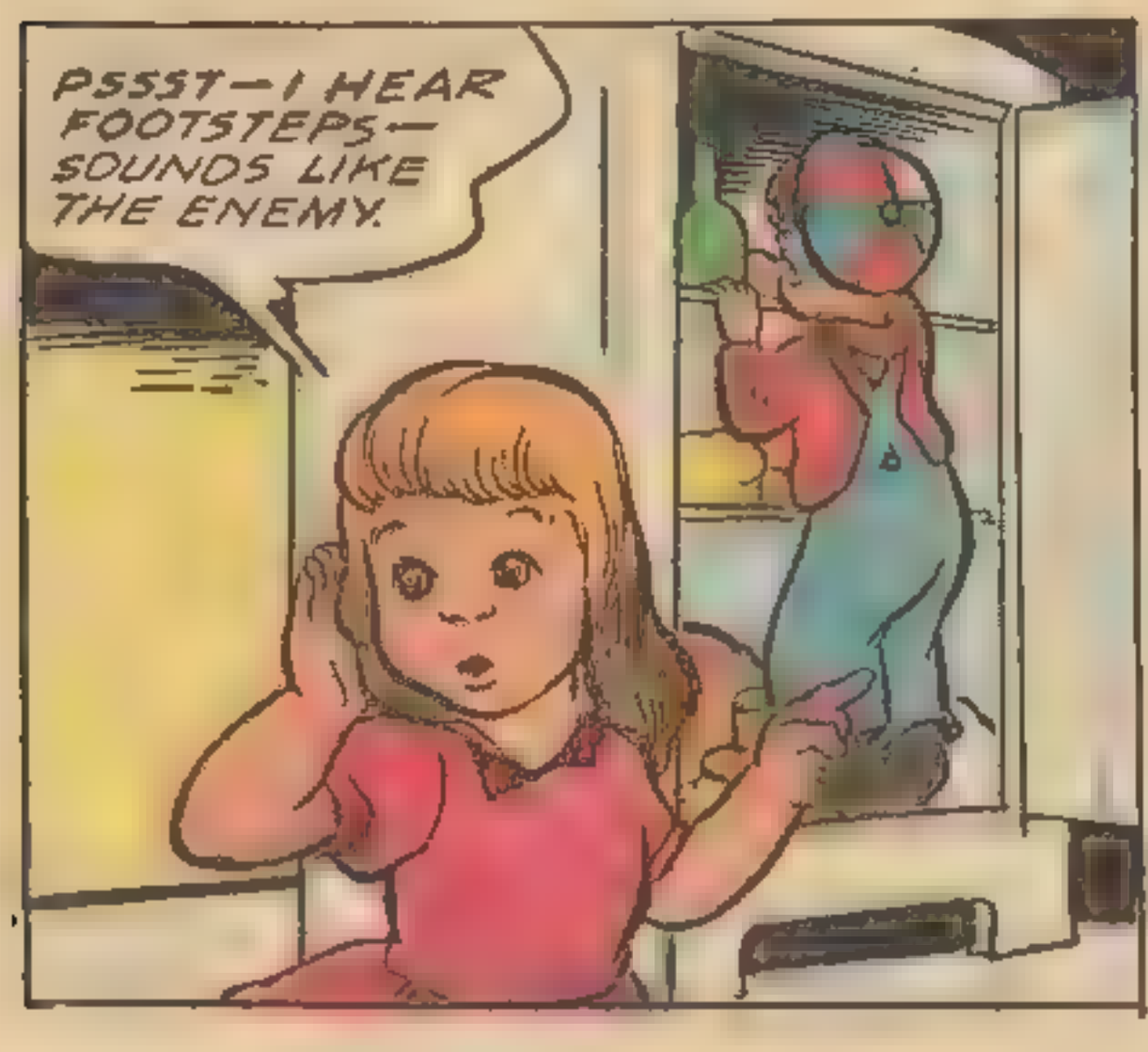
BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures

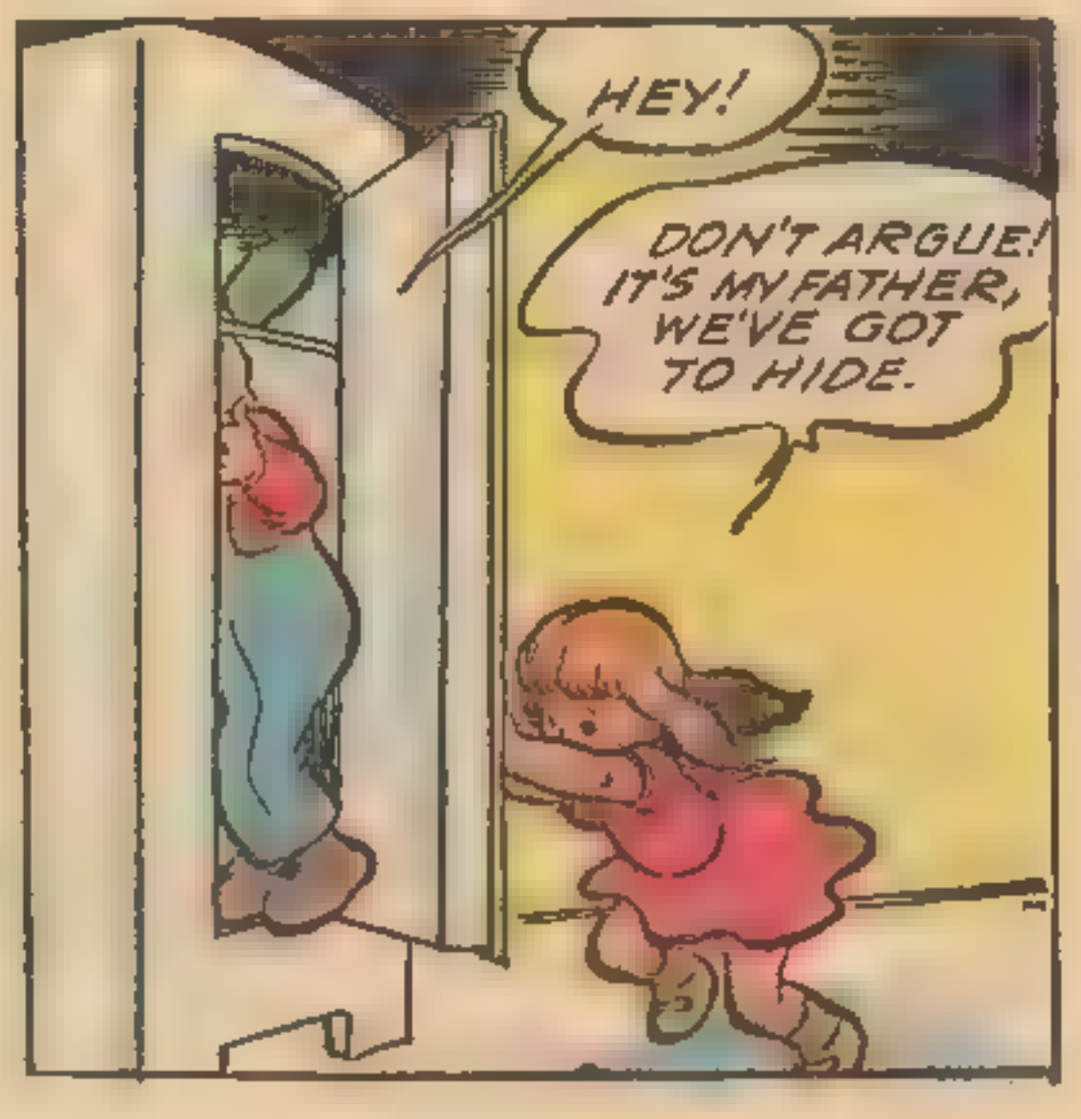
MGM presents

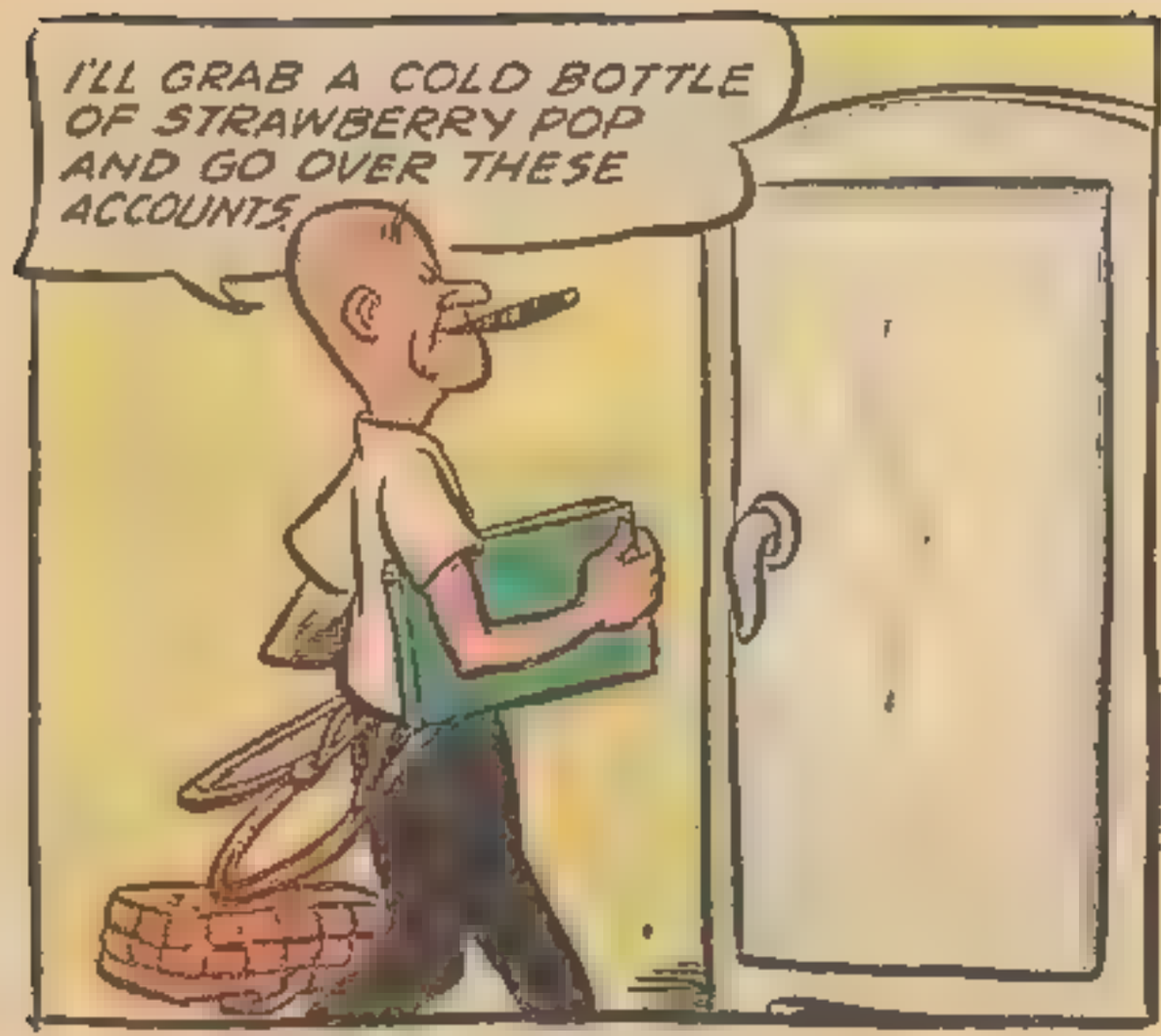
OUR GANG

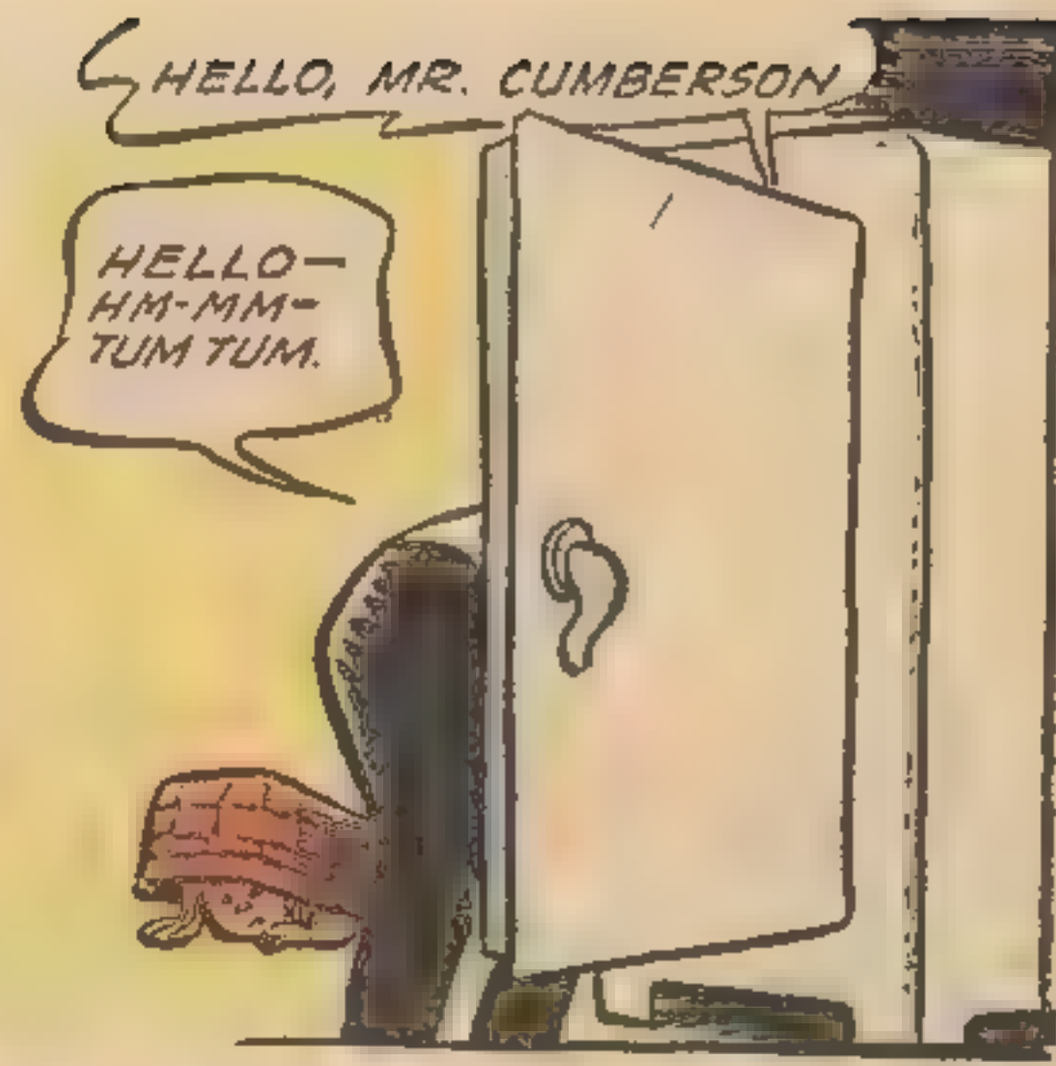


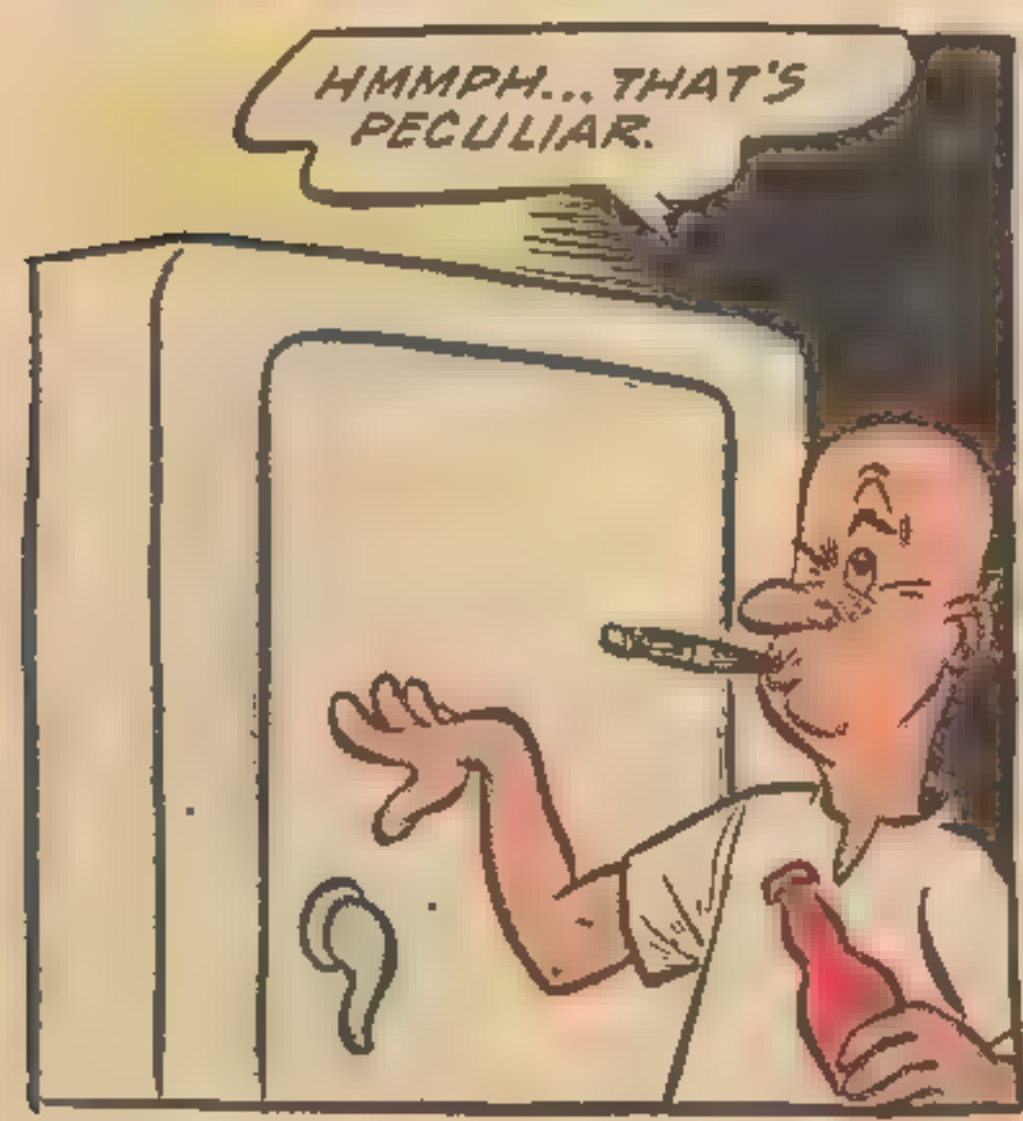


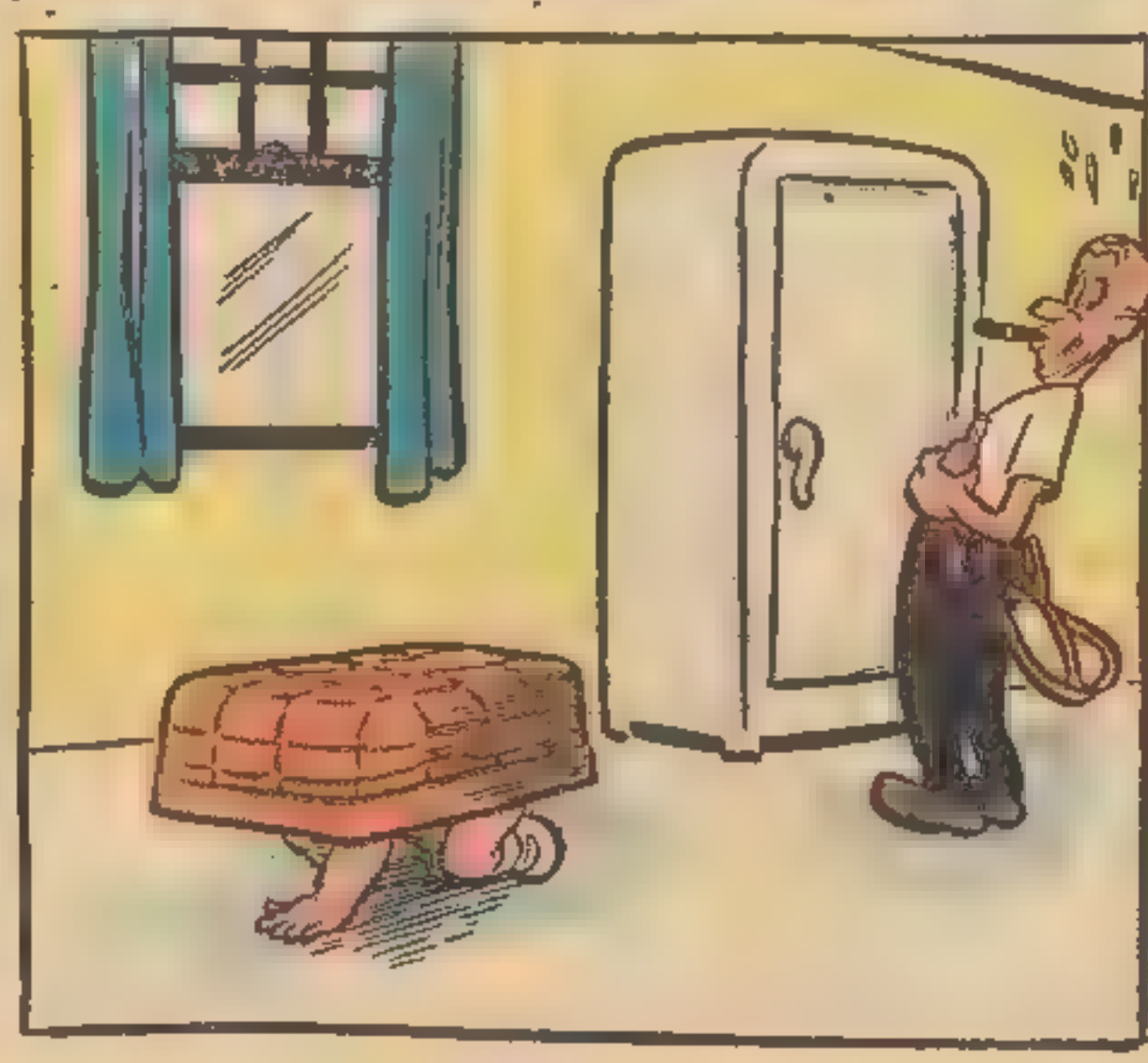




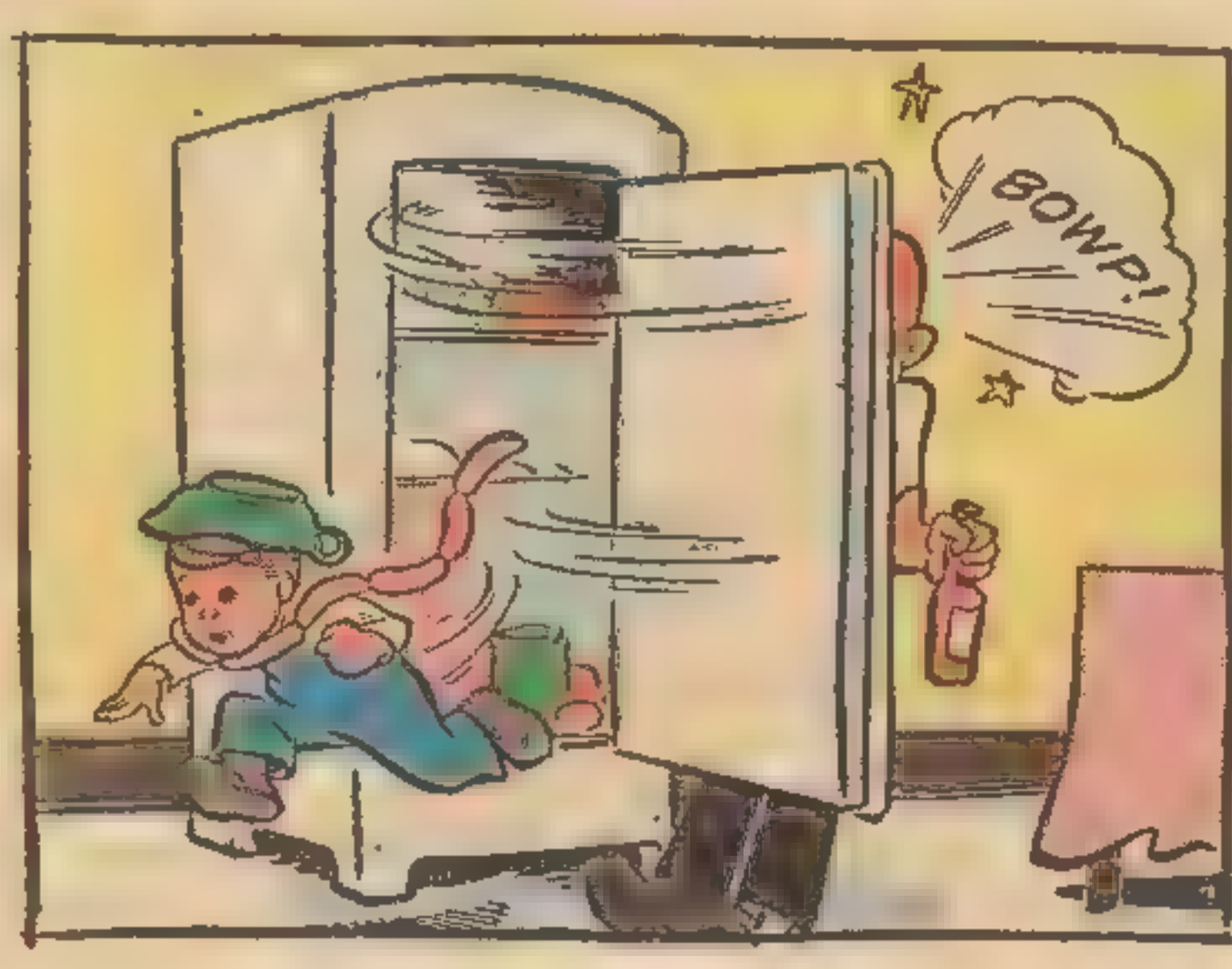

I'LL GRAB A COLD BOTTLE OF STRAWBERRY POP AND GO OVER THESE ACCOUNTS.

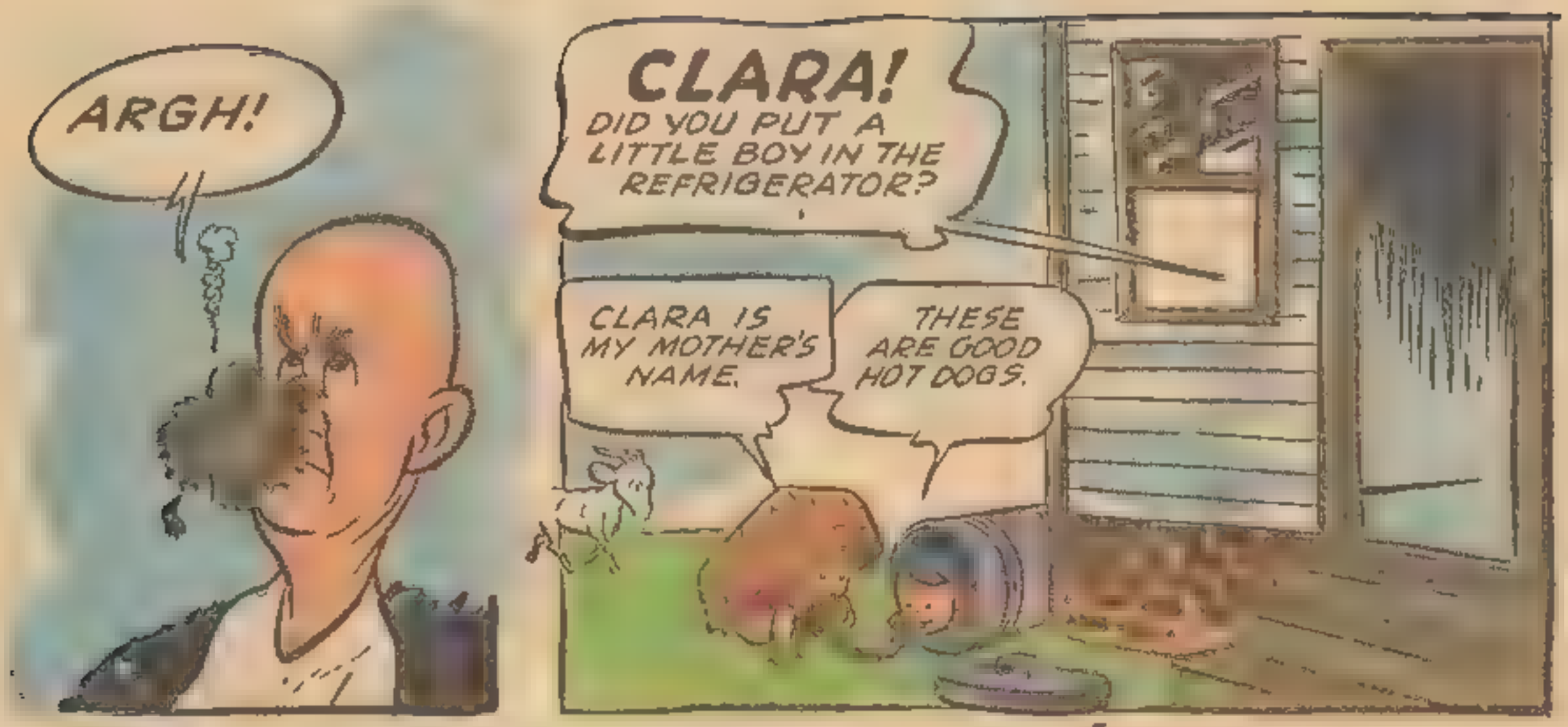

HELLO, MR. CUMBERSON
HELLO— HM-MM- TUM TUM.

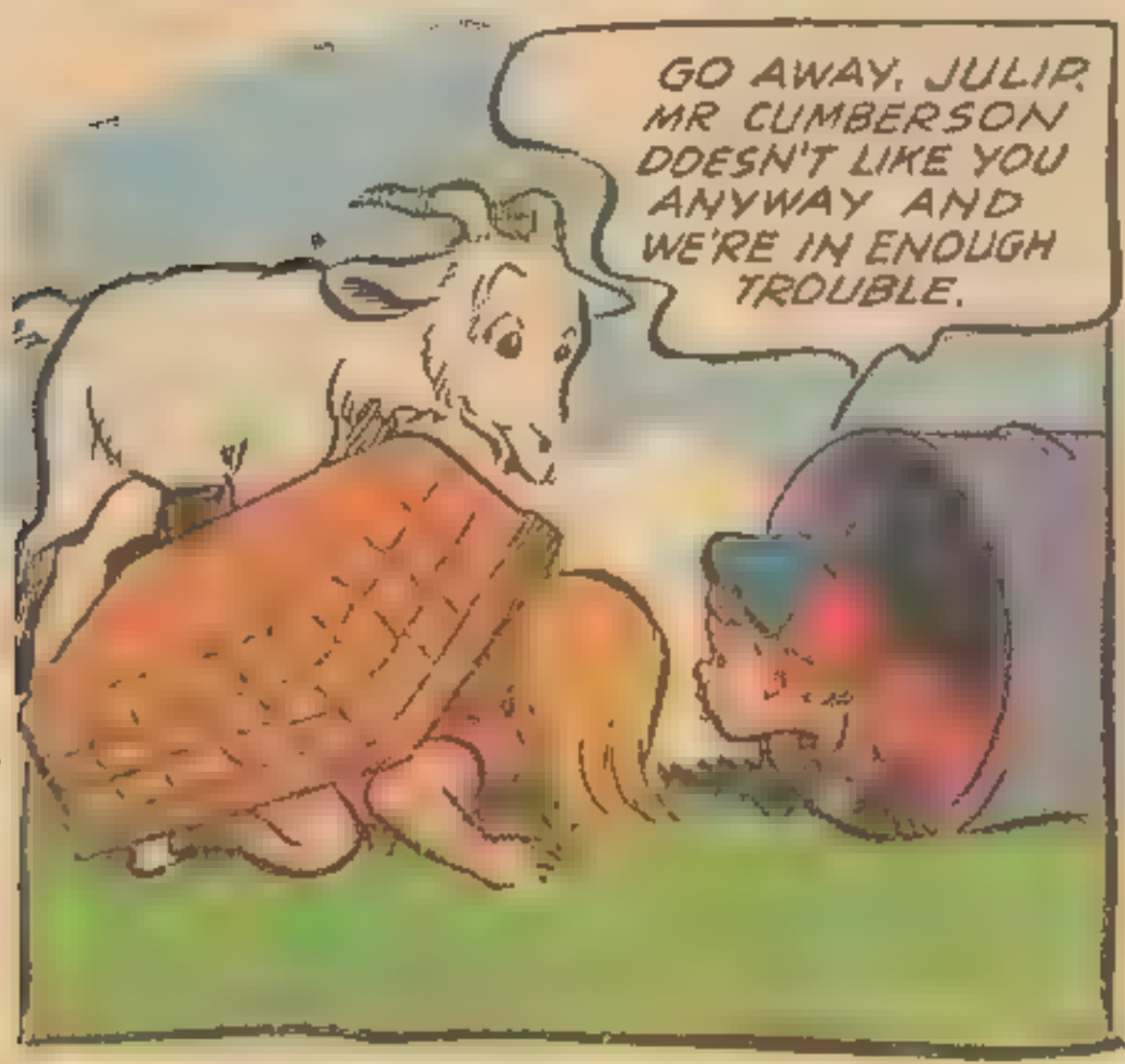

HMMPH... THAT'S PECULIAR.

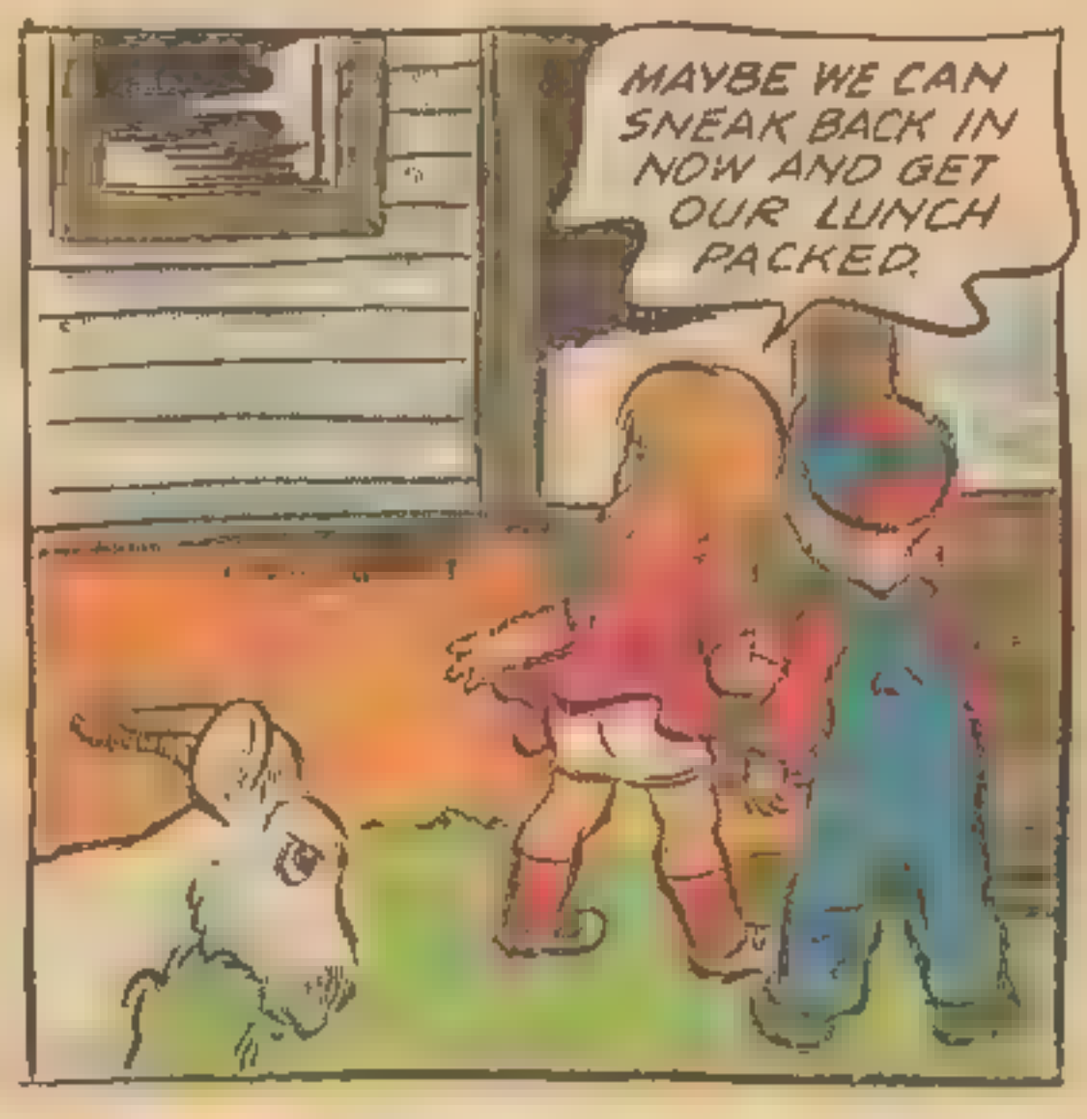


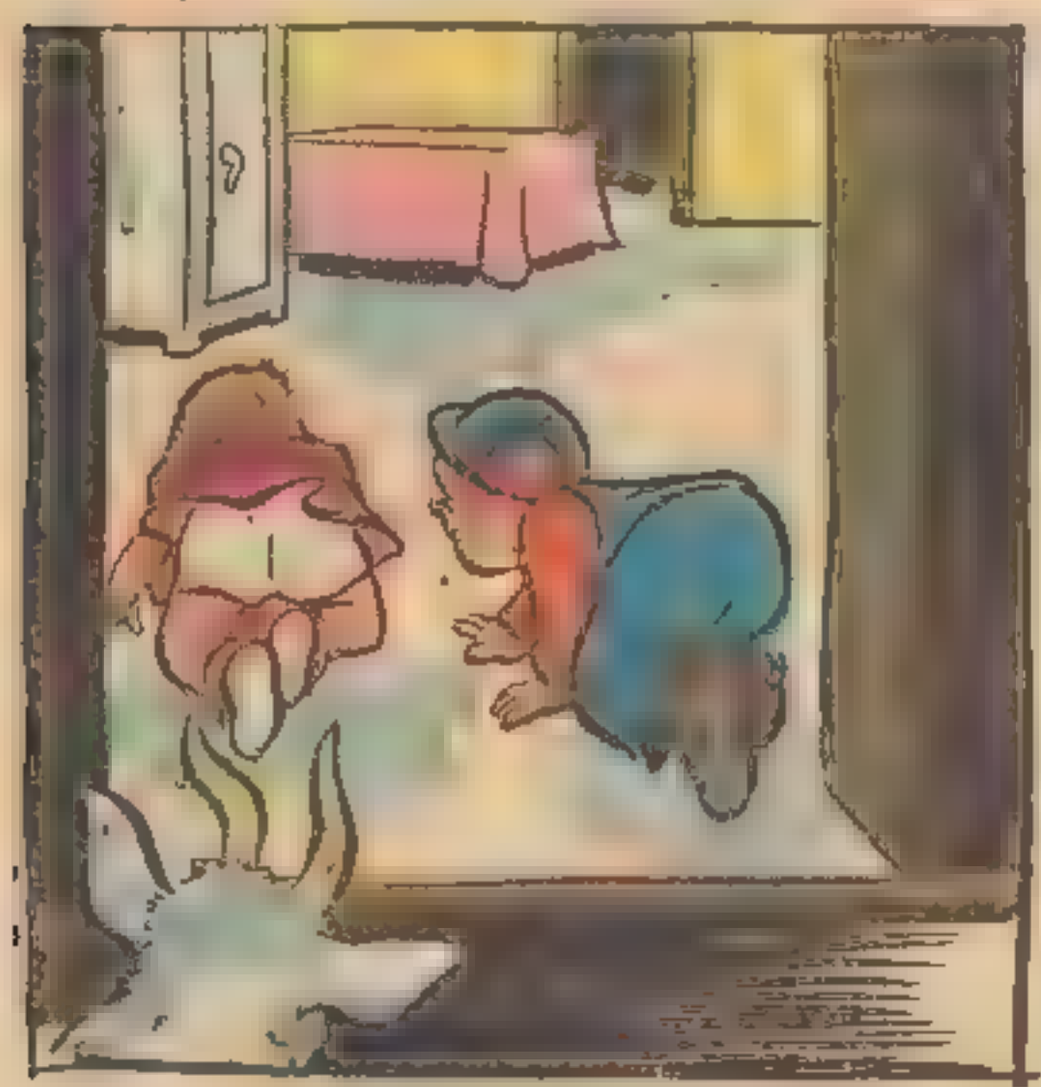
THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY PECULIAR AROUND HERE.


BOWP!

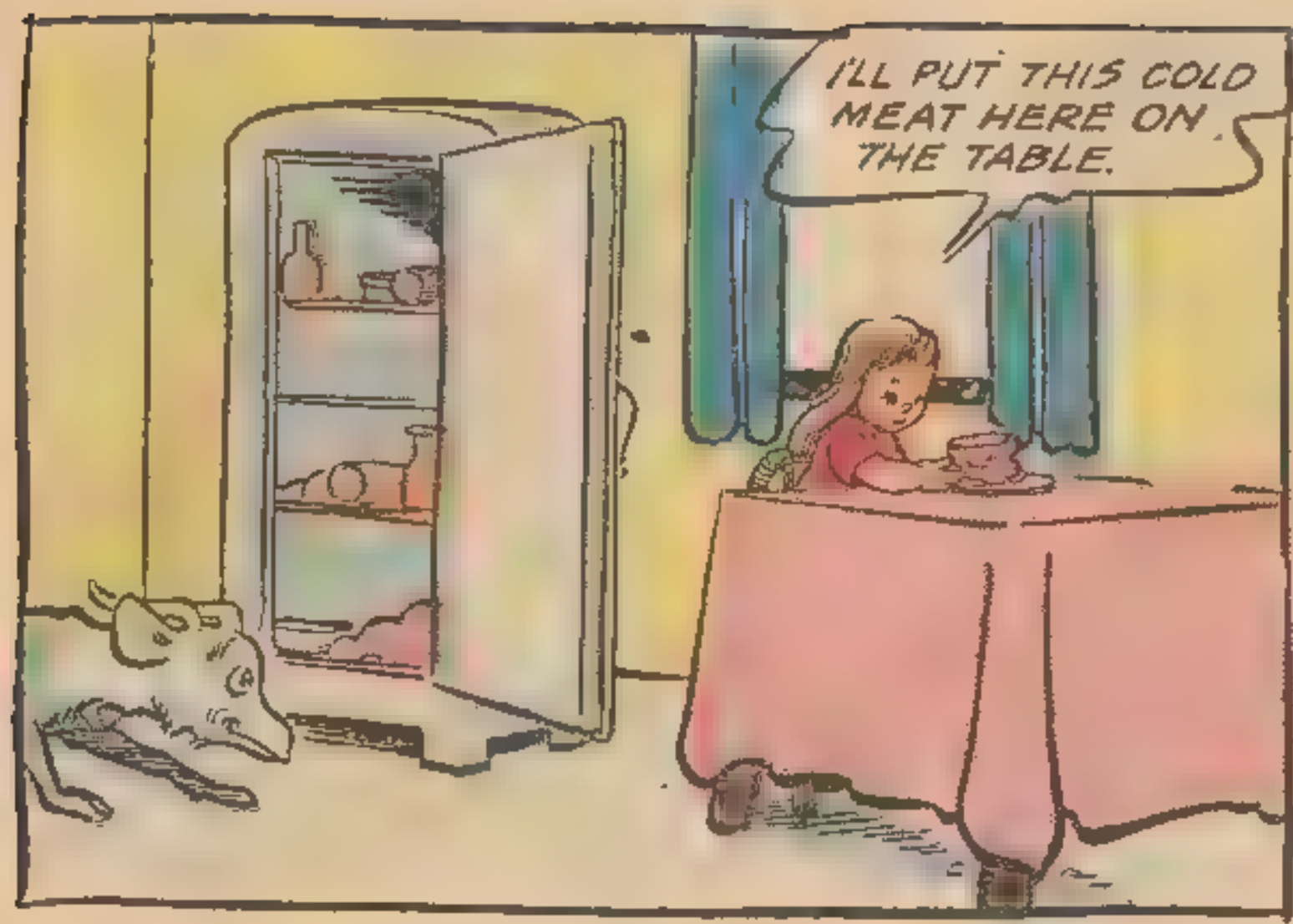

ARGH!
CLARA! DID YOU PUT A LITTLE BOY IN THE REFRIGERATOR?
CLARA IS MY MOTHER'S NAME.
THESE ARE GOOD HOT DOGS.


GO AWAY, JULIP. MR CUMBERSON DOESN'T LIKE YOU ANYWAY AND WE'RE IN ENOUGH TROUBLE.

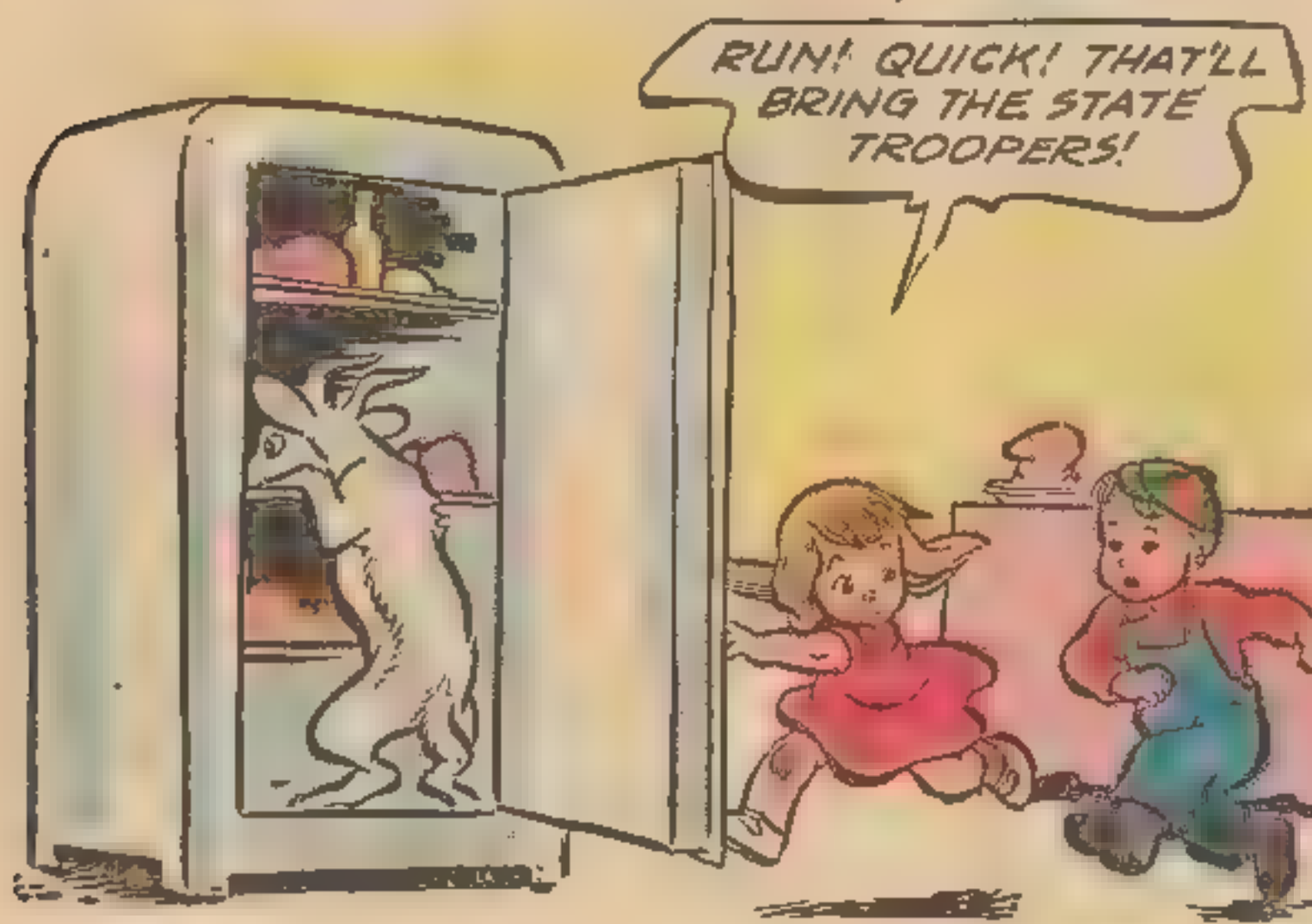

MAYBE WE CAN SNEAK BACK IN NOW AND GET OUR LUNCH PACKED.



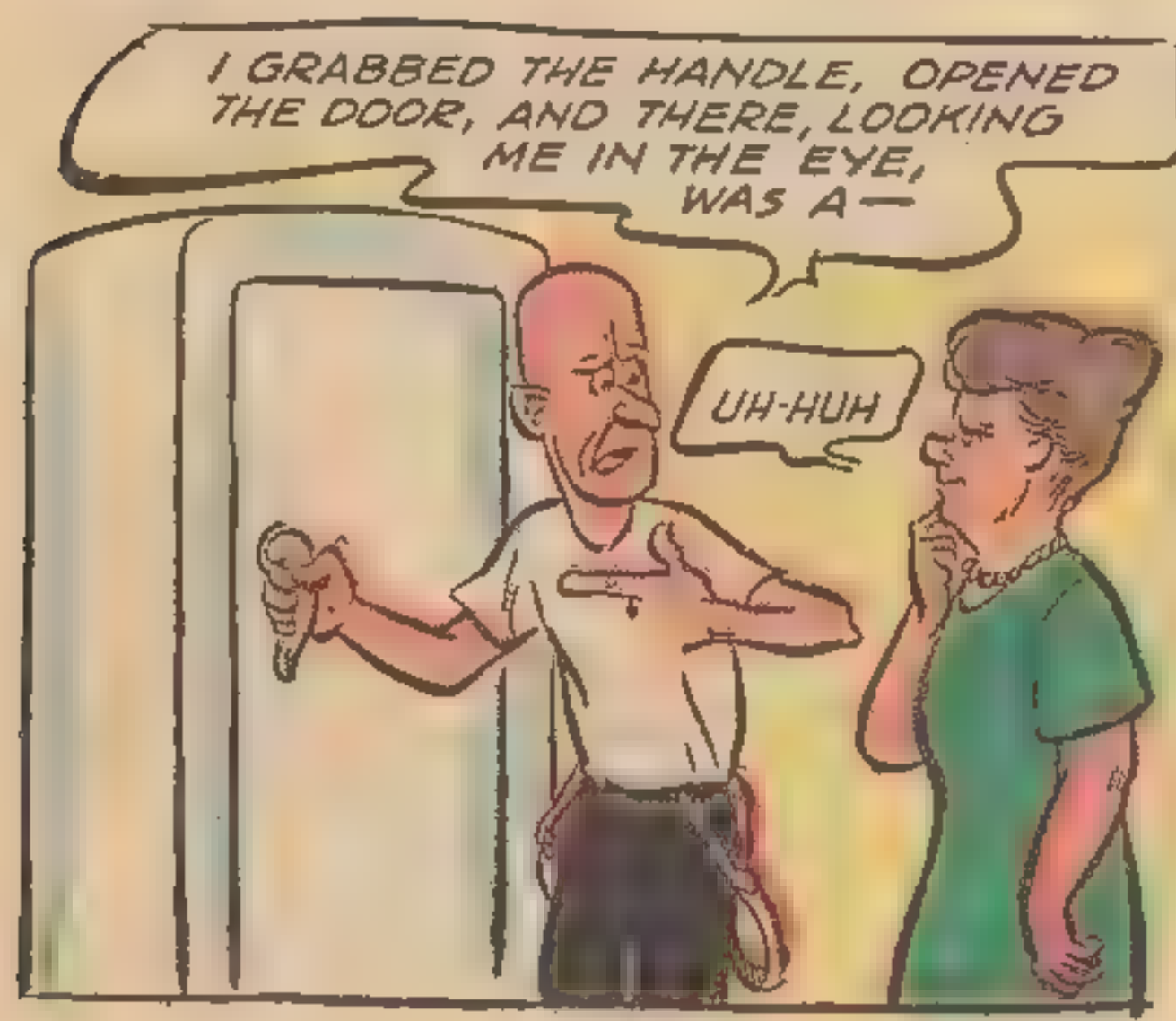
YOU GO TO THAT DRAWER AND GET A PAPER BAG— I DON'T TRUST YOU AT THE ICEBOX.

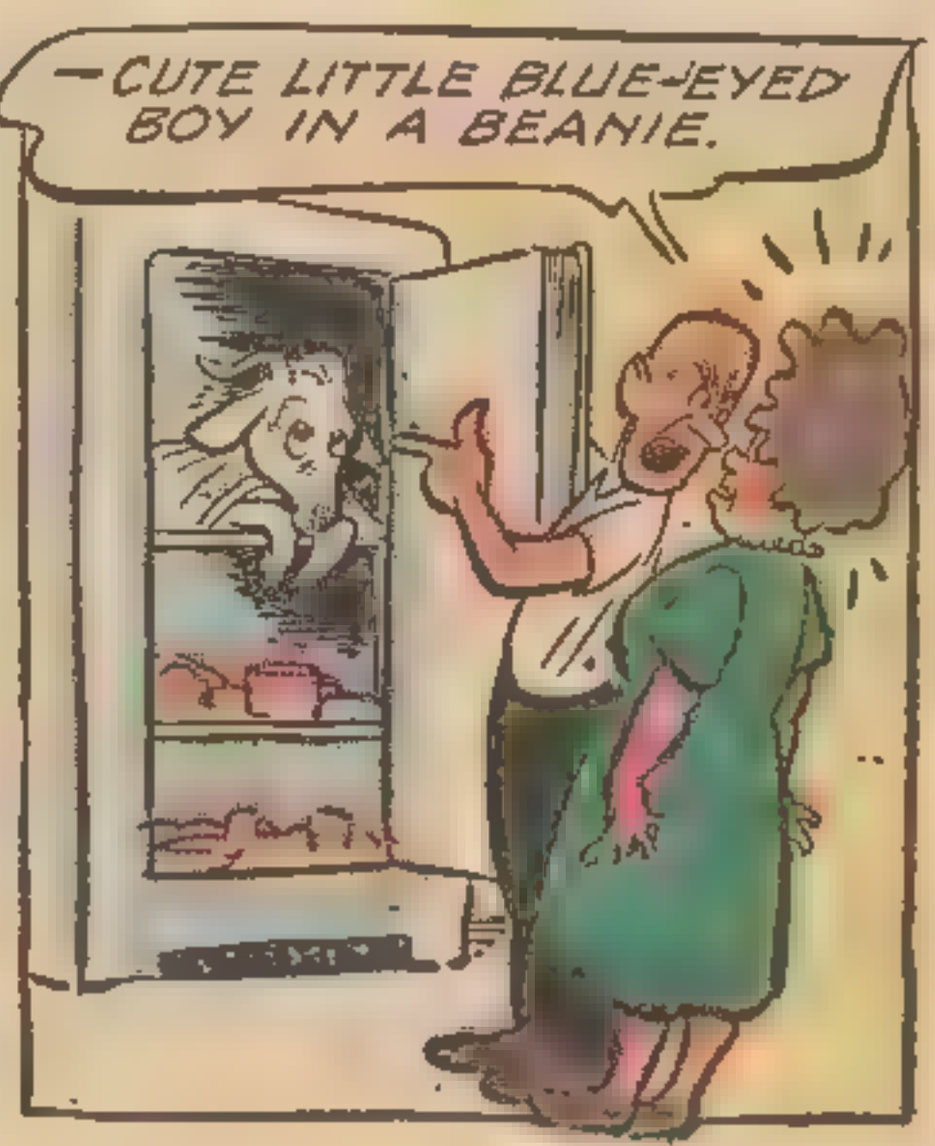

I'LL PUT THIS COLD MEAT HERE ON THE TABLE.

GOLLY, I PULLED THE DRAWER RIGHT OUT!

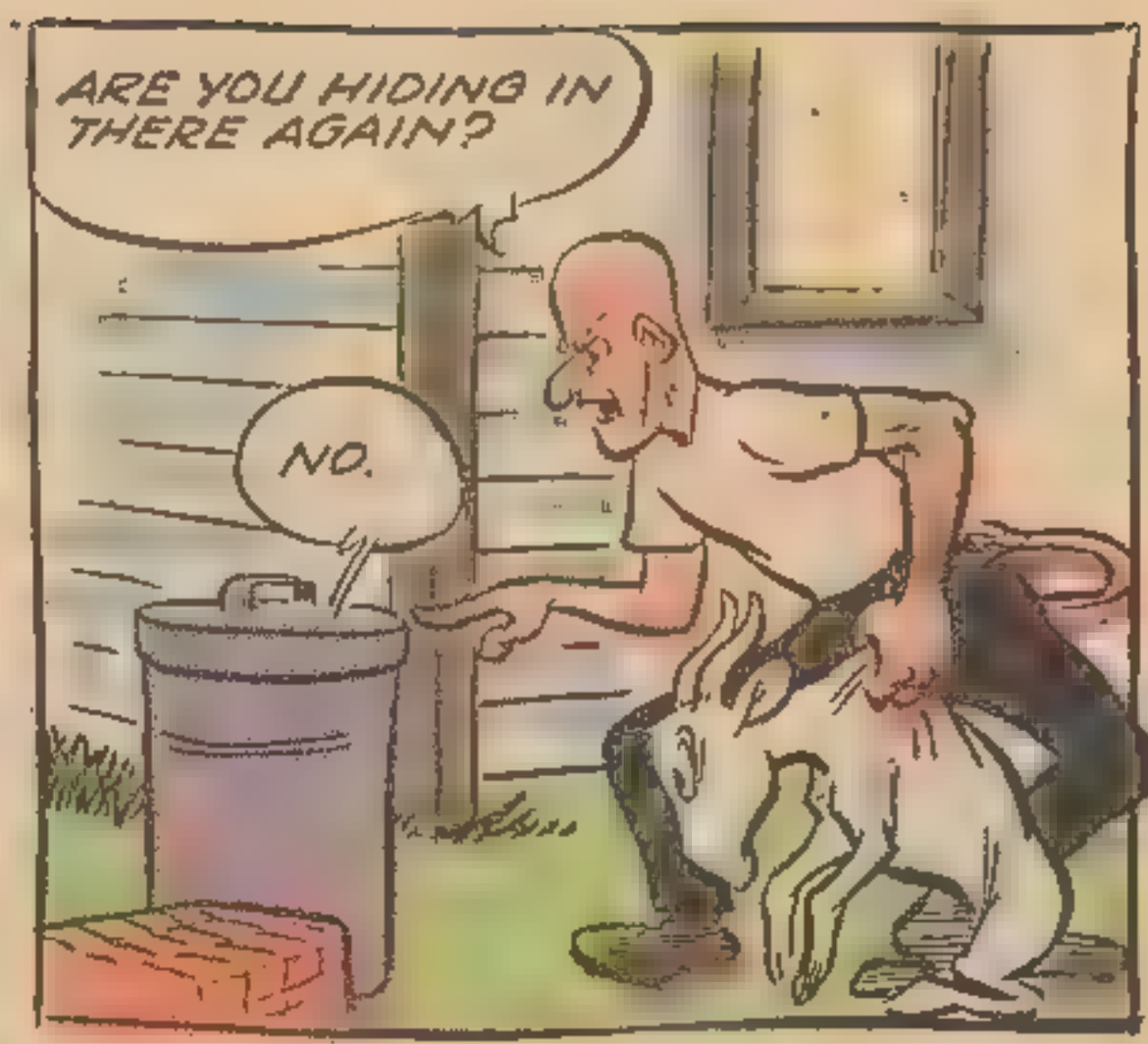

RUN! QUICK! THAT'LL BRING THE STATE TROOPERS!

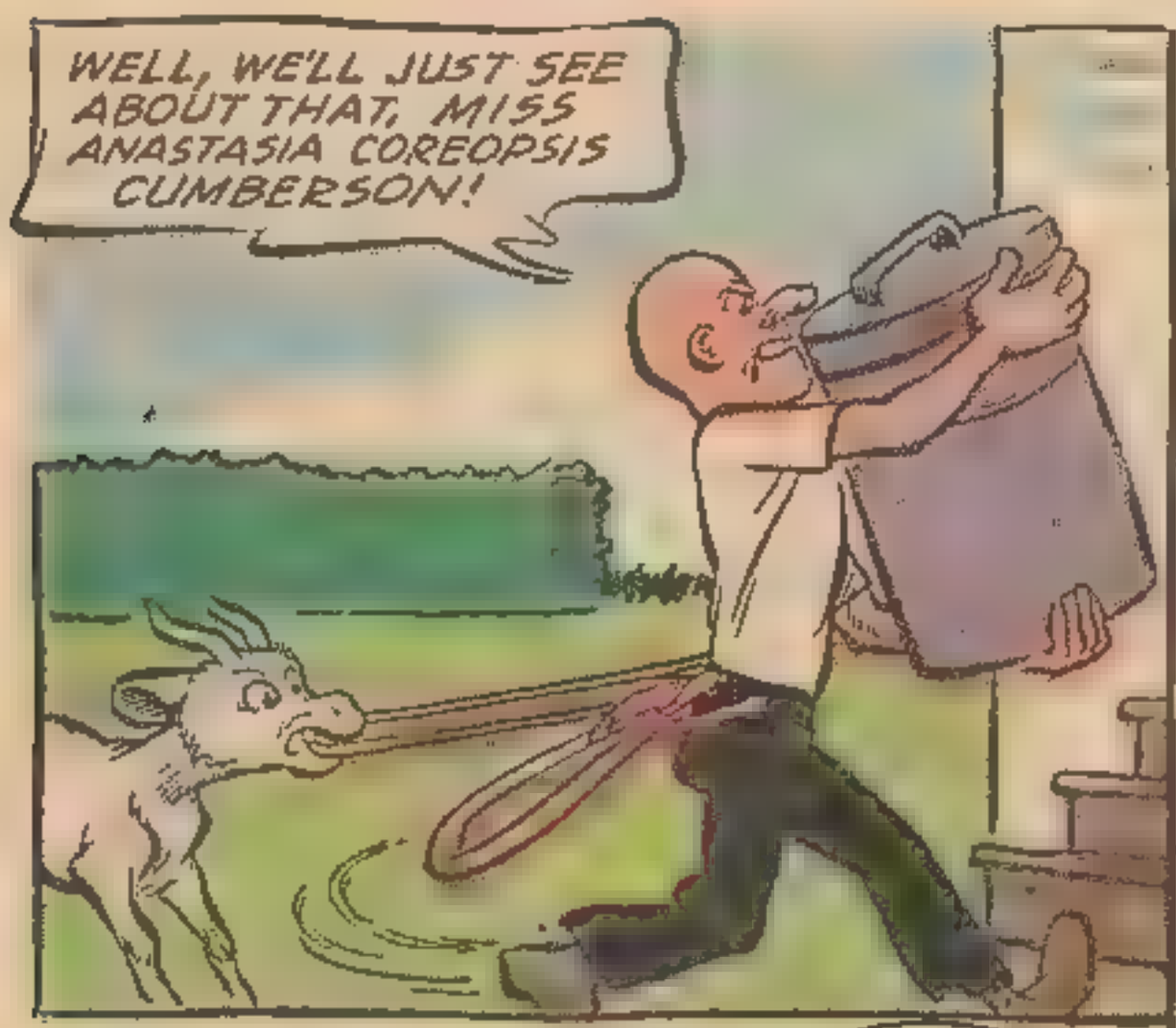
COME ON INTO THE KITCHEN—I TELL YOU THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY IN DENMARK.

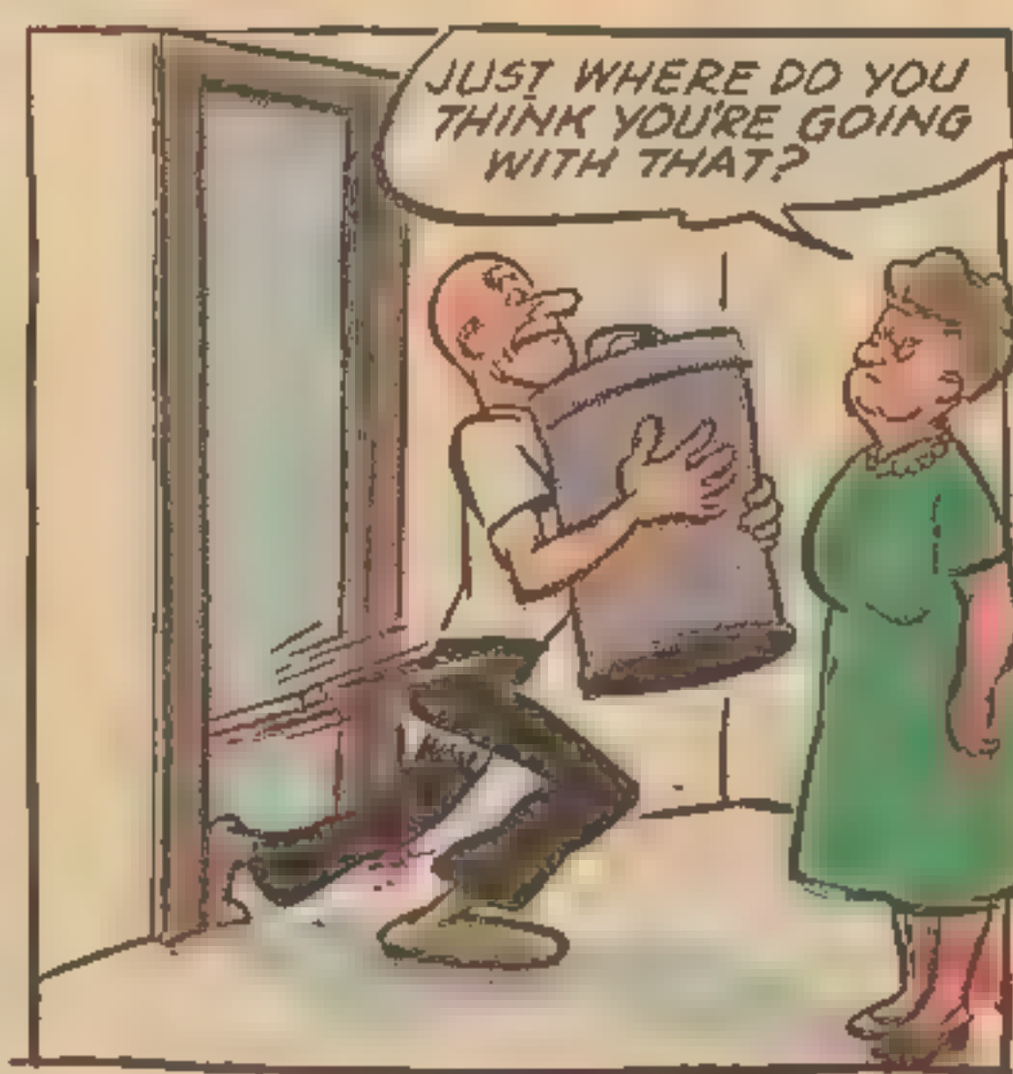

I GRABBED THE HANDLE, OPENED THE DOOR, AND THERE, LOOKING ME IN THE EYE, WAS A—
UH-HUH


—CUTE LITTLE BLUE-EYED BOY IN A BEANIE.

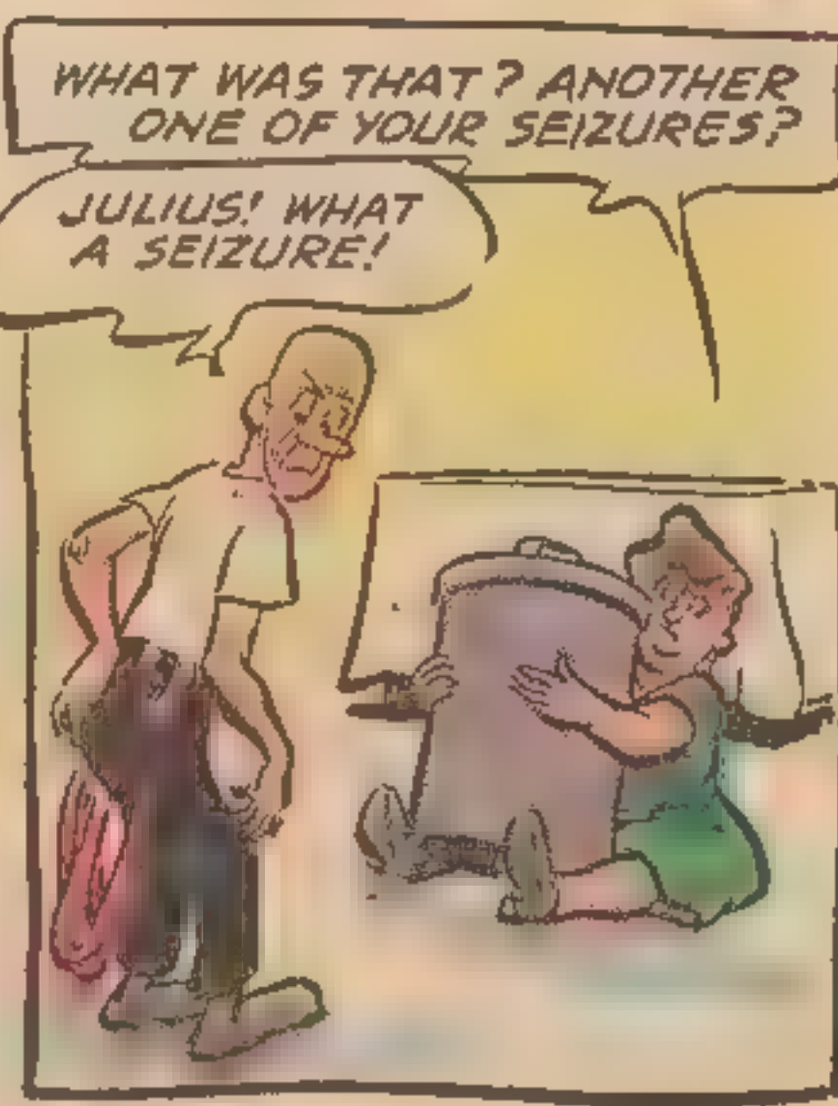
ANASTASIA!
THEY'RE OUT WITH BLOODHOUNDS.
LAY LOW.

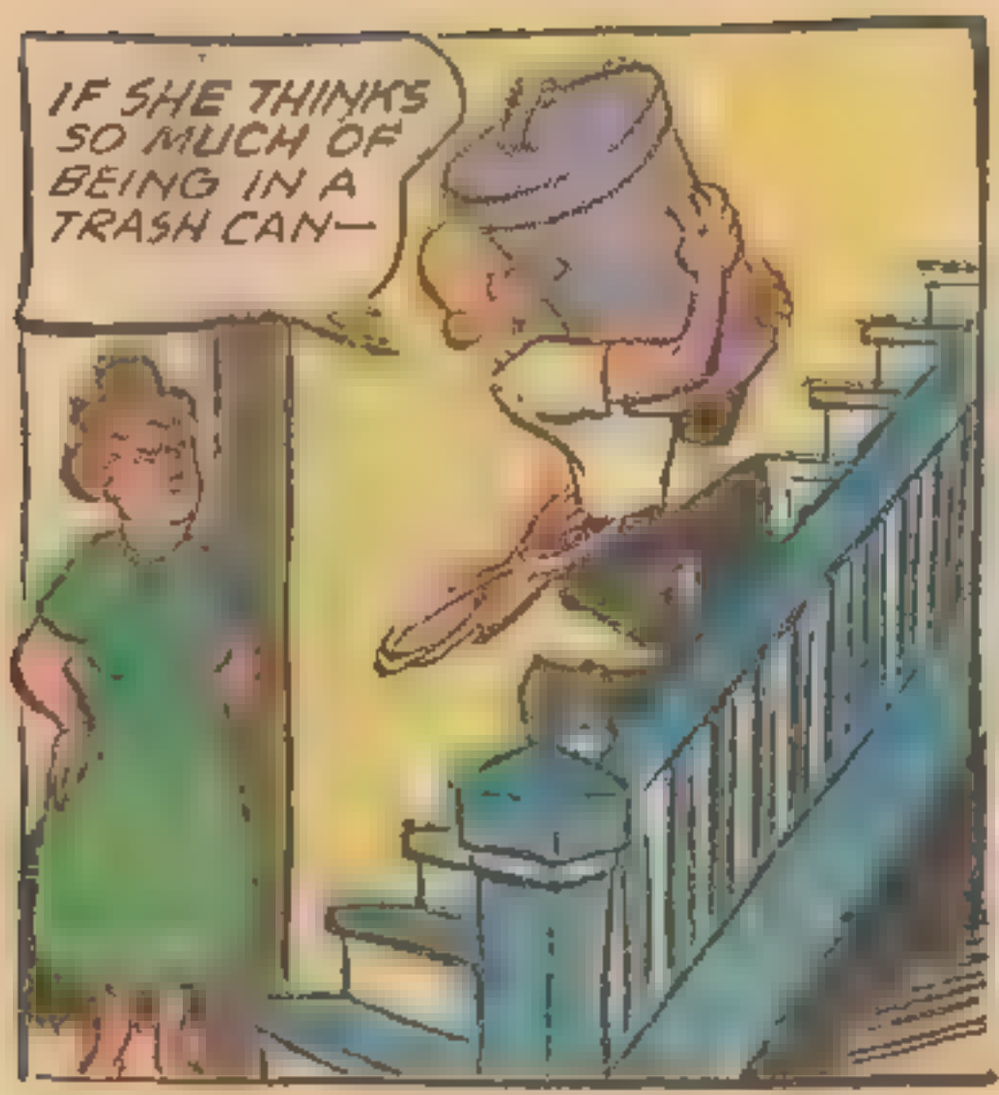

ARE YOU HIDING IN THERE AGAIN?
NO.

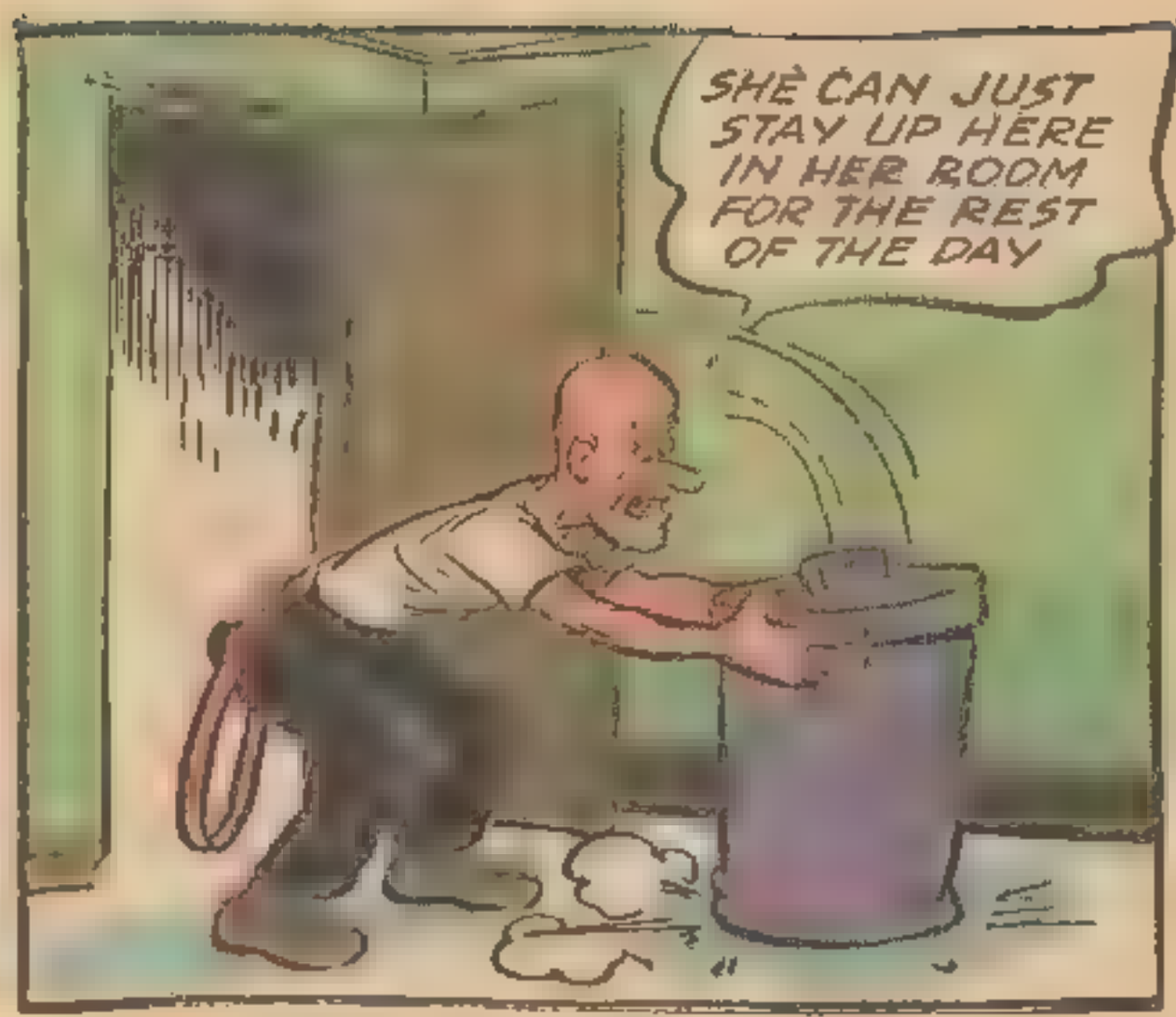

WELL, WE'LL JUST SEE ABOUT THAT, MISS ANASTASIA COREOPSIS CUMBERSON!


JUST WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING WITH THAT?

YEEWOFFO!
WHAP
ZING


WHAT WAS THAT? ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR SEIZURES?
JULIUS! WHAT A SEIZURE!


IF SHE THINKS SO MUCH OF BEING IN A TRASH CAN—

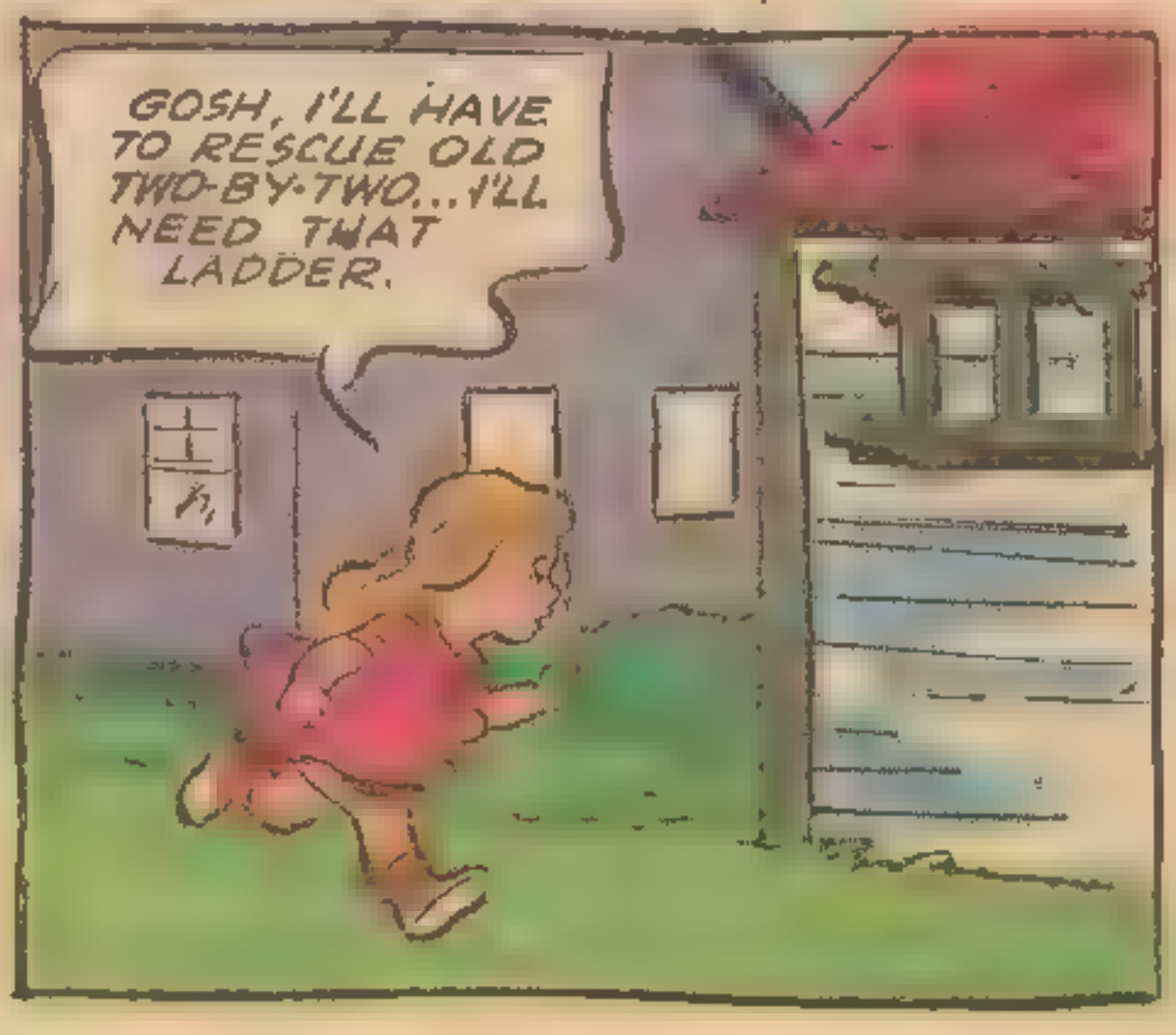

SHE CAN JUST STAY UP HERE IN HER ROOM FOR THE REST OF THE DAY

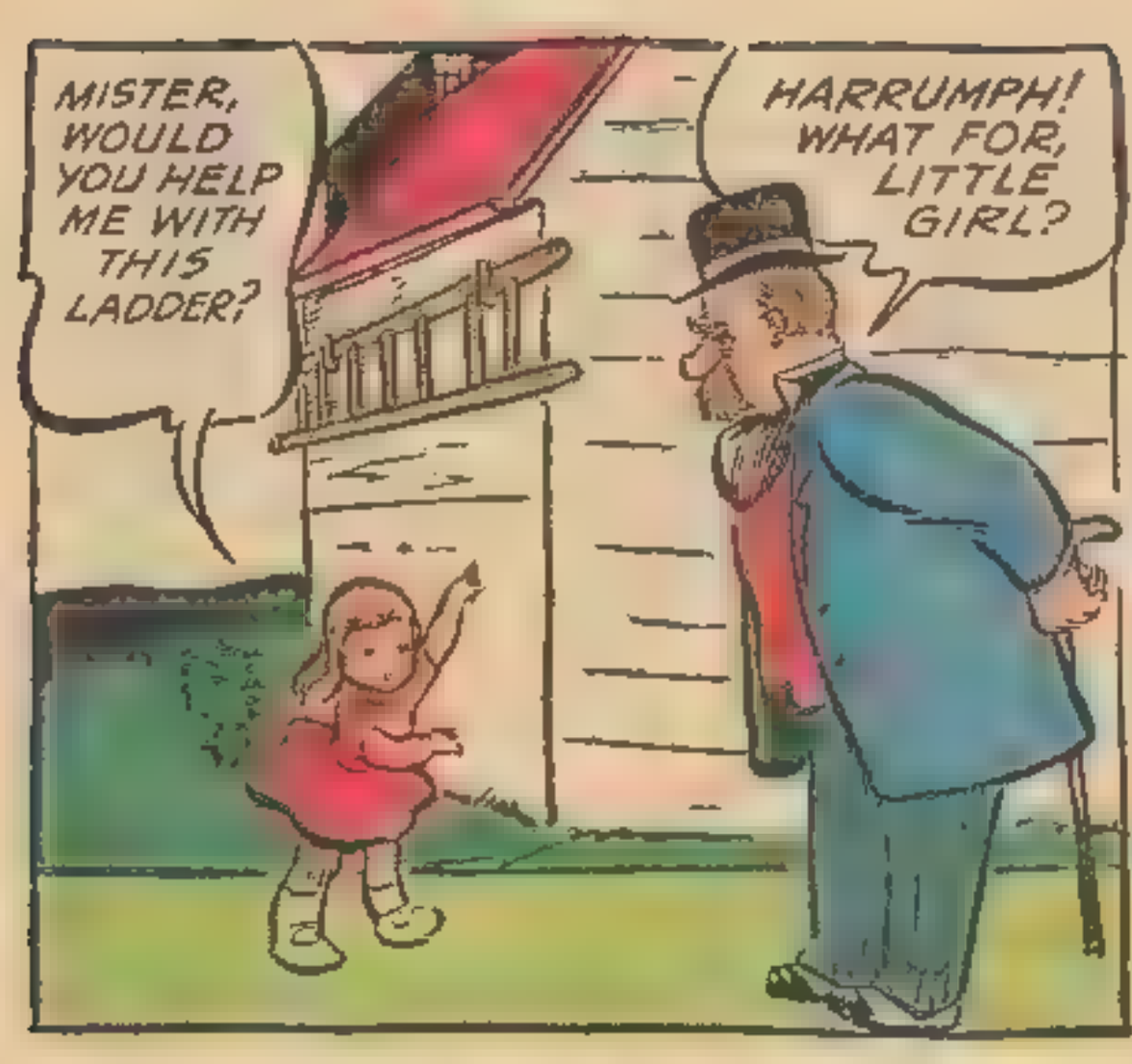
GOSH!
CLICK

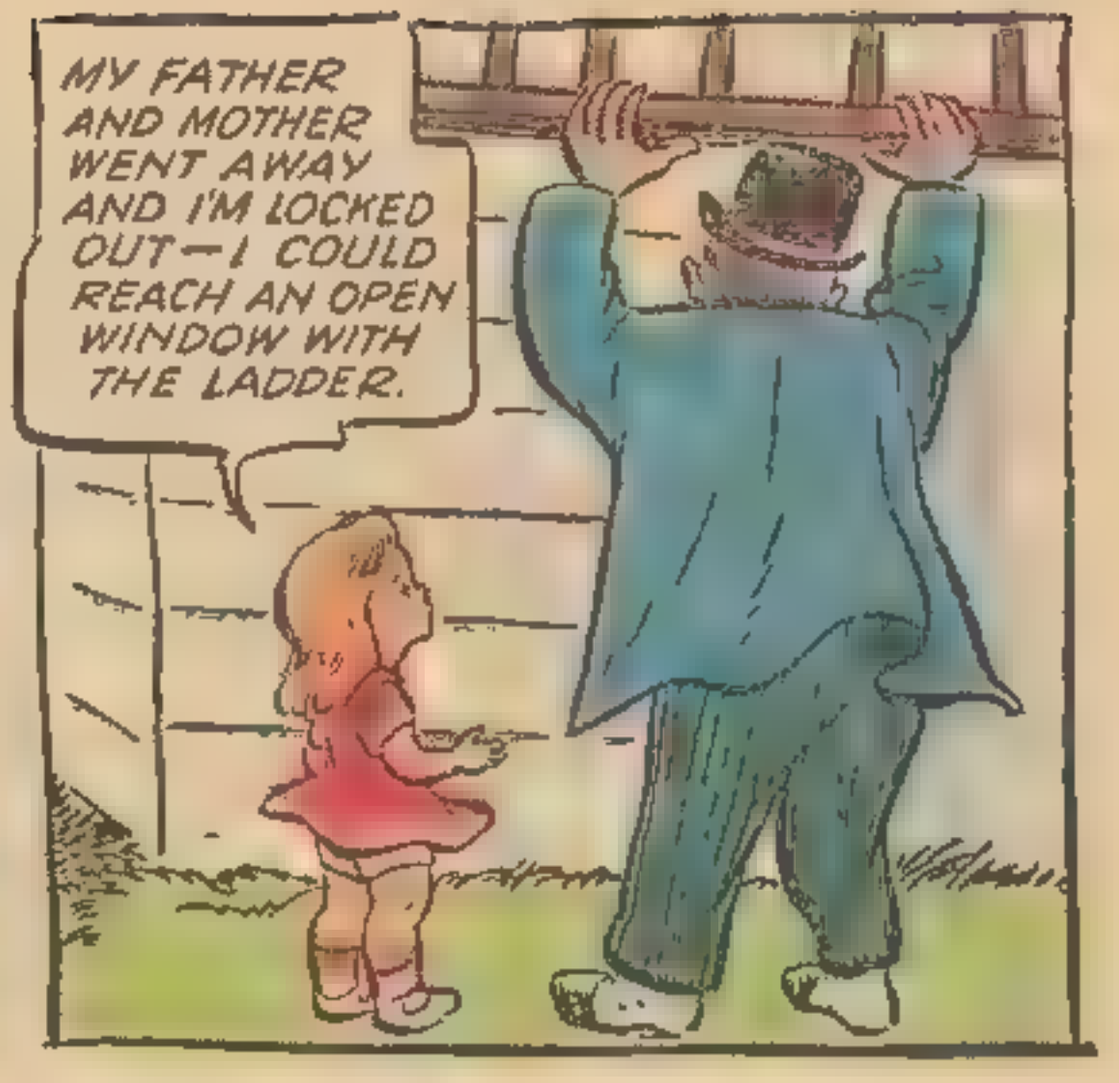
GEE, HE LOCKED THE DOOR.

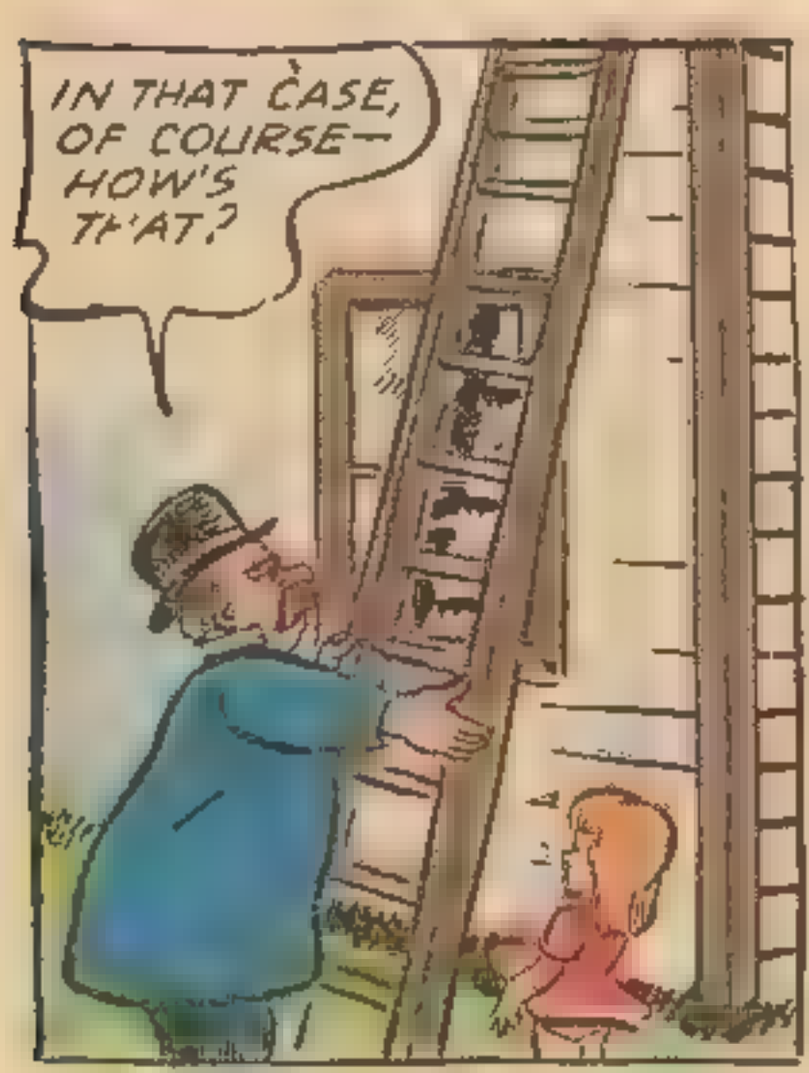
I'VE GOT TO ESCAPE— HMM—A BOTTLE HOLDING HER PEBBLE COLLECTION.

A FINE WAY FOR A MAN TO TREAT HIS DAUGHTER... I'LL WRITE A NOTE AND PUT IT IN THIS BOTTLE.


GOSH, I'LL HAVE TO RESCUE OLD TWO-BY-TWO... I'LL NEED THAT LADDER.


MISTER, WOULD YOU HELP ME WITH THIS LADDER?
HARRUMPH! WHAT FOR, LITTLE GIRL?

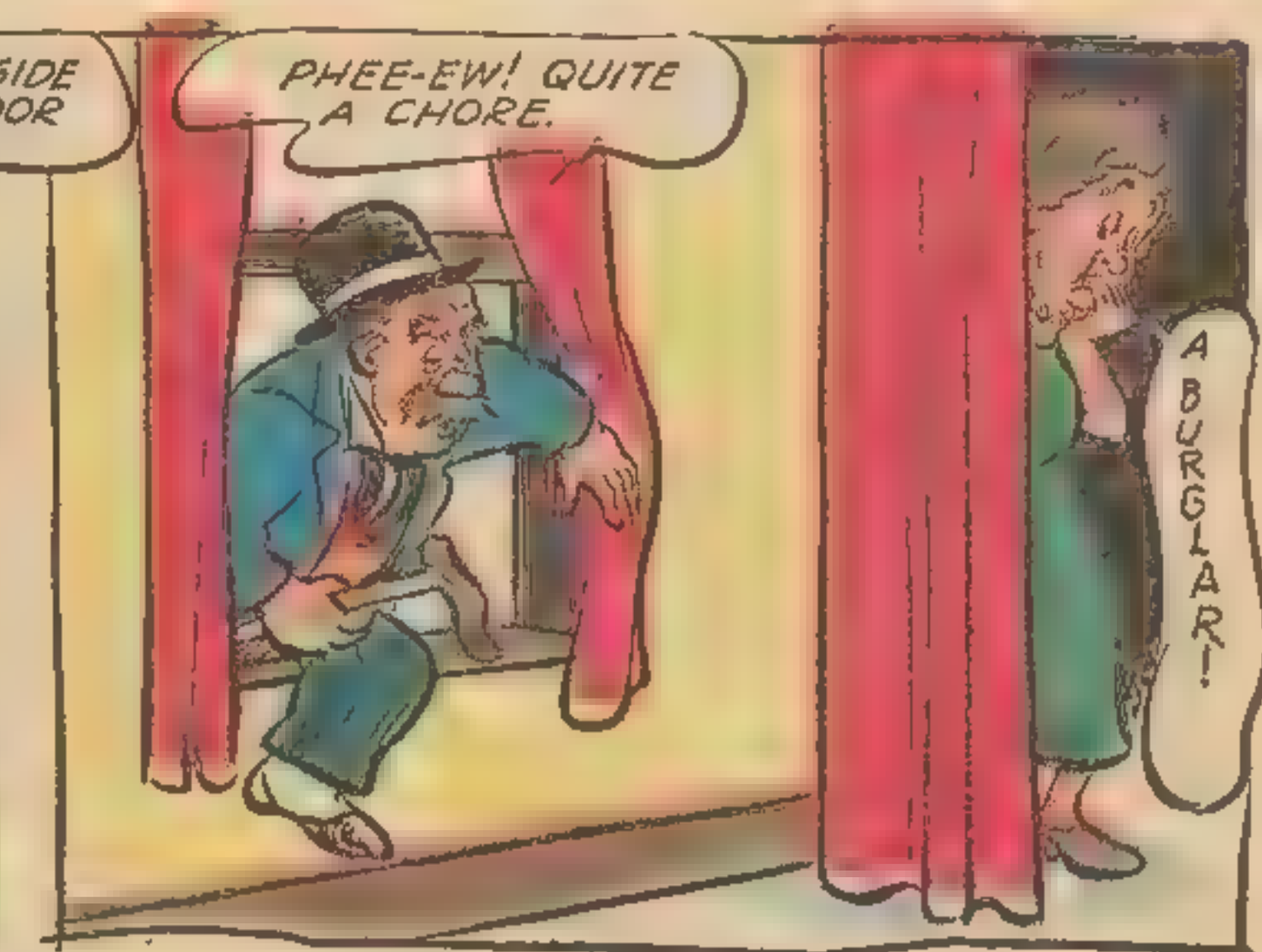

MY FATHER AND MOTHER WENT AWAY AND I'M LOCKED OUT—I COULD REACH AN OPEN WINDOW WITH THE LADDER.

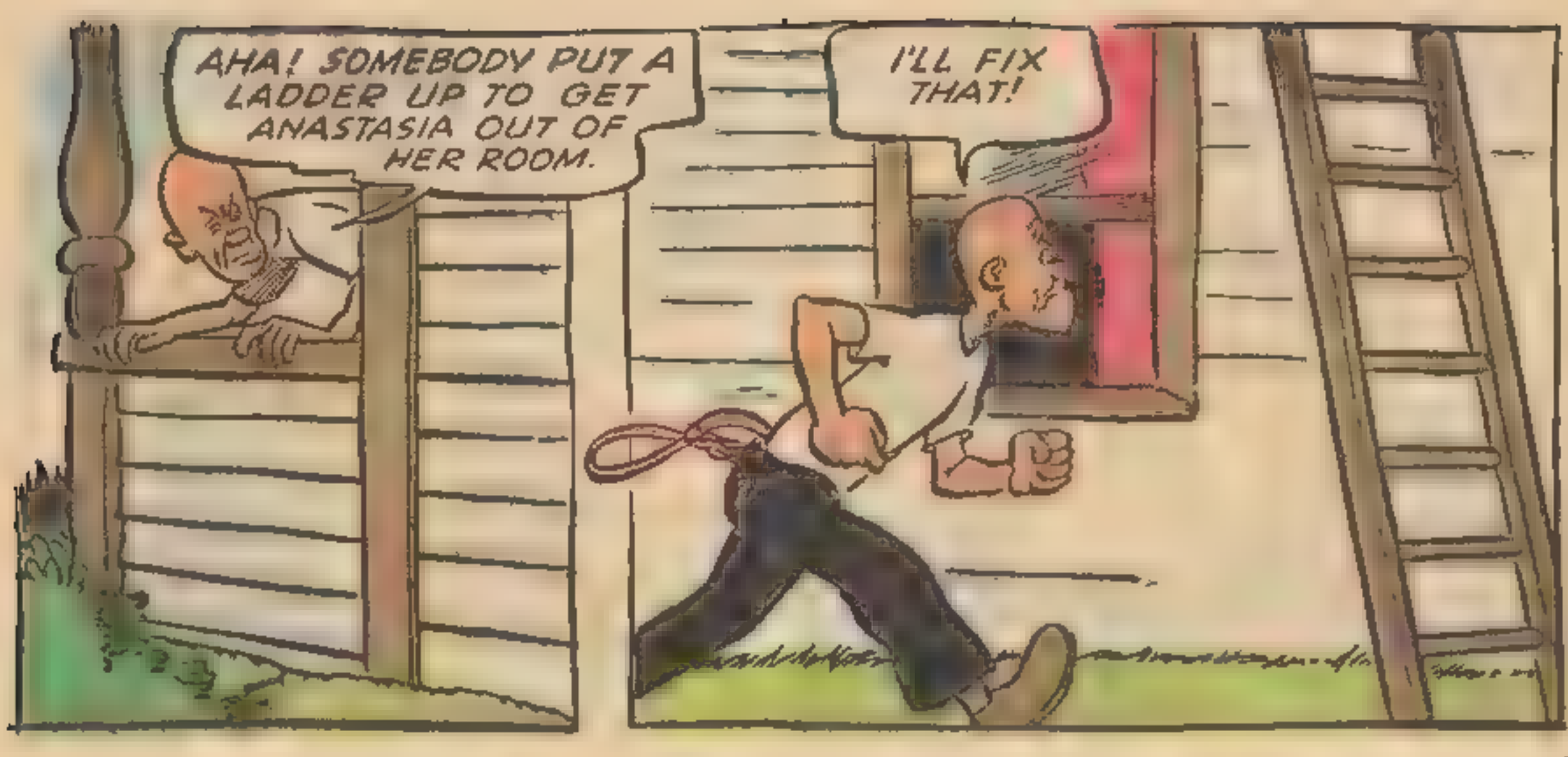

IN THAT CASE, OF COURSE— HOW'S TH'AT?

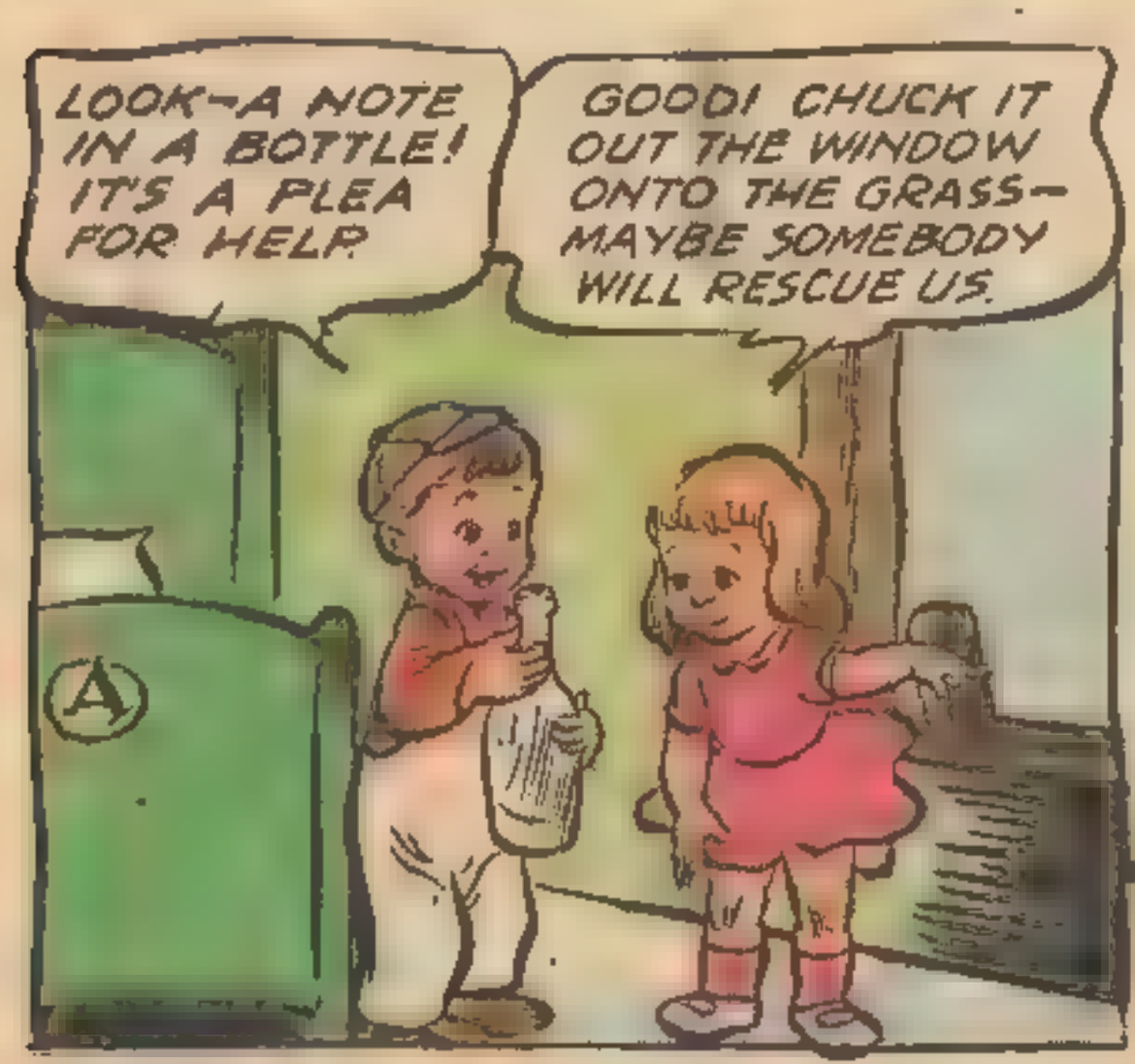
HOW ABOUT THAT WINDOW THERE? IT'S ON THE GROUND LEVEL AND IT'S PARTLY OPEN.
IT-UH-STICKS.

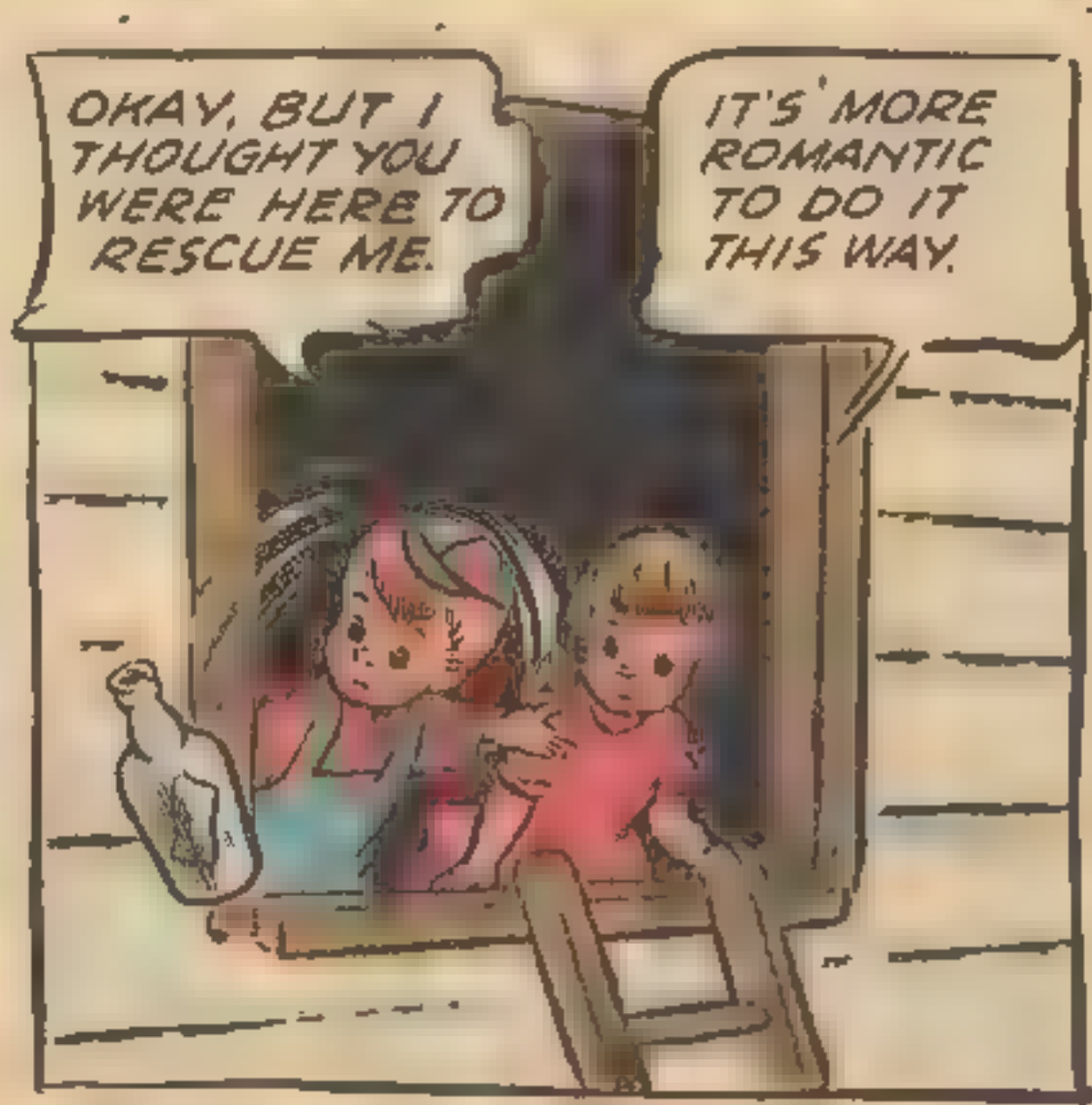
HUMPH— NONSENSE! JUST NEEDS A LITTLE BEEF.

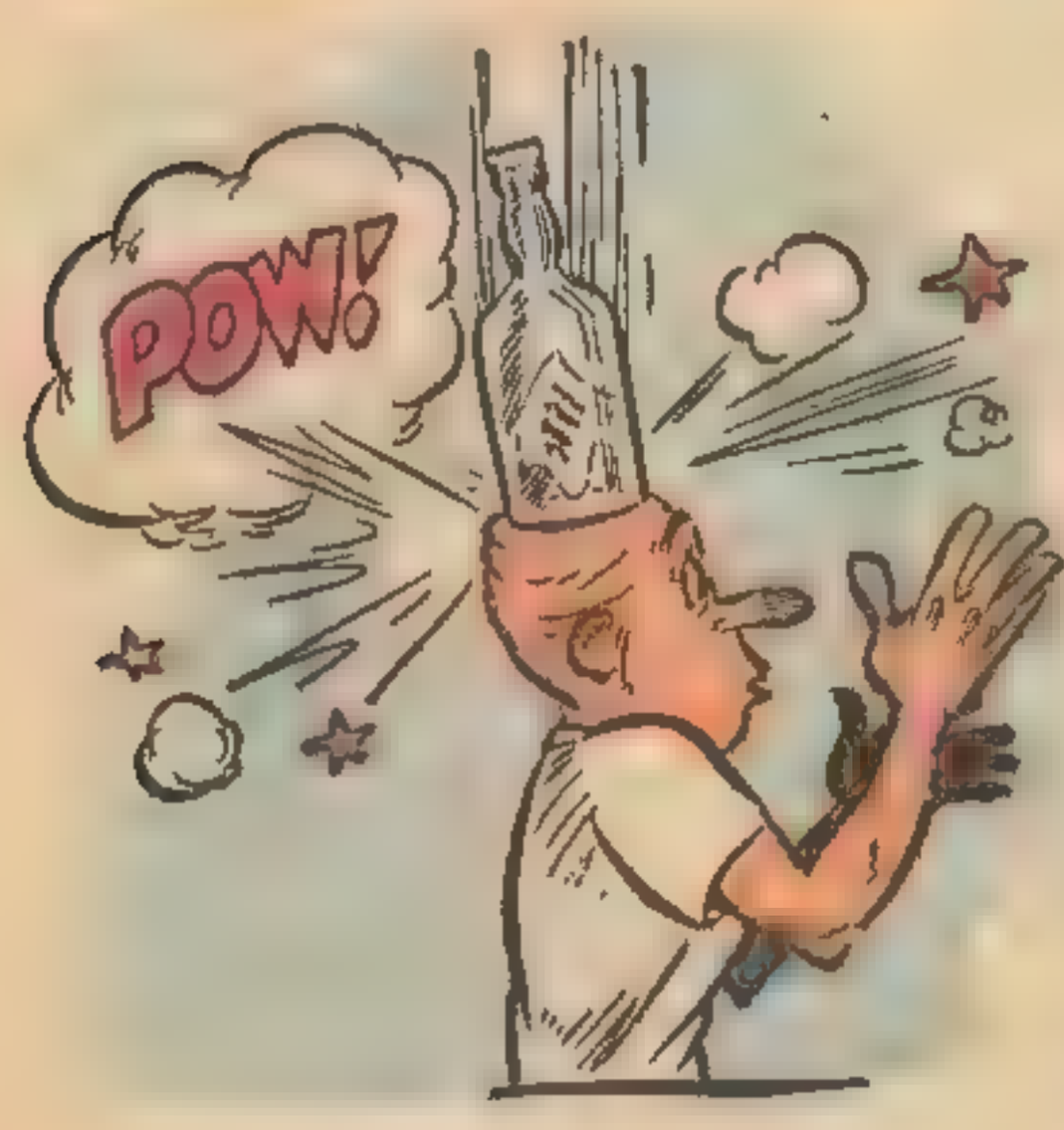
I'LL JUST CRAWL INSIDE AND OPEN THE DOOR FOR YOU.


PHEE-EW! QUITE A CHORE.
A BURGLAR!


AHA! SOMEBODY PUT A LADDER UP TO GET ANASTASIA OUT OF HER ROOM.
I'LL FIX THAT!

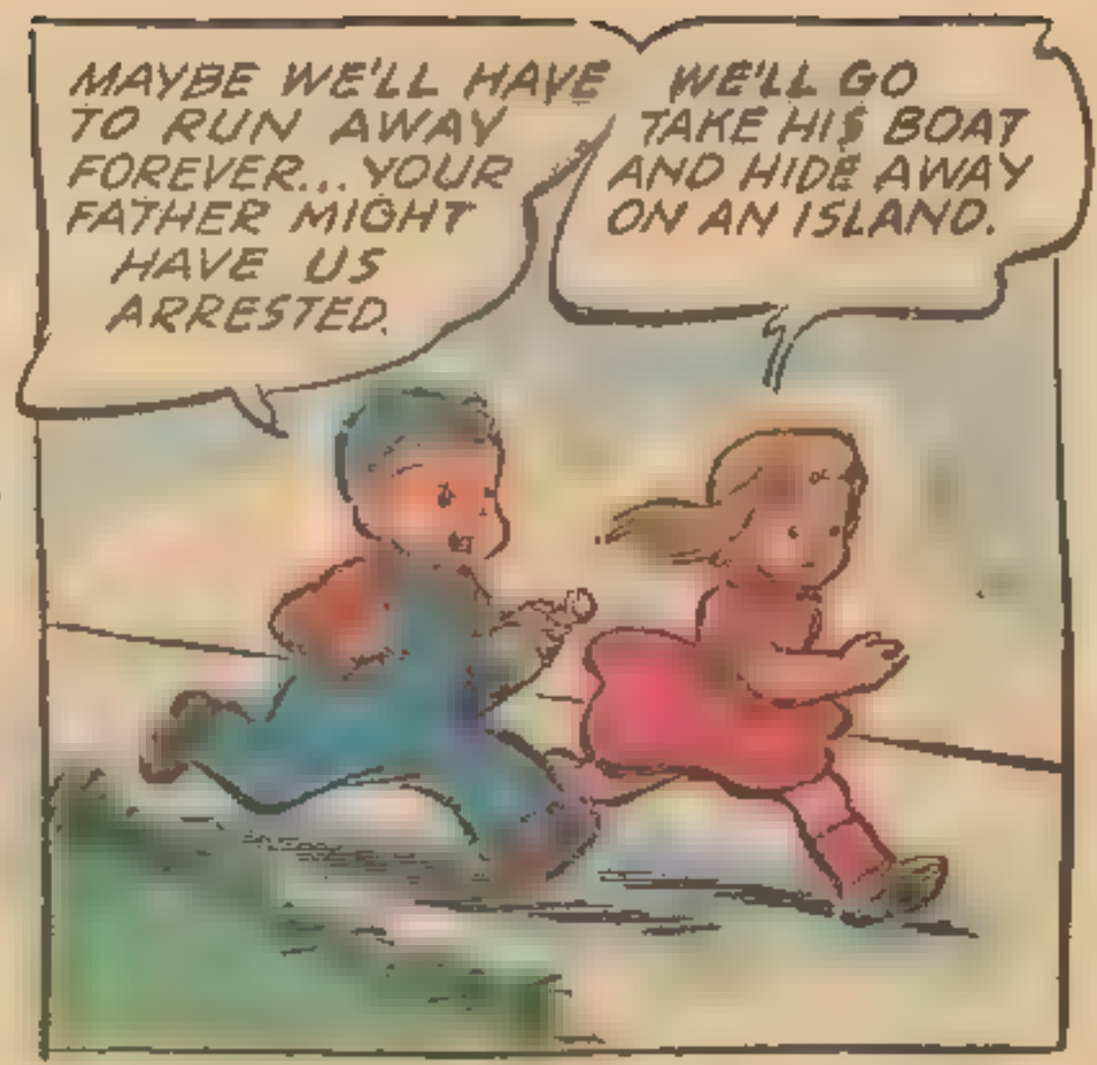

LOOK—A NOTE IN A BOTTLE! IT'S A PLEA FOR HELP.
GOOD! CHUCK IT OUT THE WINDOW ONTO THE GRASS— MAYBE SOMEBODY WILL RESCUE US.

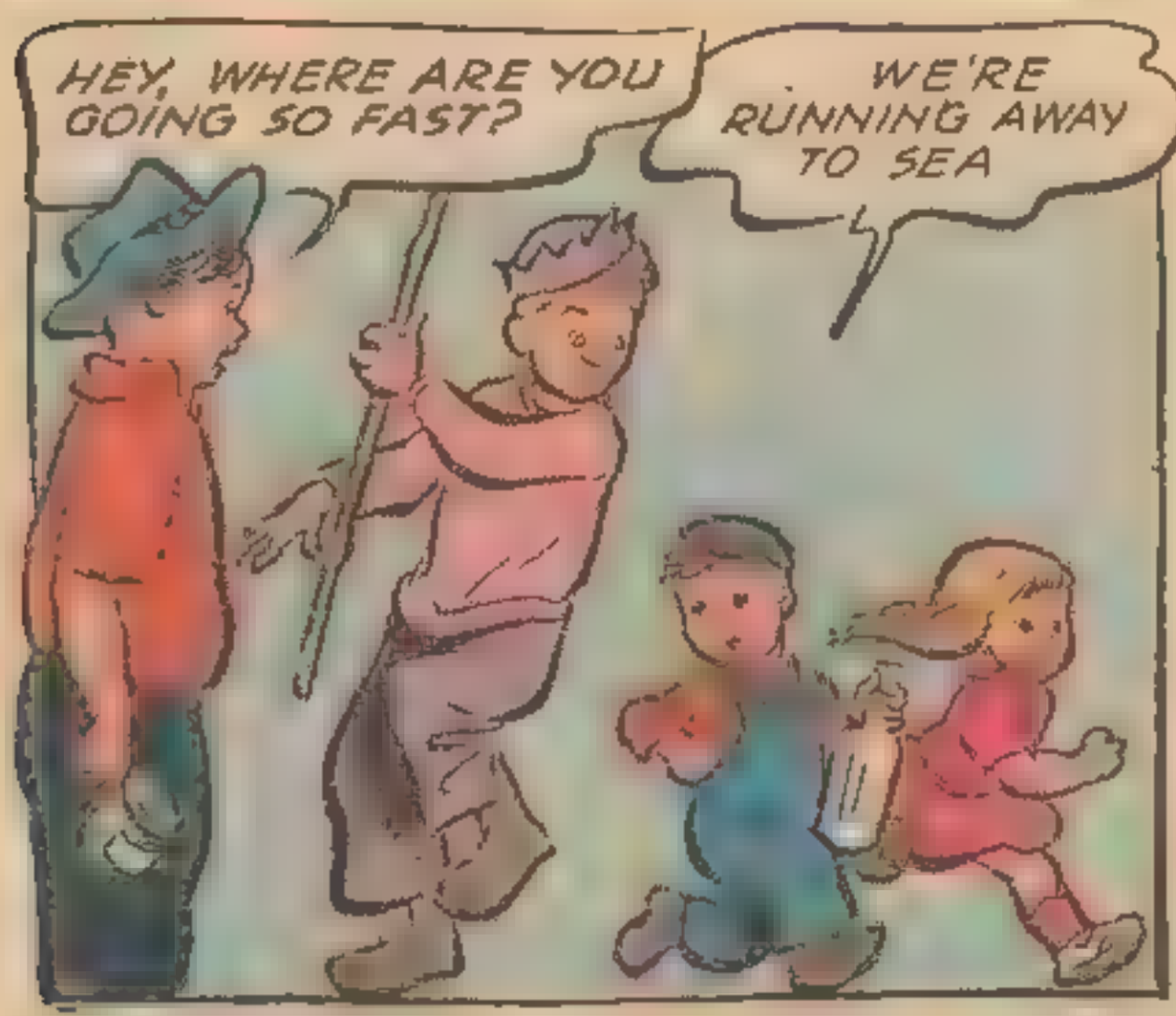

OKAY, BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE HERE TO RESCUE ME.
IT'S MORE ROMANTIC TO DO IT THIS WAY.


POW!

COME ON! IT'S GOING TO BE SORT OF UNROMANTIC TO WAIT AROUND— WE JUST BEANED YOUR FATHER.

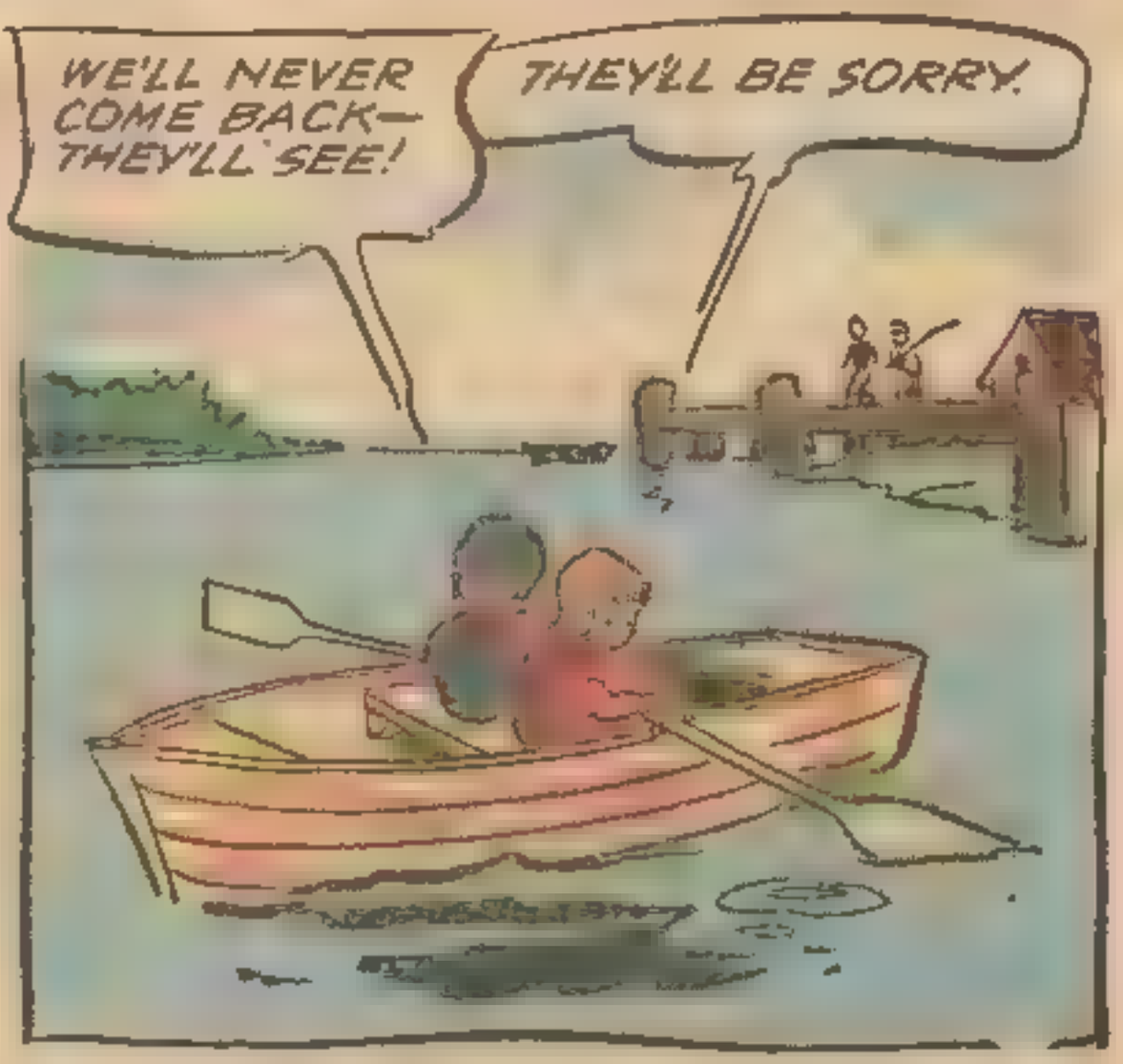
WE BETTER GET OUT BEFORE HE COMES TO—HE'S NOT HURT BAD.
YES—AND TAKE THE EVIDENCE.

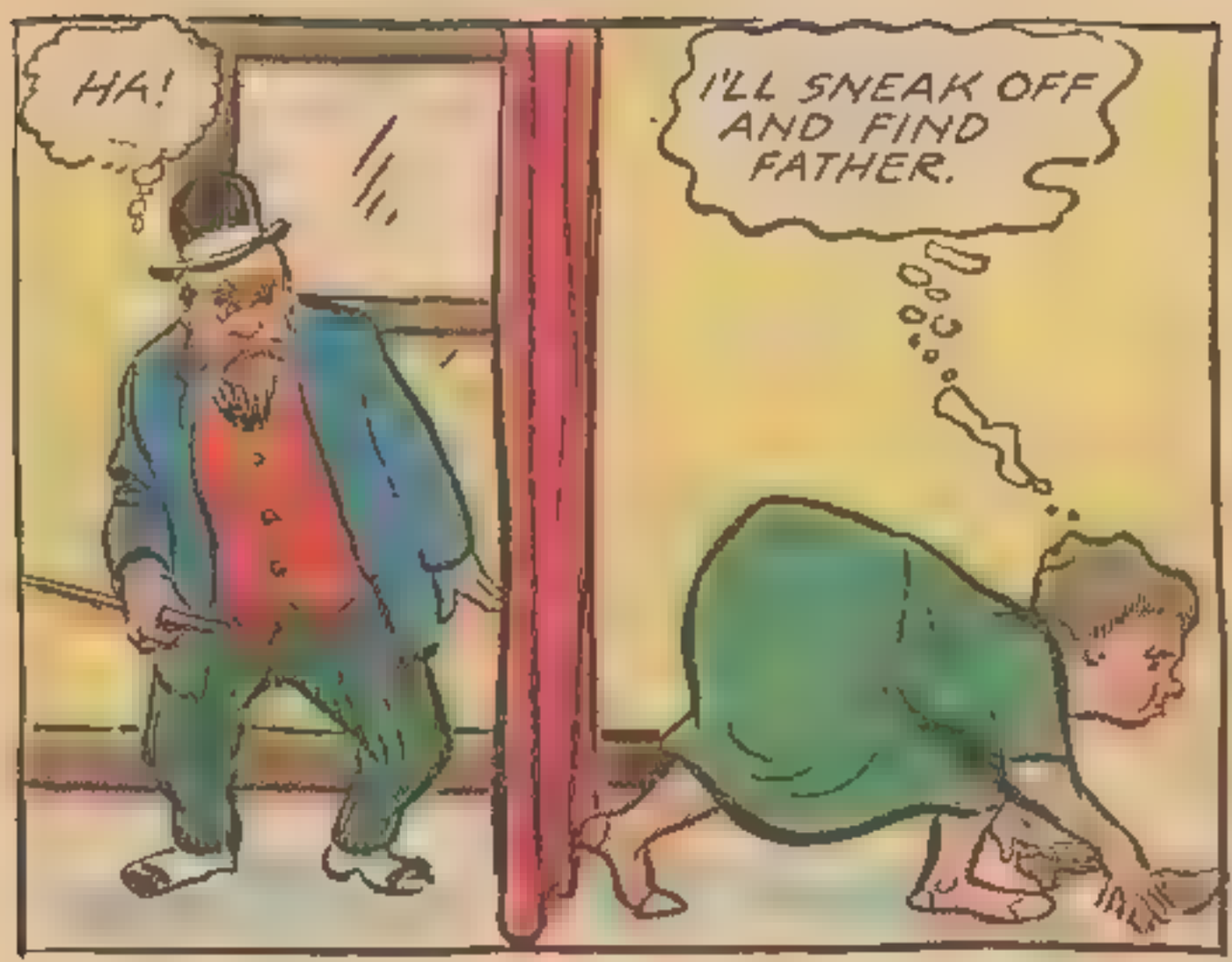

MAYBE WE'LL HAVE TO RUN AWAY FOREVER... YOUR FATHER MIGHT HAVE US ARRESTED.
WE'LL GO TAKE HIS BOAT AND HIDE AWAY ON AN ISLAND.


HEY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING SO FAST?
WE'RE RUNNING AWAY TO SEA

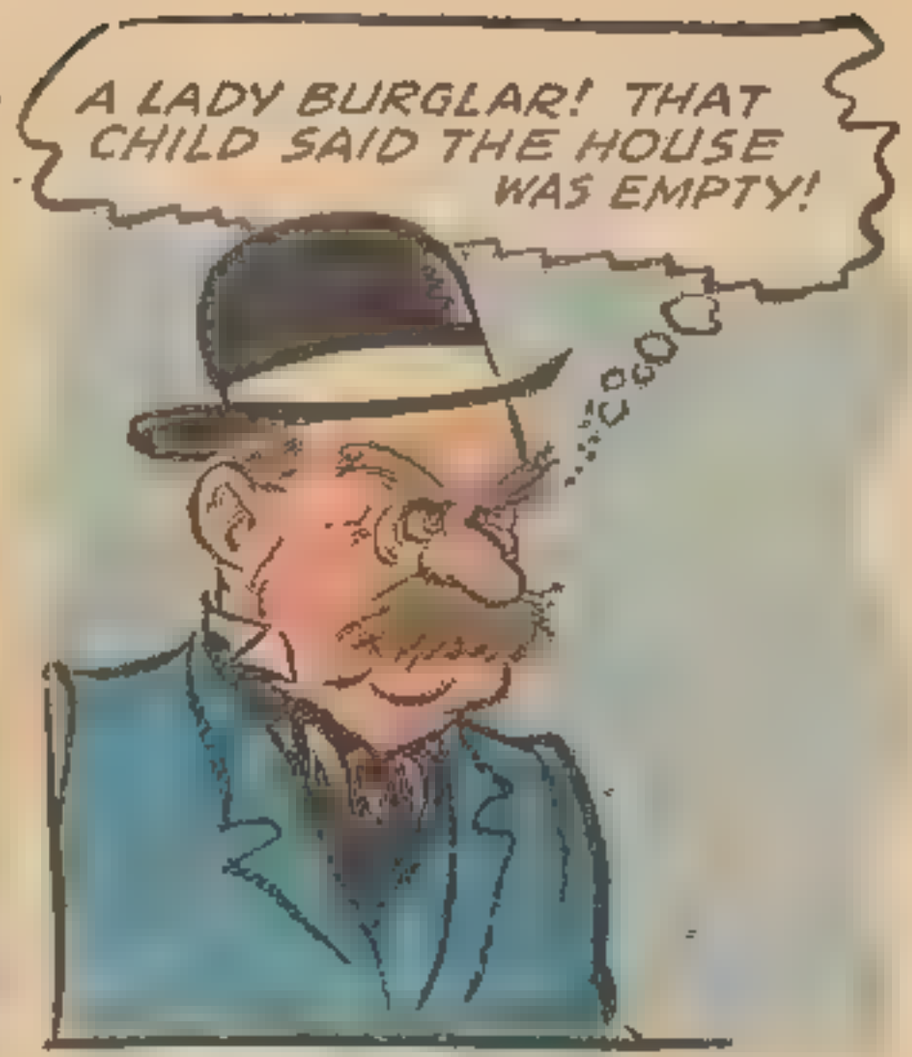
RUNNING AWAY TO SEE WHAT?
THERE SHOULD BE AN ANSWER FOR THAT.

HERE'S THE BOAT.
YEAH—COME ON

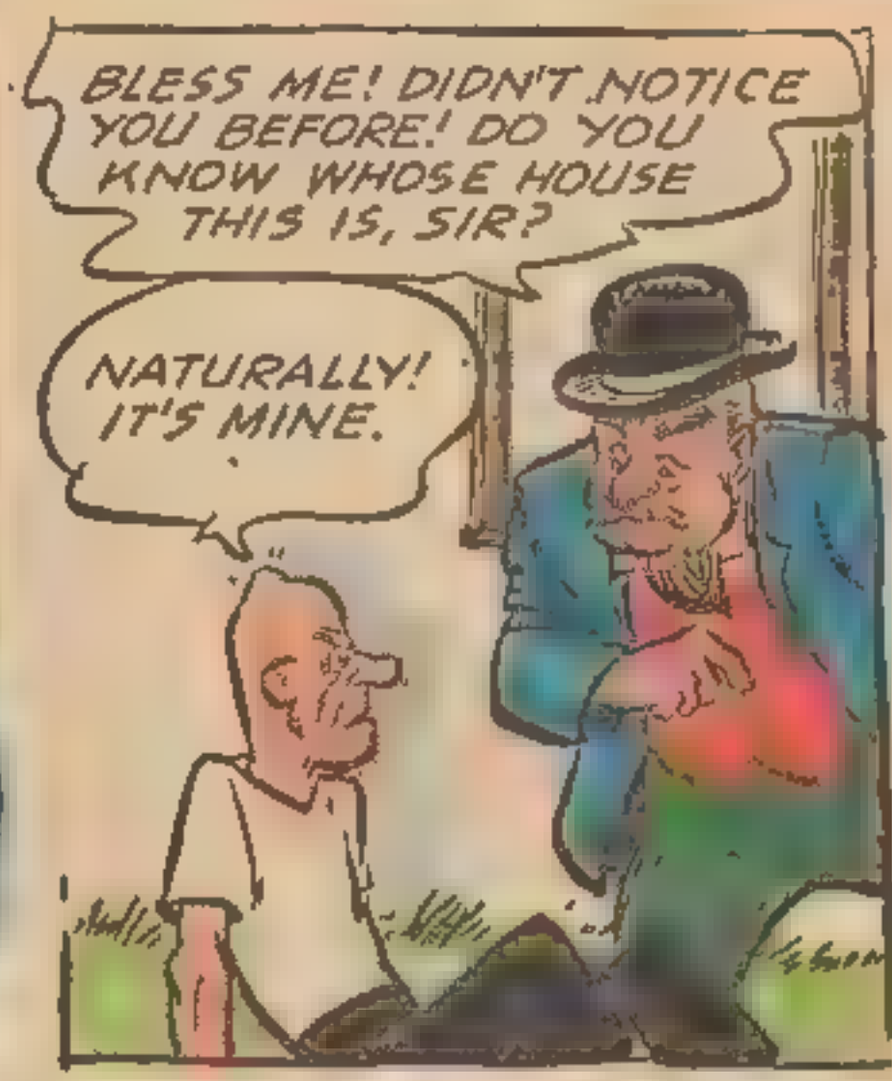

WE'LL NEVER COME BACK—THEY'LL SEE!
THEY'LL BE SORRY.


HA!

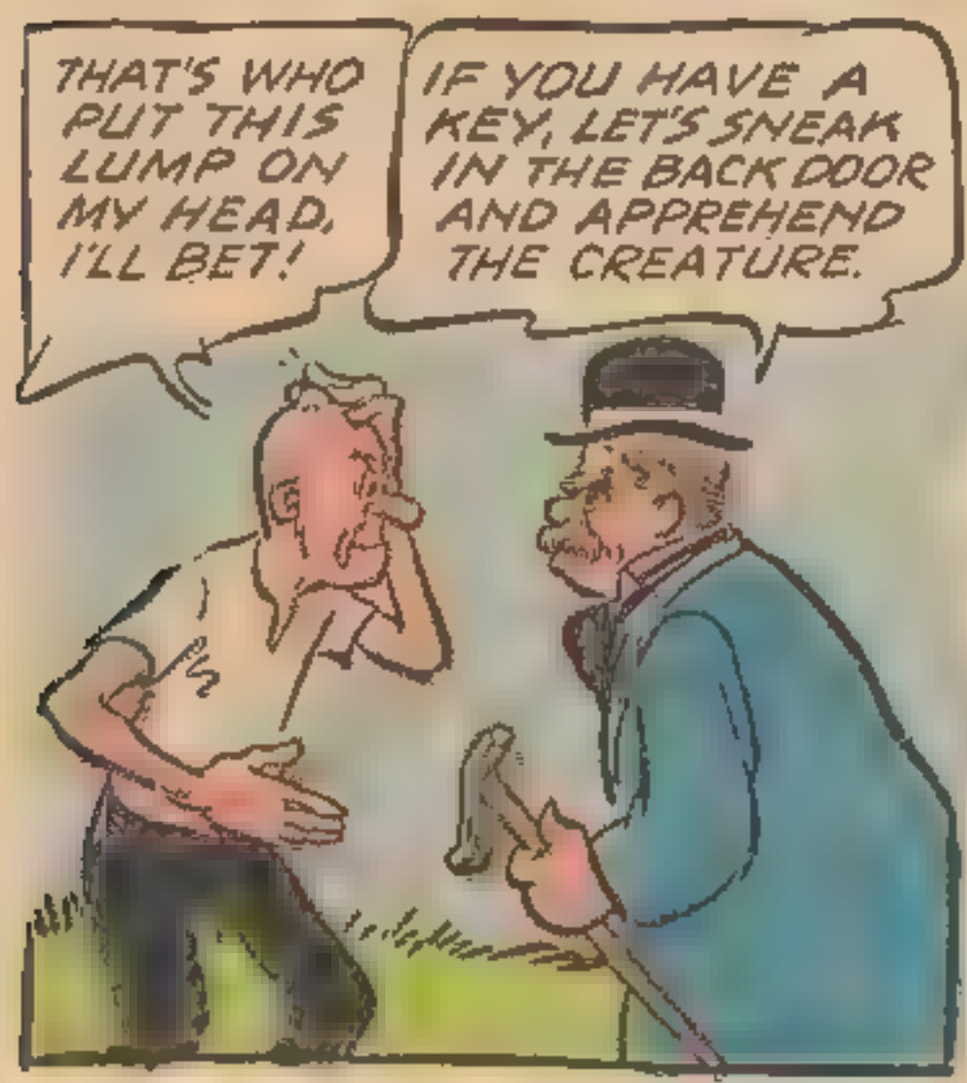
I'LL SNEAK OFF AND FIND FATHER.

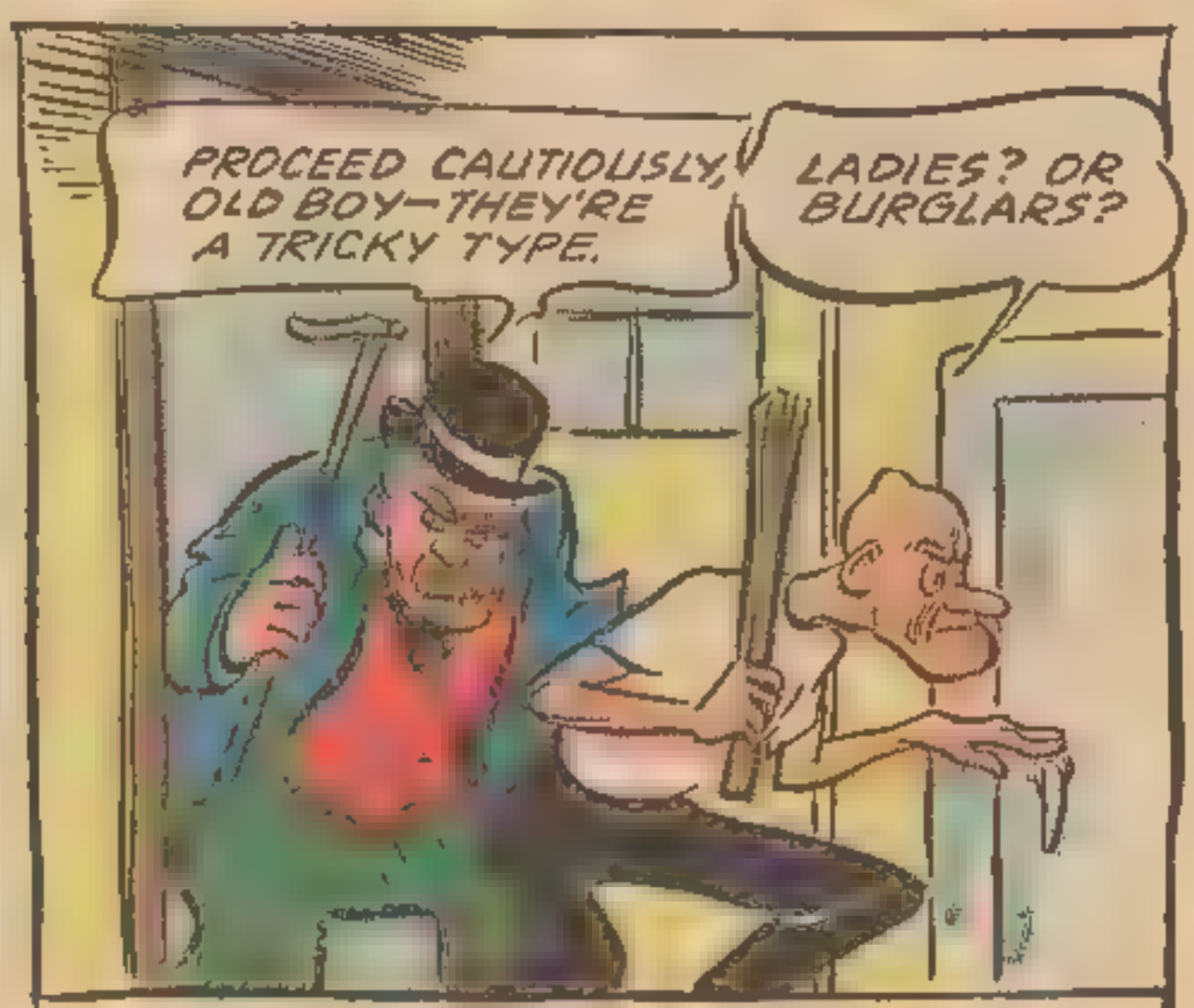

A LADY BURGLAR! THAT CHILD SAID THE HOUSE WAS EMPTY!

I'LL SNEAK OUT AND GET HELP...

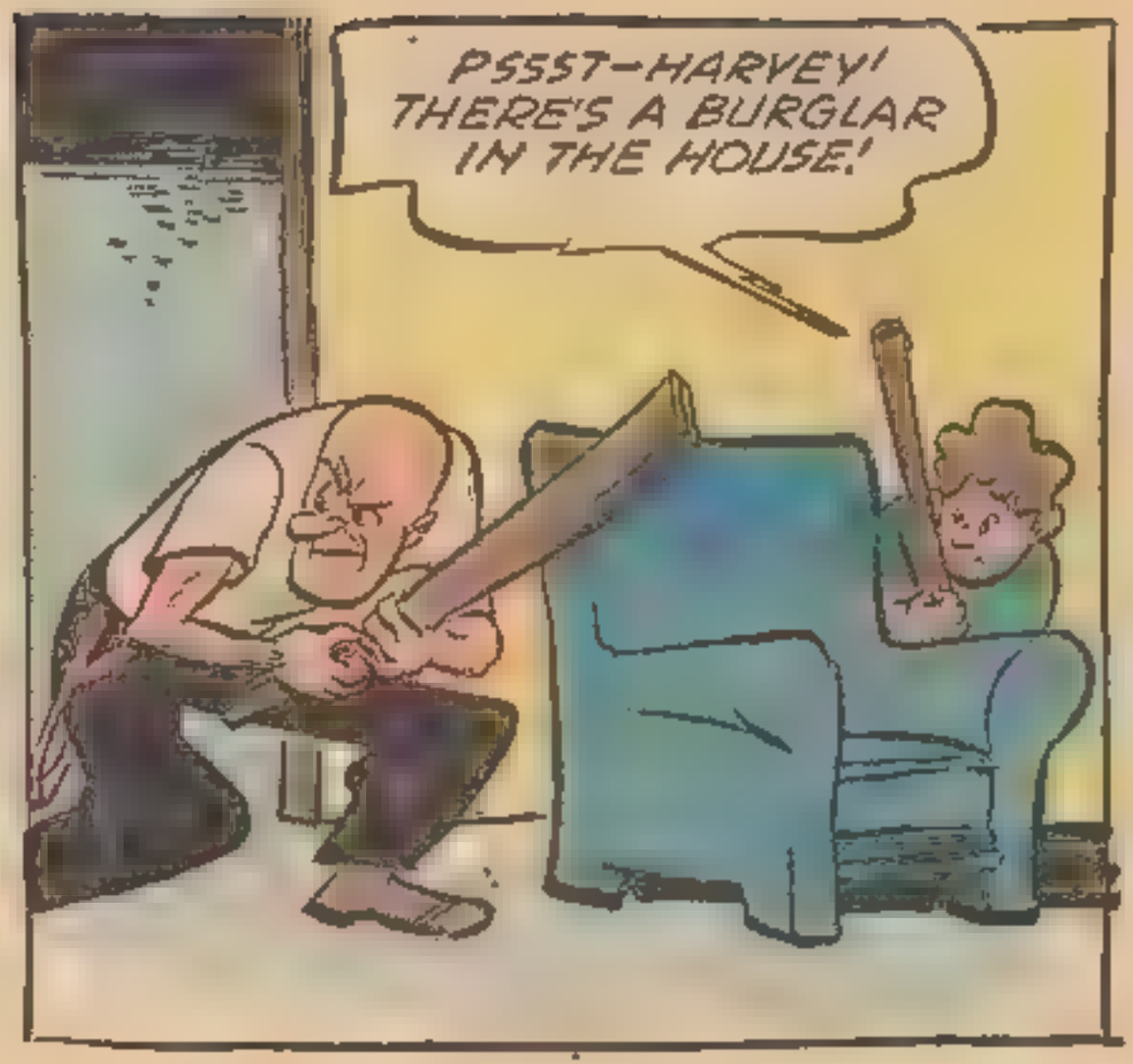

BLESS ME! DIDN'T NOTICE YOU BEFORE! DO YOU KNOW WHOSE HOUSE THIS IS, SIR?
NATURALLY! IT'S MINE.

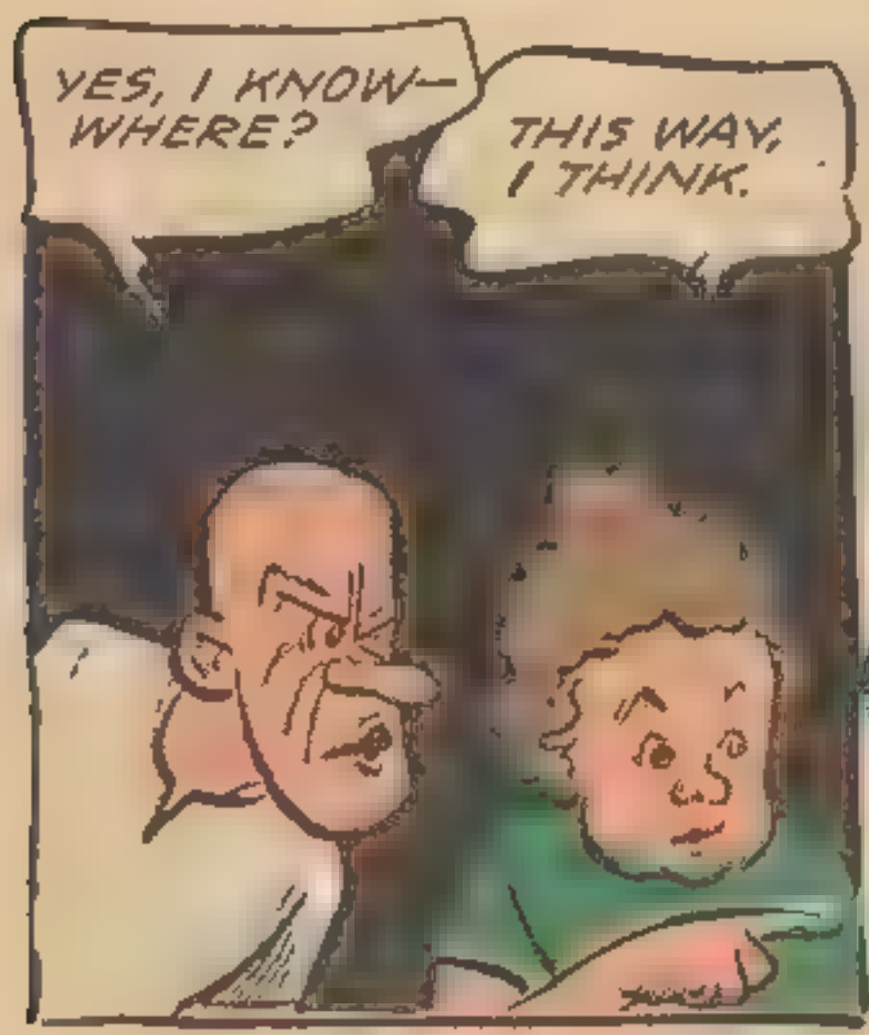
IT'S GOOD YOU'RE BACK—DON'T MAKE ANY OUTCRY, OLD CHAP, BUT THE PLACE IS INFESTED WITH A LADY BURGLAR.

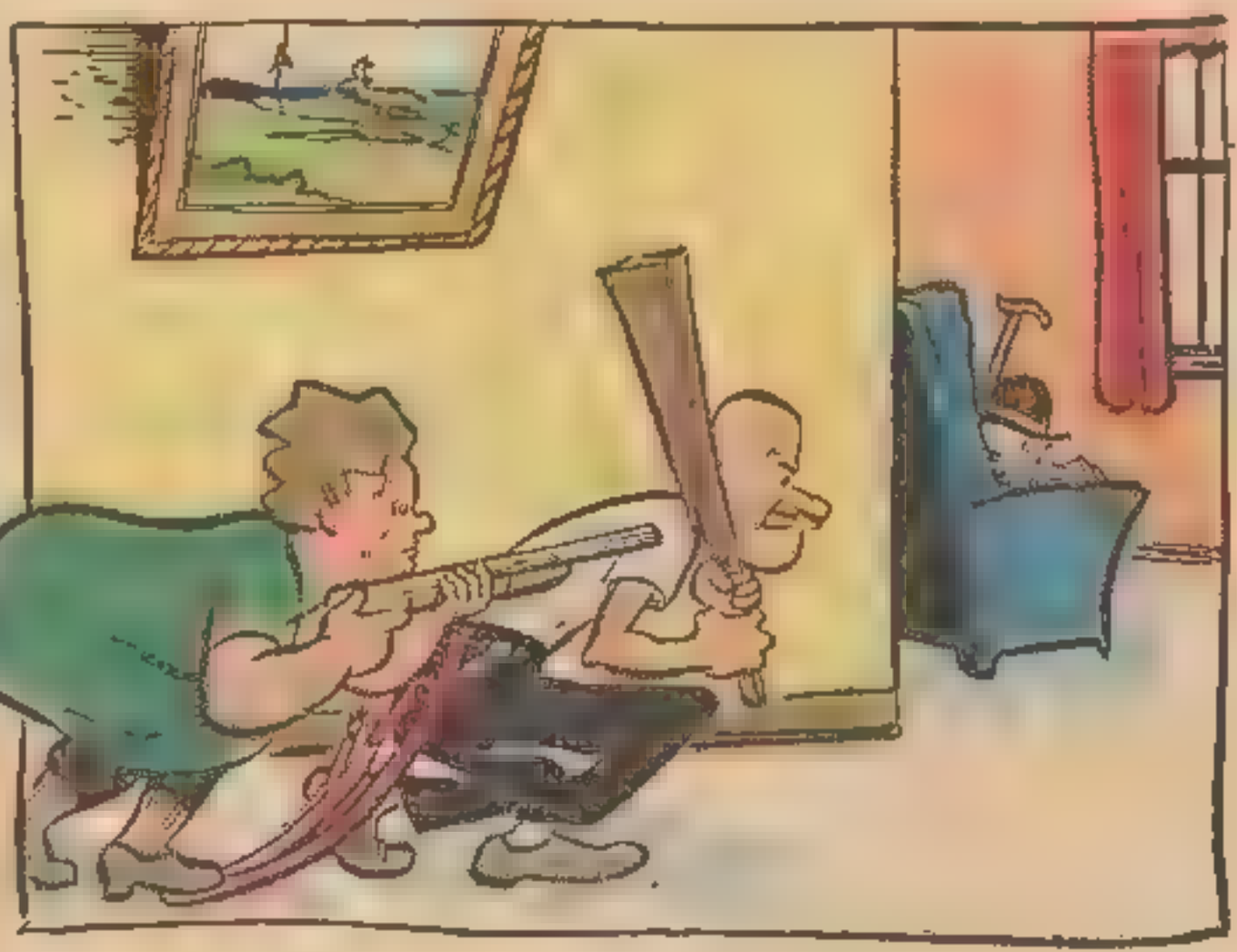

THAT'S WHO PUT THIS LUMP ON MY HEAD, I'LL BET!
IF YOU HAVE A KEY, LET'S SNEAK IN THE BACK DOOR AND APPREHEND THE CREATURE.

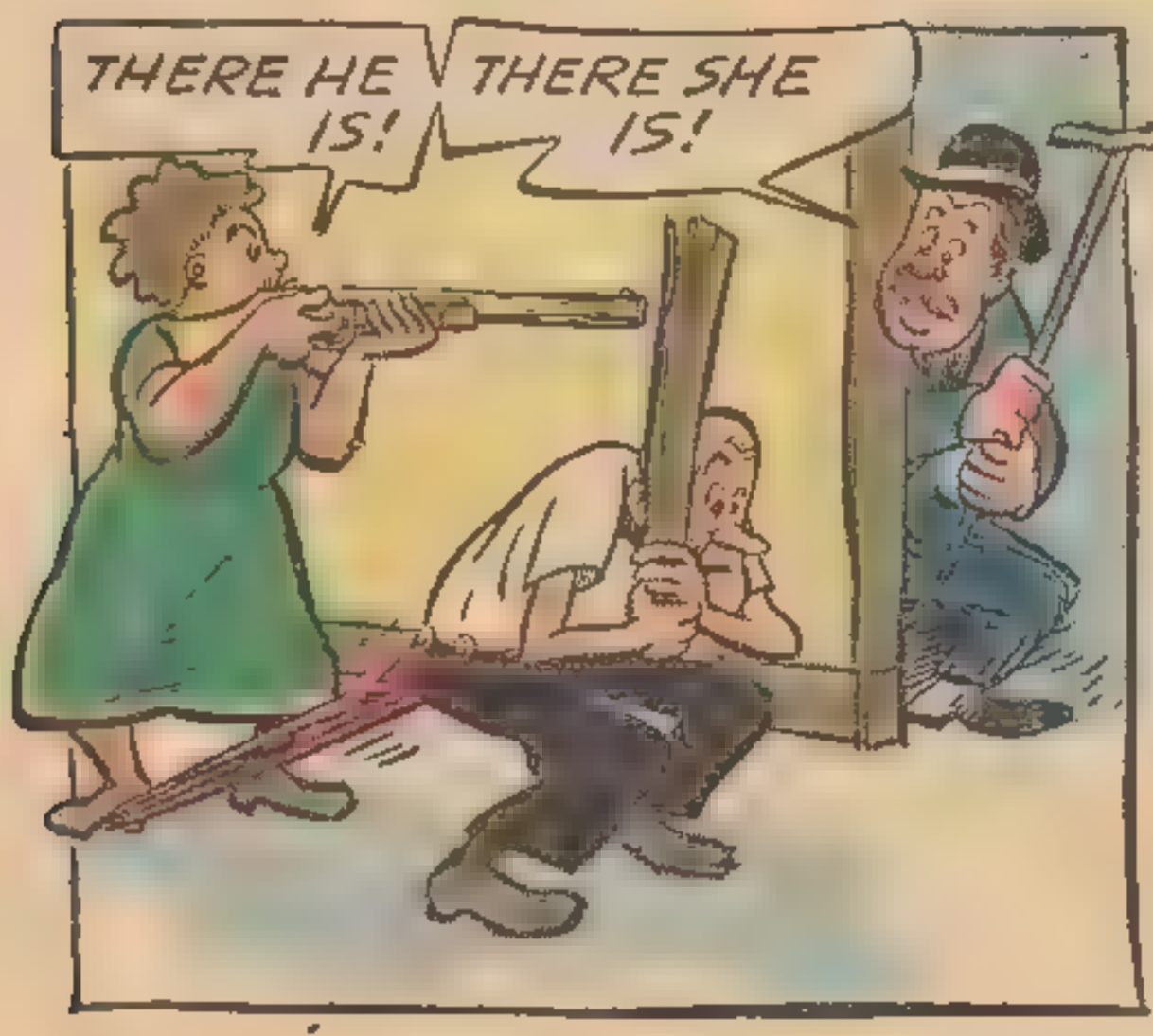

PROCEED CAUTIOUSLY, OLD BOY—THEY'RE A TRICKY TYPE.
LADIES? OR BURGLARS?

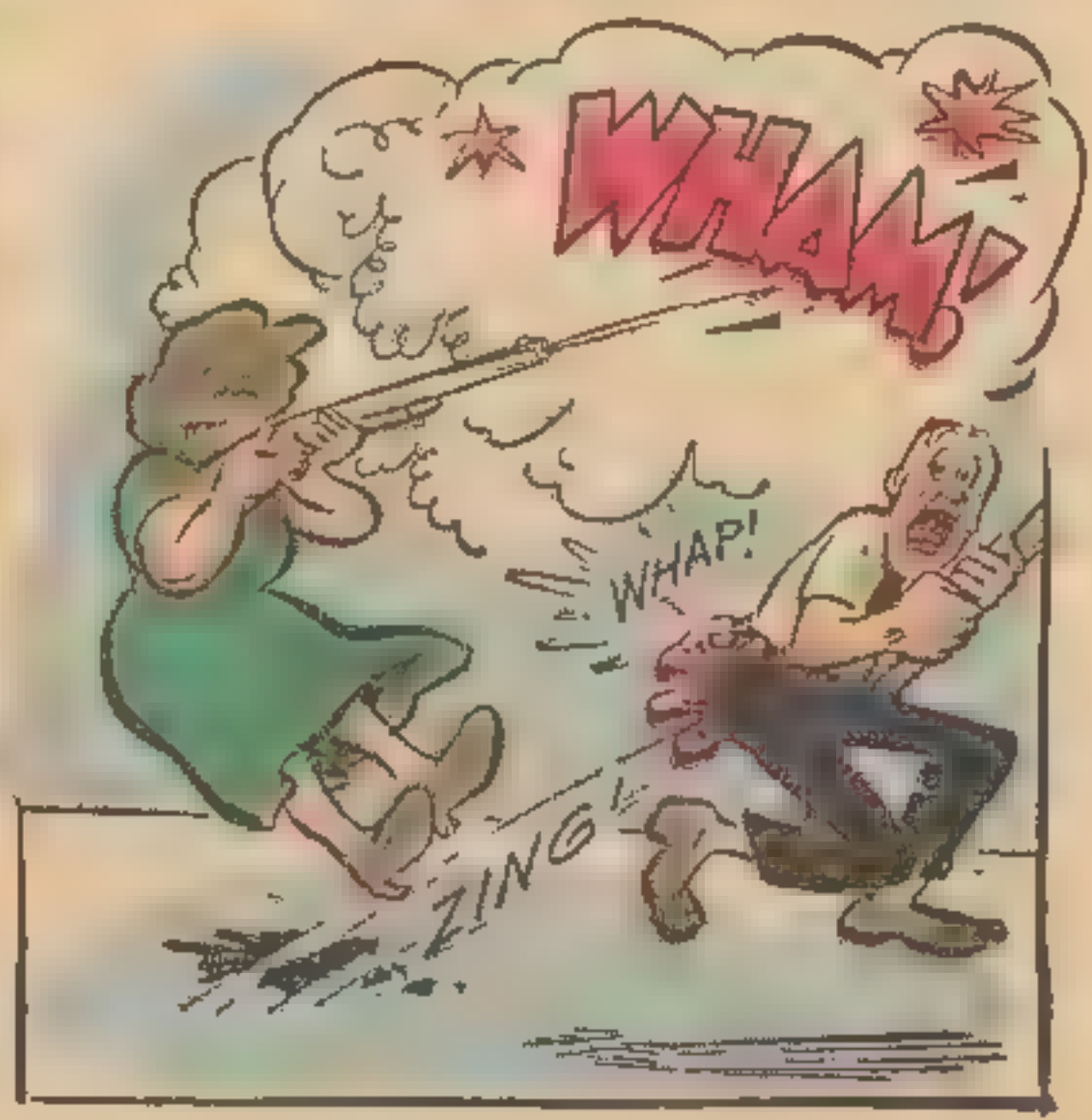
SHH—GO THROUGH THAT ROOM AND INTO THE HALL—WE'LL SURROUND HER.


PSSST—HARVEY! THERE'S A BURGLAR IN THE HOUSE!


YES, I KNOW—WHERE?
THIS WAY, I THINK.



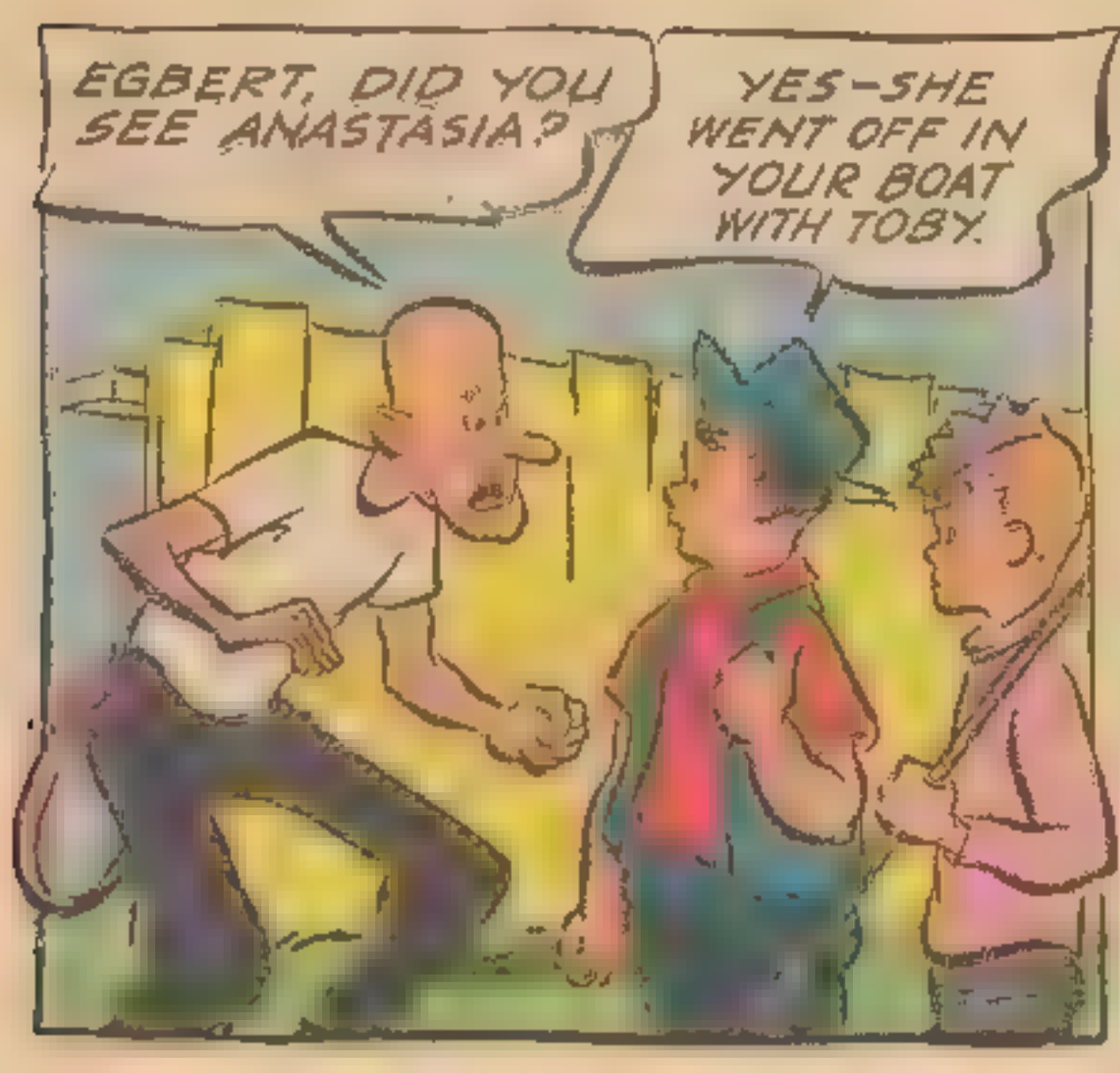

THERE HE IS!
THERE SHE IS!

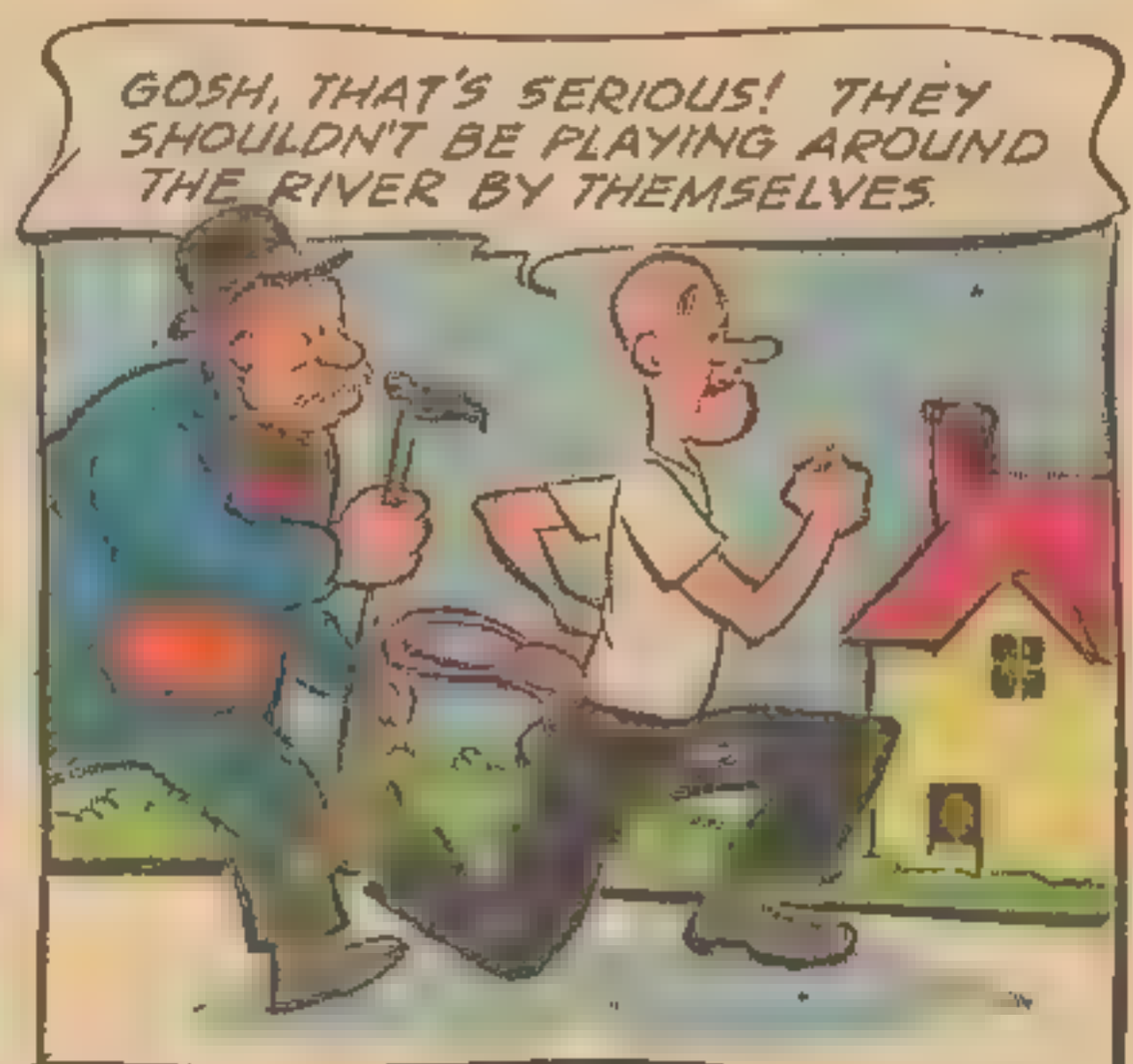

WHAM!
WHAP!
ZING!

HARVEY! MY HUSBAND! I'VE SHOT MY HUSBAND!
YOU ARE HIS WIFE? I THOUGHT YOU WERE A BURGLAR!
SHOT! SHOT IN THE BACK!
ARE YOU HURT BAD?
BUT THE LITTLE GIRL TOLD ME YOU WERE GONE!
JUST A FLESH WOUND.

LITTLE GIRL!? OUR DAUGHTER WAS OUT?

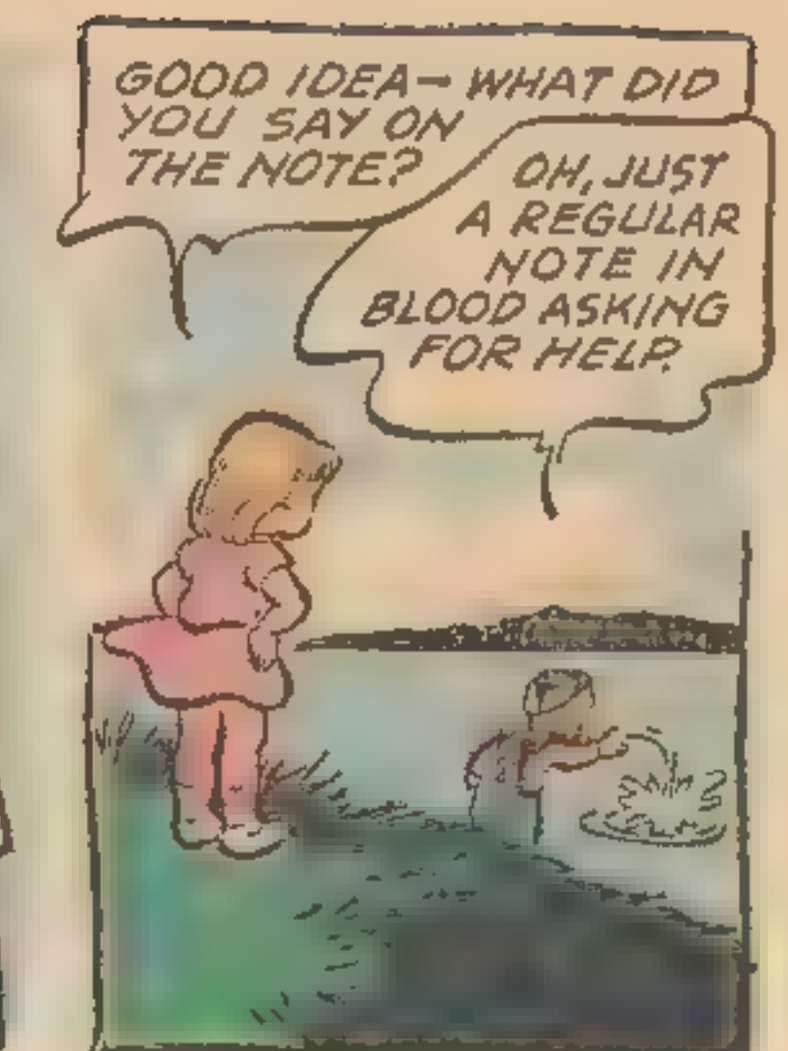
SO, SHE'S THE ONE WHO STARTED THIS— COME ON, WE'LL FIND HER!


EGBERT, DID YOU SEE ANASTASIA?
YES—SHE WENT OFF IN YOUR BOAT WITH TOBY.

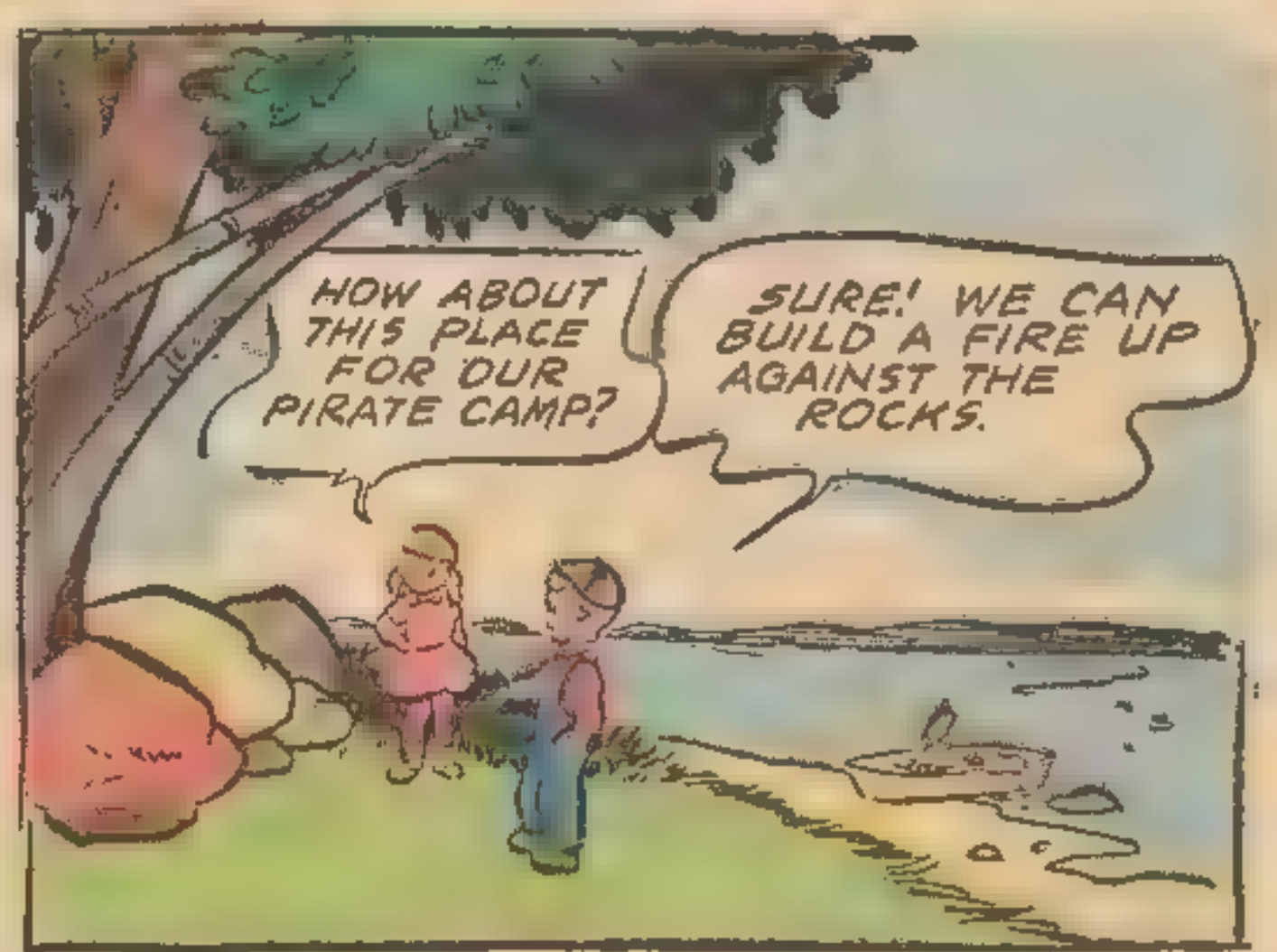

GOSH, THAT'S SERIOUS! THEY SHOULDN'T BE PLAYING AROUND THE RIVER BY THEMSELVES.

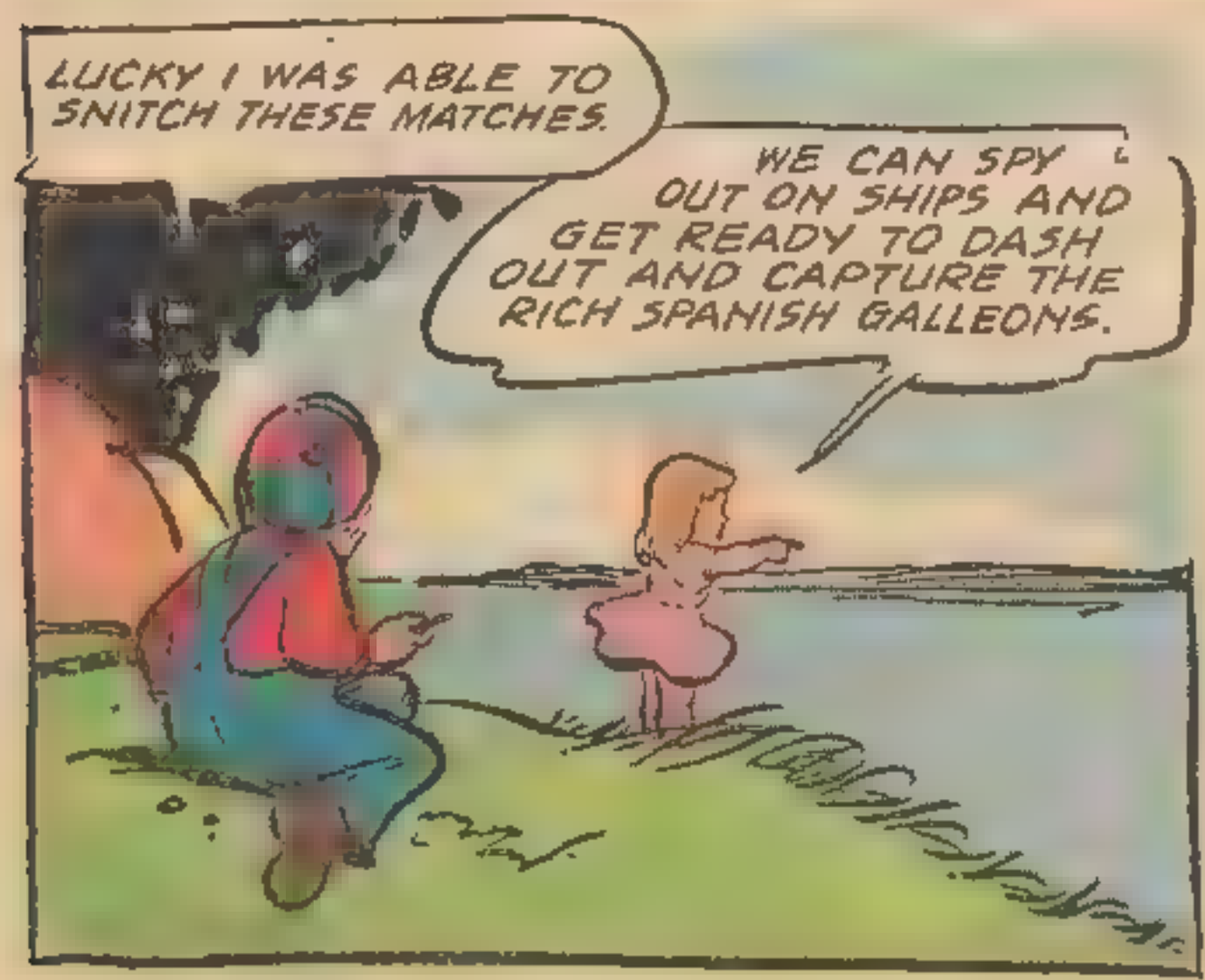
WE'LL LIVE ON SHOTTON'S ISLAND FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES

HEY, LET'S THROW THE BOTTLE OVERBOARD FROM HERE


GOOD IDEA— WHAT DID YOU SAY ON THE NOTE?
OH, JUST A REGULAR NOTE IN BLOOD ASKING FOR HELP.

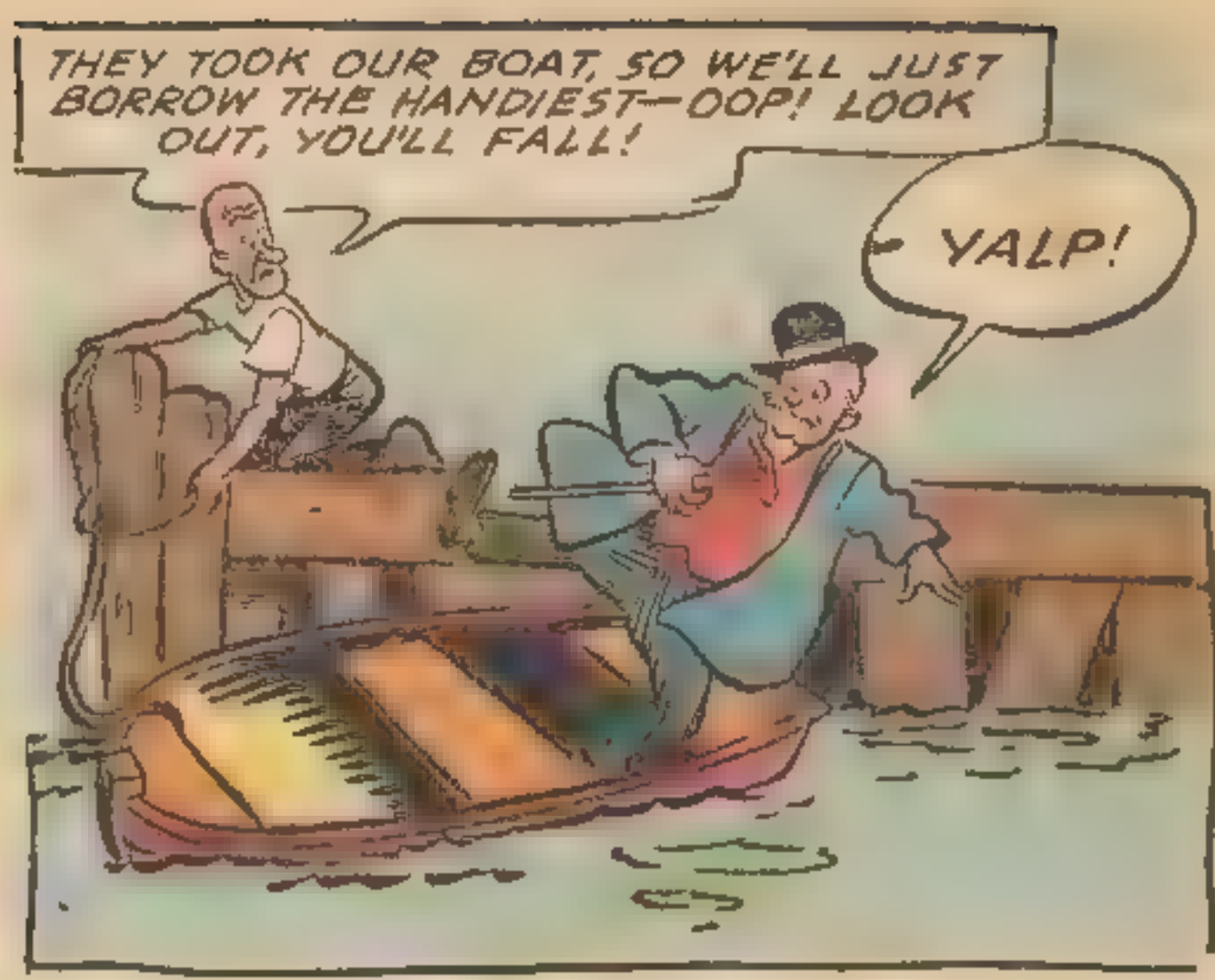
I SORT OF DWINDLED IT OFF TOWARD THE END— LIKE WE WERE DYING.
GOOD!

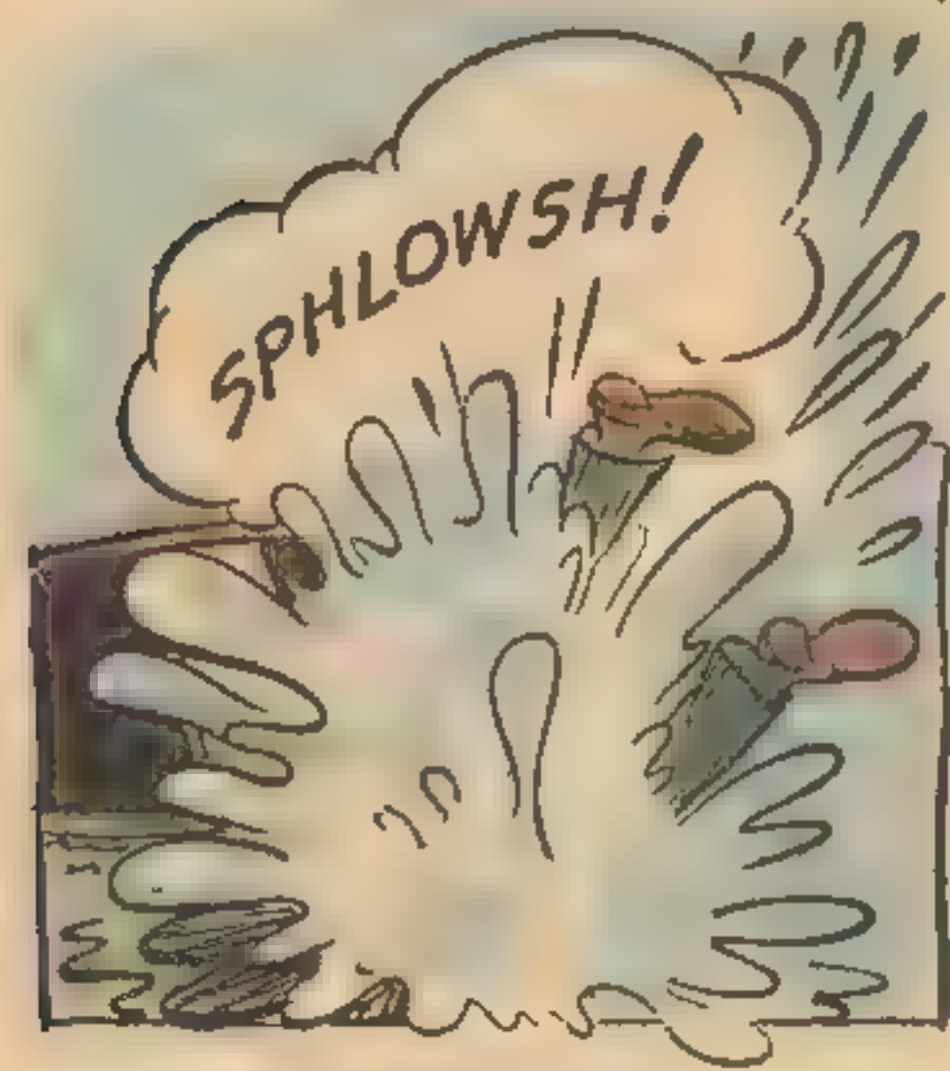

HOW ABOUT THIS PLACE FOR OUR PIRATE CAMP?
SURE! WE CAN BUILD A FIRE UP AGAINST THE ROCKS.

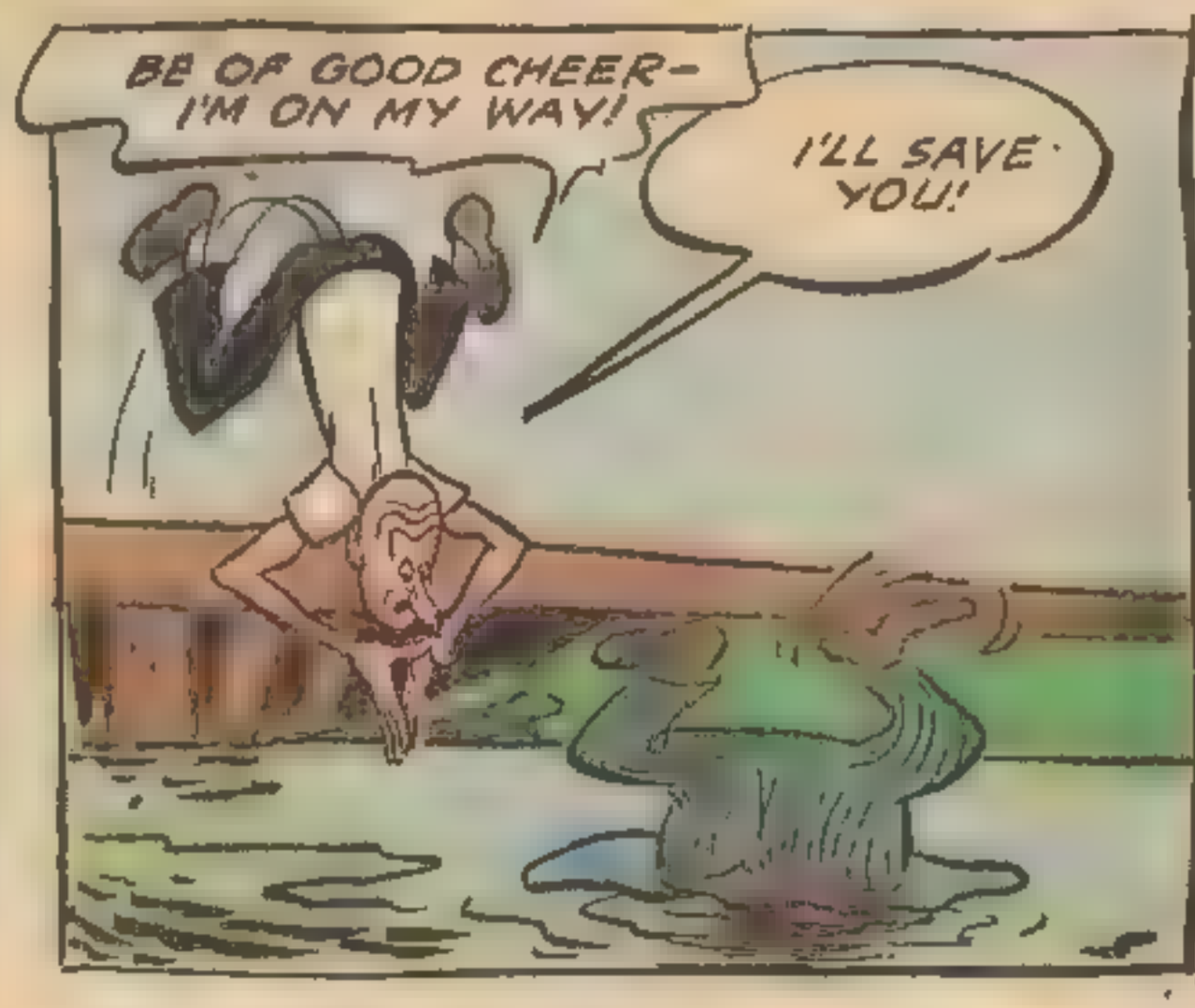

LUCKY I WAS ABLE TO SNITCH THESE MATCHES.
WE CAN SPY OUT ON SHIPS AND GET READY TO DASH OUT AND CAPTURE THE RICH SPANISH GALLEONS.

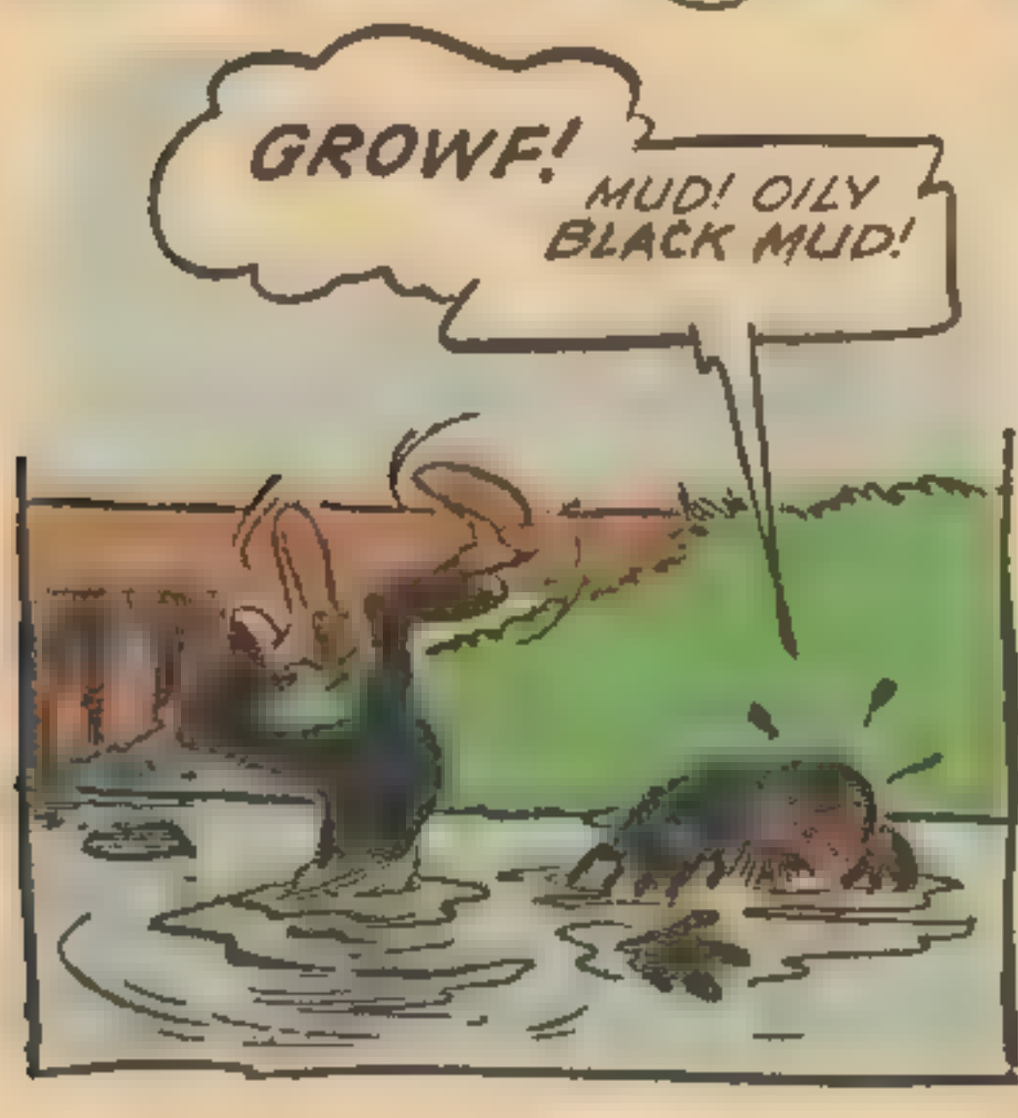
I DON'T THINK THEY COME UP THE RIVER.
THEN WE'LL TAKE THE "GRANT CITY"— THAT'S AN EXCURSION BOAT THAT ALWAYS HAS PLENTY OF CANDY.

I'LL BET THEY'VE GONE OUT TO SHOTTON'S ISLAND. SEE THAT SMOKE?


THEY TOOK OUR BOAT, SO WE'LL JUST BORROW THE HANDIEST—OOP! LOOK OUT, YOU'LL FALL!
YALP!


SPHLOWSH!


BE OF GOOD CHEER— I'M ON MY WAY!
I'LL SAVE YOU!


GROWF!
MUD! OILY BLACK MUD!

YOU'RE SAFE— YOU'RE SAFE!
YOU'RE NOT—I OUGHT TO GIVE YOU A DRUBBING!

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER.
A NOTE IN A BOTTLE!

HORRORS!
feers Bandits got us on a dessert iland help before we diem

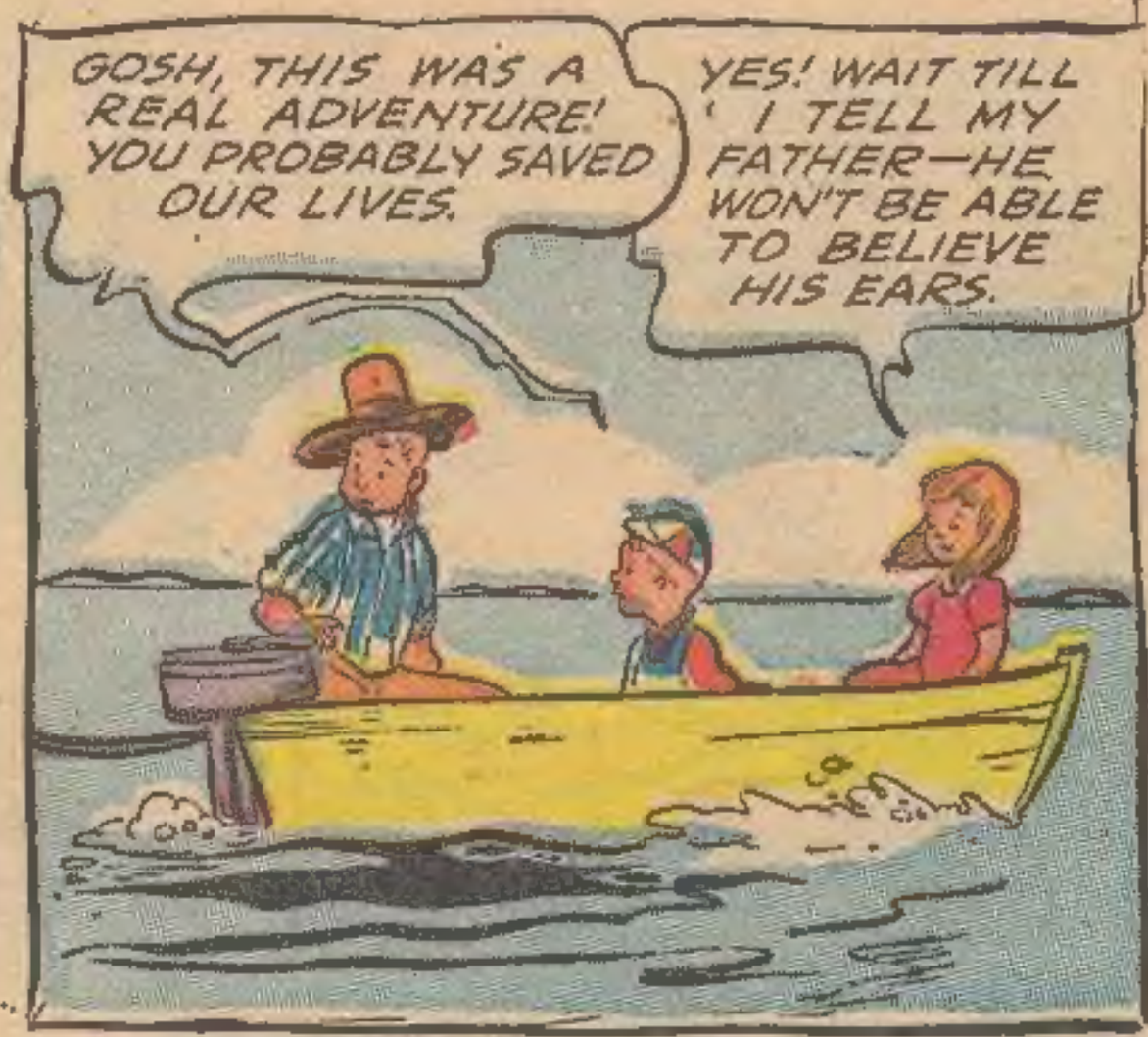
GOLLY—THAT MUST BE WHY THERE'S SMOKE ON SHOTTON'S ISLAND!

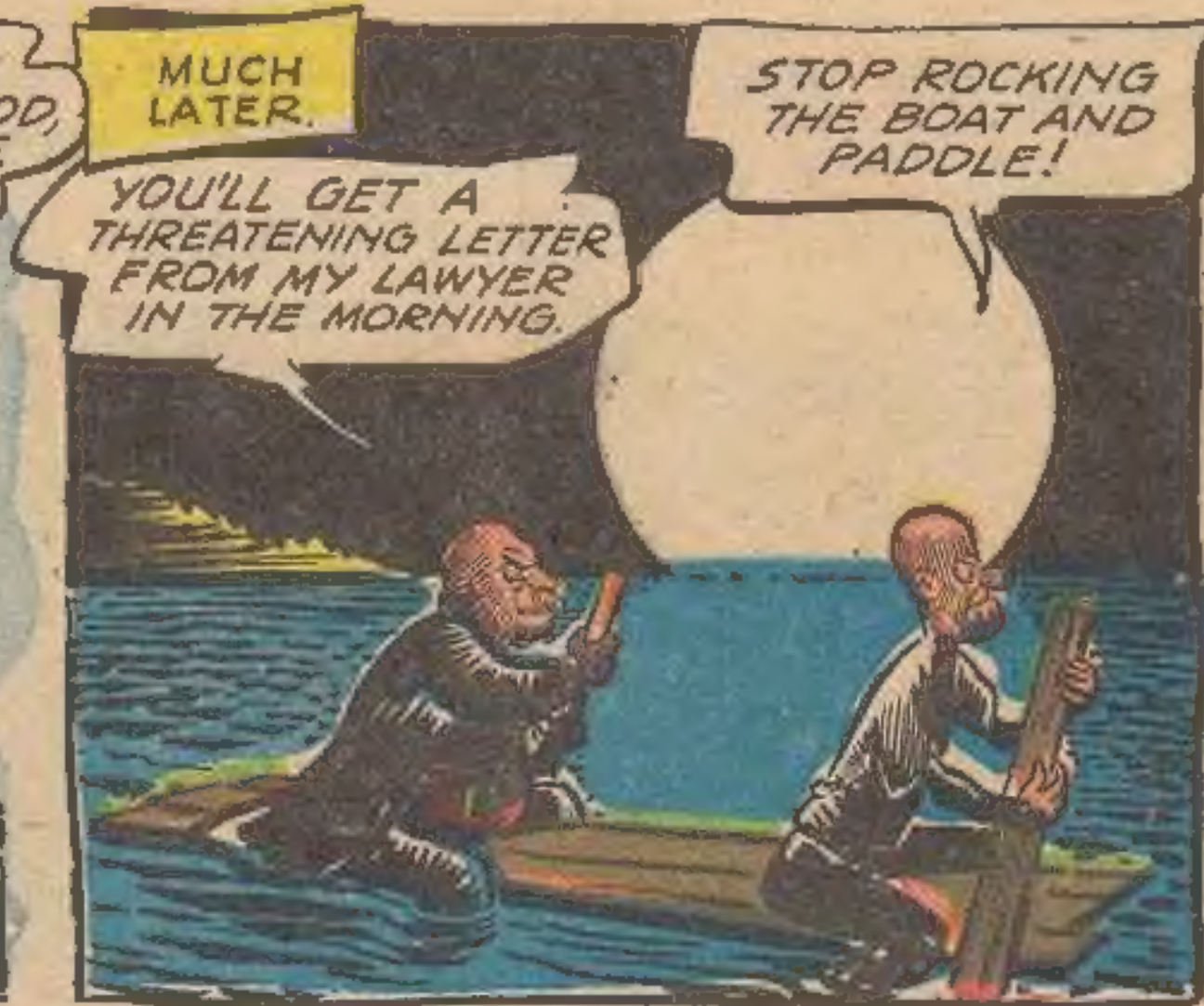
THERE'S A BOAT PULLIN' UP THERE NOW—AND TWO MEN GETTING OUT!

GOSH! WHO ARE THEY?
HA! SO WE CAUGHT UP WITH YOU!
SHOULD HAVE A HIDING!

THE MAN'S RIGHT! LET'S GET TO HIDING—THEY LOOK LIKE ESCAPED CONVICTS.

COME BACK HERE!
HOW BIG IS THIS ISLAND?





OUR GANG appearing in M-G-M pictures

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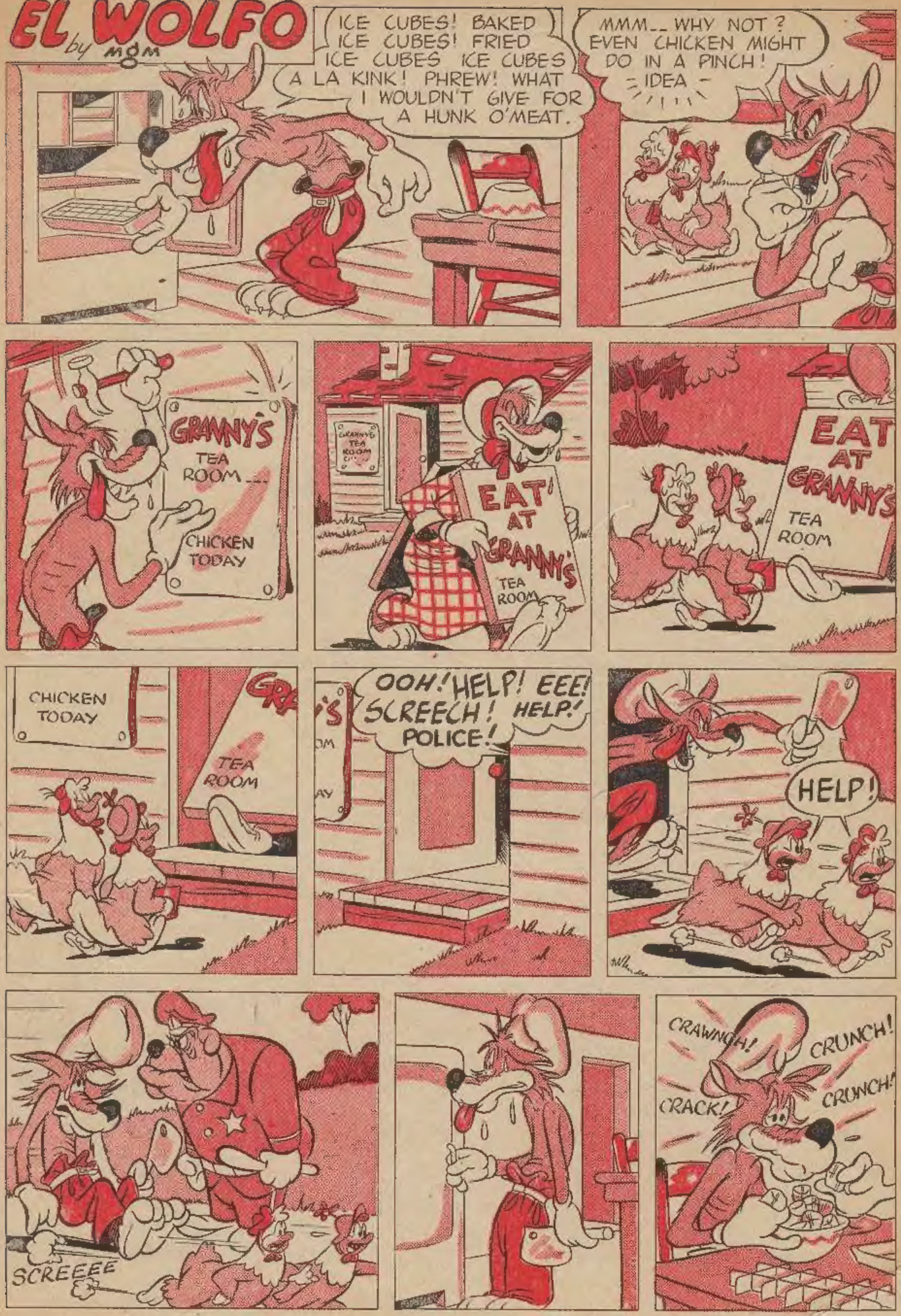

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